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CHARLES MINOT**

**CLASS OF 1828**





THE  
NEW MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE

AND

**H u m o r i s t.**



EDITED BY

THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

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PART THE THIRD.

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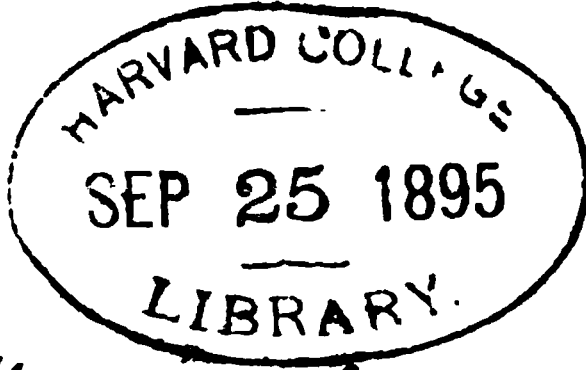
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THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE ELM TREE :  
A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

BY THE EDITOR.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees.

As You Like It.

'Twas in a shady Avenue,  
Where lofty Elms abound—  
And from a Tree  
There came to me  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,  
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,  
Amid the boughs to moan ;  
It mutter'd in the stem and then  
The roots took up the tone ;  
As if beneath the dewy grass  
The Dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves ;  
No bolts that tempests launch,  
To rend the trunk or rugged bark ;  
No gale to bend the branch ;  
No quake of earth to heave the roots,  
That stood so stiff and staunch.

*The Elm Tree.*

No bird was preening up aloft,  
To rustle with its wing ;  
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,  
From bough to bough to spring ;  
The solid bole  
Had ne'er a hole  
To hide a living thing !

No scooping hollow cell to lodge  
A furtive beast or fowl,  
The martin, bat,  
Or forest cat  
That nightly loves to prowl,  
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud  
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,  
And sometimes underground—  
'Twas in a shady Avenue  
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue  
In this ungenial clime ?  
Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice  
As in the classic prime—  
To make the forest voluble,  
As in the olden time ?

The olden time is dead and gone ;  
Its years have fill'd their sum—  
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—  
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—  
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,  
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch,  
And fragrant Linden Trees ;  
No living sound  
E'er hovers round,  
Unless the vagrant breeze,  
The music of the merry bird,  
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm  
That bears no bloom aloft—  
The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,  
The Blackbird in the croft ;  
And among the firs the brooding Dove,  
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,  
And sad it was to boot,  
From ev'ry overhanging bough,  
And each minuter shoot ;  
From the rugged trunk and mossy rind,  
And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan ;  
From those,—a dreary sigh ;  
As if the boughs were wintry bare,  
And wild winds sweeping by—  
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud  
Was steadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air  
Could either sense observe—  
The zephyr had not breath enough  
The thistle-down to swerve,  
Or force the filmy gossamers  
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd  
All Nature seem'd to be :  
From heaven above, or earth beneath,  
No whisper came to me—  
Except the solemn sound and sad  
From that MYSTERIOUS TREE !

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,  
As is that dreamy roar  
When distant billows boil and bound  
Along a shingly shore—  
But the ocean brim was far aloof,  
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,  
No tumult of the beach,  
However they might foam and fret,

*The Elm Tree.*

The bounded sense could reach—  
Methought the trees in mystic tongue  
Were talking each to each !—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales  
Of greenwood love or guilt,  
Of whisper'd vows  
Beneath their boughs ;  
Or blood obscurely spilt ;  
Or of that near-hand Mansion House  
A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared  
Beneath the starry cope—  
Or where the suicidal wretch  
Hung up the fatal rope ;  
Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,  
Insnares by Love and Hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd  
At midnight dark and dank—  
And what is underneath the sod  
Whereon the grass is rank—  
Of old intrigues,  
And privy leagues,  
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—  
Of Kin who fought and fell—  
God knows the undiscover'd schemes,  
The arts and acts of Hell,  
Perform'd long generations since,  
If trees had tongues to tell !

With wary eyes, and ears alert,  
As one who walks afraid,  
I wander'd down the dappled path  
Of mingled light and shade—  
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue  
Beyond the green arcade !

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n  
Beyond that verdant aisle !  
All overarch'd with lofty elms,

That quench'd the light, the while,  
As dim and chill  
As serves to fill  
Some old Cathedral pile !

And many a gnarlèd trunk was there,  
That ages long had stood,  
Till Time had wrought them into shapes  
Like Pan's fantastic brood ;  
Or still more foul and hideous forms  
That Pagans carve in wood !

A crouching Satyr lurking here—  
And there a Goblin grim—  
As staring full of demon life  
As Gothic sculptor's whim—  
A marvel it had scarcely been  
To hear a voice from him !

Some whisper from that horrid mouth  
Of strange, unearthly tone ;  
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill  
One's marrow in the bone.  
But no——it grins like rigid Death,  
And silent as a stone !

As silent as its fellows be,  
For all is mute with them—  
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—  
The rough and mossy stem—  
The crooked root,  
And tender shoot,  
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,  
Of sad and solemn sound—  
That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
And sometimes underground—  
In all that shady Avenue,  
Where lofty Elms abound.

## PART II.

THE Scene is changed ! No green Arcade—  
No Trees all ranged a-row—  
But scatter'd like a beaten host,  
Dispersing to and fro ;  
With here and there a sylvan corse,  
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell  
Pursues his daily toil ;  
As witness many a prostrate trunk,  
Bereft of leafy spoil,  
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon  
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows  
Have banish'd bird and beast ;  
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off  
A hundred yards at least ;  
And on the maple's lofty top,  
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,  
Or when he takes his rest ;  
Except the timid thrush that peeps  
Above her secret nest,  
Forbid by love to leave the young  
Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,  
His axe is sharp and good :  
With sturdy arm and steady aim  
He smites the gaping wood ;  
From distant rocks  
His lusty knocks  
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;  
The muscles serve him well ;  
His years have reach'd an extra span,  
The number none can tell ;  
But still his lifelong task has been  
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,  
And Winter's freezing cold,  
From sapling youth  
To virile growth,  
And Age's rigid mould,  
His energetic axe hath rung  
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel  
The vivid sunbeams glance—  
About his head and round his feet  
The forest shadows dance ;  
And bounding from his russet coat  
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,  
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,  
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown  
As corn that's ripe to reap ;  
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,  
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;  
His legs are long and stark ;  
His arms like limbs of knotted yew ;  
His hands like rugged bark ;  
So he felleth still  
With right good will,  
As if to build an Ark !

Oh ! well within *His* fatal path  
The fearful Tree might quake  
Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,  
With aspen tremour shake ;  
Through trunk and root,  
And branch and shoot,  
A low complaining make !

Oh ! well to *Him* the Tree might breathe  
A sad and solemn sound,  
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,  
And groans from underground ;  
As in that shady Avenue  
Where lofty Elms abound !



*The Elm Tree.*

But calm and mute the Maple stands,  
 The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,  
 The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,  
 Without the least demur ;  
 And e'en the Aspen's hoary leaf  
 Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,  
 That writhe—recalling soon  
 The famous Human Group that writhes  
 With Snakes in wild festoon—  
 In ramous wrestlings interlaced  
 A Forest Læocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth  
 By tortures overcome,  
 Their brown enormous limbs they twine  
 Bedew'd with tears of gum—  
 Fierce agonies that ought to yell,  
 But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands  
 So like a man of sin,  
 Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad  
 To feel the Worm within—  
 For all that gesture, so intense,  
 It makes no sort of din !

An universal silence reigns  
 In rugged bark or peel,  
 Except that very trunk which rings  
 Beneath the biting steel—  
 Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe  
 With unrelenting zeal !

No rustic song is on his tongue,  
 No whistle on his lips ;  
 But with a quiet thoughtfulness  
 His trusty tool he grips,  
 And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out  
 The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint  
He spreads the fatal gash ;  
Till lo ! the remnant fibres rend,  
With harsh and sudden crash,  
And on the dull resounding turf  
The jarring branches lash !

Oh ! now the Forest Trees may sigh,  
The Ash, the Poplar tall,  
The Elm, the Birch, the drooping Beech,  
The Aspens—one and all,  
With solemn groan  
And hollow moan  
Lament a comrade's fall !

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,  
That, thrice the human span—  
While on their variegated course  
The constant Seasons ran—  
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,  
Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,  
Struck down by hand of God,  
Or heathen Idol tumbled prone  
Beneath th' Eternal's nod,  
In all its giant bulk and length  
It lies along the sod !—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve  
And make a common moan  
Around that patriarchal trunk  
So newly overthrown ;  
And with a murmur recognise  
A doom to be their own !

The Echo sleeps : the idle axe,  
A disregarded tool,  
Lies crushing with its passive weight  
The toad's reputed stool—  
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow  
Within the shadows cool.



No Zephyr stirs : the ear may catch  
The smallest insect-hum ;  
But on the disappointed sense  
No mystic whispers come ;  
No tone of sylvan sympathy,  
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,  
No sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
And sometimes underground ;  
As in that shady Avenue,  
Where lofty Elms abound !

### PART III.

THE deed is done : the Tree is low  
That stood so long and firm ;  
The Woodman and his axe are gone,  
His toil has found its term ;  
And where he wrought the speckled Thrush  
Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank  
Has run a rapid race,  
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,  
To seek the open space ;  
And on its haunches sits erect  
To clean its furry face.

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,  
The Hind is browsing near,—  
And on the Larch's lowest bough  
The Ousel whistles clear ;  
But checks the note  
Within his throat,  
As choked with sudden fear !

With sudden fear her wormy quest  
The Thrush abruptly quits—  
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern

The startled Cony flits ;  
And on the Larch's lowest bough  
No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear  
The dappled Deer  
Effect a swift escape :  
But well might bolder creatures start,  
And fly, or stand agape,  
With rising hair, and curdled blood,  
To see so grim a Shape !

The very sky turns pale above ;  
The earth grows dark beneath ;  
The human Terror thrills with cold,  
And draws a shorter breath—  
An universal panic owns  
The dread approach of DEATH !

With silent pace, as shadows come,  
And dark as shadows be,  
The grisly Phantom takes his stand  
Beside the fallen Tree,  
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,  
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,  
Where mirth is void and null,  
As hollow as its echo sounds  
Within the hollow skull—  
“ Whoever laid this tree along  
His hatchet was not dull !

“ The human arm and human tool  
Have done their duty well !  
But after sound of ringing axe  
Must sound the ringing knell ;  
When Elm or Oak  
Have felt the stroke  
My turn it is to fell !

“ No passive unregarded tree,  
A senseless thing of wood,  
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends

To swell the vernal bud—  
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks  
That throb with living blood !

“ No forest Monarch yearly clad  
In mantle green or brown ;  
That unrecorded lives, and falls  
By hand of rustic clown—  
But Kings who don the purple robe,  
And wear the jewell'd crown.

“ Ah ! little recks the Royal mind,  
Within his Banquet Hall,  
While tapers shine and Music breathes  
And Beauty leads the Ball,—  
He little recks the oaken plank  
Shall be his palace wall !

“ Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,  
The while his Falcon flies—  
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf  
The antler'd quarry dies—  
That in his own ancestral Park  
The narrow dwelling lies !

“ But haughty Peer and mighty King  
One doom shall overwhelm !  
The oaken cell  
Shall lodge him well  
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—  
While he who never knew a home,  
Shall find it in the Elm !

“ The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,  
Who begs from door to door,  
And dies within the cressy ditch,  
Or on the barren moor,  
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe  
That houseless man, and poor !

“ Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,  
That lies so long and prone,  
With many a fallen acorn-cup,

And mast, and firry cone—  
This rugged trunk shall hold its share  
Of mortal flesh and bone !

“ A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,  
But pale with ague-fears—  
A Wife lamenting love's decay,  
With secret cruel tears,  
Distilling bitter, bitter drops  
From sweets of former years—

“ A Man within whose gloomy mind,  
Offence had darkly sunk,  
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup  
Hath madly, darkly drunk—  
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep  
Within this very trunk !

“ This massy trunk that lies along,  
And many more must fall—  
For the very knave  
Who digs the grave,  
The man who spreads the pall,  
And he who tolls the funeral bell,  
The Elm shall have them all !

“ The tall abounding Elm that grows  
In hedgerows up and down ;  
In field and forest, copse and park, }  
And in the peopled town,  
With colonies of noisy rooks  
That nestle on its crown.

“ And well th' abounding Elm may grow  
In field and hedge so rife,  
In forest, copse, and wooded park,  
And mid the city's strife,  
For, every hour that passes by,  
Shall end a human life !”

The Phantom ends : the shade is gone ;  
The sky is clear and bright ;  
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,  
There glows a ruddy light ;  
And bounding through the golden fern  
The Rabbit comes to bite.

The Thrush's mate beside her sits  
 And pipes a merry lay ;  
 The Dove is in the evergreens ;  
 And on the Larch's spray  
 The Fly-bird flutters up and down,  
 To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn  
 Are coming up the glade ;  
 Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing  
 Is glad, and not afraid—  
 But on my sadden'd spirit still  
 The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,  
 As though by certain mark  
 I knew the fore-appointed Tree,  
 Within whose rugged bark  
 This warm and living frame shall find  
 Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me  
 A sad and solemn sound,  
 That sometimes murmur'd overhead  
 And sometimes underground ;  
 Within that shady Avenue  
 Where lofty Elms abound.

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## SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

MUCH do we hear, not without lugubrious reproaches of the frivolity of the existing public, of their propensity to fun and foolery, of the exclusive patronage bestowed upon the writers of lampoons or levities ; but the *laudatores temporis acti*, may rest assured that "my pensive public" were not much more sage and reflective "in good King Charles's days."

When Sir Roger L'Estrange became an old man he discovered that if an author wishes to make his readers wise, he must himself occasionally play the fool. Mark how he commences the preface to his collected "Observators," of which the first was published 13th of April, 1681.



“The disproportion and the indecorum of the thing for an old fellow that now writes sixty-eight, to run about a masquerading and dialoguing of it in twenty fantastical shapes, only to furnish a popular entertainment and diversion! ’Tis not for a man in years to do so and so. Well! and here’s a reputative circumstance on the one hand, against an indispensable duty on the other. The common people are poisoned, and will run stark mad if they be not cured. Offer them reason without fooling, and it will never down with them; and give them fooling without argument they’re never the better for it. Let ’em alone, and all is lost. So that the mixture has become as necessary as the office, and it has been my part only to season the one with the other. I must set the conscience of the action against the reproach, and ’tis nothing to me what other people think, so long as I am conscious to myself that I do what I ought.”

And yet this same author, in his “*Observator*” of the 22d of May, 1686, has the following passage:

“You may say of the Devil himself that he has not much reason, neither, to be wanton and gamesome; but yet if a body look narrowly into his business in this world, and into his ways of doing it, it will appear that he does more by the popular arts of banter, farce, and pageantry, than by the dint of gravity and counsel; and that his kingdom is more advanced by wittings, mimers, and jack-puddings, than by all the stratagems of men of intrigue and state. For the latter, though they put the change upon ye, and impose vice upon the world for virtue, yet it is vice so covered and varnished, that it looks like and passes for what it pretends to be: so that the principle and the dignity of virtue is nevertheless supported under the reputation they give to the counterfeit; for the rate that is set upon it is not for the cheat, but the sterling. But it is mighty otherwise and worse with the jolly libertines of the other sort, for they do not so much palliate wickedness as authorize it; and as the former have the faculty of making knaves look like honest men, these blades have got the knack of putting honesty itself out of countenance, and of ridiculing the very opinion as well as the conscience of it, even to the last degree of nonsense and folly. The axe is here laid to the root, and virtue is not so much misrepresented as it is degraded. In a word, here’s the establishment of a false standard of religion, honour, and duty, on the one hand, and of none at all on the other.”

At all events, the latter is the honester vice, being free from the gross hypocrisy of the former; but the two extracts are inconsistent with each other; and if fun and foolery be the Devil’s favourite weapons, it was surely a hazardous experiment in Sir Roger to betake himself to the diabolical armory. If he has not overlooked, he has omitted to urge the material fact that any weapon may be warrantably wielded in a good cause, while none can successfully defend, and much less justify, a bad one. Banter, farce, and foolery, under the guidance of reason, can be employed in defending virtue itself as well as in assailing morality.

In these cases, much depends upon the object, but more upon the *modus operandi*.

When R—— was reproached with the slashing character of a satire

he had published, which was at once weak and scurrilous, he exclaimed,

"Why Churchill and Pope have written abusive stanzas as well as I."

"True," replied his friend; "but have you written abusive stanzas *as well as they?*"

#### DEATH.

LE MERCIER's splenetic address to Death in the *Tableau de Paris* seems to have been suggested by the following passage in the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World:"

"O eloquent, just, and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the farrestretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet.*"

Sir Walter, perhaps, had not forgotten the complaint of the Roman emperor, "How mournful is the thought that the remains of the world's master may be thrust into the narrow compass of an urn!"—or, perchance, he had been pondering upon the levelling exploits of Horace's *pallida mors*.

And thus we go on, age after age, expatiating upon the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of life, notwithstanding all which, many of us live as if we were never to die, while some there are who die, as if they were never to live.

#### DYING IN THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.

THIS phrase is not always to be received in a figurative sense, if we are to give implicit credence to the following passage relative to the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, extracted from Cave's "Lives of the Primitive Fathers," p. 122.

"The ministers of execution blew up the fire, which increasing to a mighty flame, behold a wonder (seen, say my authors, by us who were purposely reserved, that we might declare it to others)! the flames disposing themselves into the resemblance of an arch, like the sails of a ship swelled with the wind, gently encircled the body of the martyr, who stood all the while in the midst, not like roasted flesh, but like gold or silver purified in the furnace, his body sending forth a delightful fragrantcy, which, like frankincense, or some other costly spices, presented itself to our senses."

"How blind and incorrigibly obstinate is unbelief!" exclaims the worthy author of the "Apostolica." "The infidels were so far from being convinced, that they were rather exasperated by the miracle, commanding a spearman, one of those who were wont to despatch wild beasts when they became outrageous, to go near and run him through with a sword, which he had no sooner done, but such a vast quantity of blood flowed from the wound, as extinguished and put out the fire; together with which a dove was seen to fly from the wounds of his body, which some suppose to have been his soul; though true it is that this circumstance is not mentioned in Eusebius his account, and probably never was in the original." H.

## THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXI.

BEFORE twelve o'clock next day, Mrs. Allen Barnaby had received fifteen notes of invitation for herself, her family, and friends. Some of these were for dinner and evening parties at New Orleans, and some for visits of longer duration, which the distinguished travellers were entreated to make at the hospitable dwellings of the writers, during the progress of their proposed tour. To copy all these documents is unnecessary, as the same hospitable and patriotic spirit appeared to pervade them all; but one or two ought to be given, in justice to the eloquence with which these feelings were expressed. The following are selected without the slightest partiality of any kind, except what arises from feeling that they are peculiarly well calculated to serve as specimens of the whole.

## No. I.

"Madam,

"Much has been said, a great deal too much, upon the deficiency of mutual good-liking between the great and glorious Union of America and the Islands of Great Britain. You, madam, shall prove in your own person, that as far as the noble-hearted citizens of the United States are concerned, the charge is altogether false and unfounded. Mrs. Major Wigs and myself desire the pleasure and satisfaction—You may observe as a national trait, if you please, madam, that in addressing the natives of Great Britain, the citizens of the United States never talk of "doing honour," and that sort of nonsense, and when you, madam, have seen a little more of them, you will become aware (for your capacity is already proved to be of the best) that they don't stand in a situation for any mortal creature on God's earth to do them an honour.—But to return to business; Major Wigs and his lady hereby request the pleasure of your company, together with your husband, in course, and all your travelling companions inclusive, to a ball and supper at their house and plantation, called the Levée Lodge, just two miles off New Orleans, this day week.

"I remain, madam,

"With the utmost of respect,

"For your individual elegance of mind,

"CORNELIUS ALEXANDER WIGS."

## No. II.

"Much esteemed Lady,

"After what was read and heard in Mrs. Carmichael's keeping-room last night, I expect it is not very needful for me to say why it is that I and my lady, Mrs. Colonel Staggers, desire your further acquaintance—we being amongst those who, acting in conformity with all reasonable laws, human and divine, do the best that in us lies, as in duty bound,

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to uphold and support the greatly misunderstood and much wrongly abused institution of slavery. You will understand therefore, madam, without more said, why it comes that we so entirely approbate the superior elegance of the literature which was displayed to us last night. And this brings me to the point and purpose of this present writing, which is to give you an invitation, and your good family all of them with you, to a grand dinner party which it is my intention to give in your favour on the 19th inst., at five o'clock, P.M.

"I am, respected Lady,

"Your literary admirer,

"MICHAEL ANGELO JEFFERSON STAGGERS."

### No. III.

"The Honourable Mrs. Secretary Vondonderhoft presents her gratified compliments to the highly-gifted and superior-minded Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and in conjunction with her husband, the Honourable Mr. Secretary Vondonderhoft, requests the pleasure of Mrs. Allen Barnaby's favouring company, together with that of the party supposed to belong to her, to an evening *soirée*, when the Honourable Mrs. Secretary Vondonderhoft will have the advantage of presenting Mrs. Allen Barnaby to a great number of her friends of the most first-rate standing and consideration, which she flatters herself may be a gratification, and every way an advantage to Mrs. Allen Barnaby. The evening fixed for the Honourable Mrs. Secretary Vondonderhoft's *soirée* is next Monday week."

### No. IV.

"Madam,

"Your purpose is as noble as are the talents which Heaven appears to have given you for the means of effecting it. I respect you as you deserve, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and in saying this it seems, madam, to me, that I say every thing. Myself and Mrs. Governor Tapway will consider it as a pleasure to receive you at our plantation mansion, on the banks of Crocodile Creek, for as long a time as you and your friends can make it convenient to bide with us, my wish being to show, for the assistance of your writing, that any unagreeable feeling which may have been seen visible in the United States of North America towards those that come travelling and spying from the old country, have arisen wholly and altogether from the too certain fact of knowing that we were going to be faulted and abused; whereas you, madam, being altogether upon a new lay, in the descriptive line, may look in like manner of novelty altogether for a different style of conduct on our part; and I have no doubt but that you and yours will be satisfied with the same.

"I remain, madam,

"Your true admirer

"And sincere success wisher.

"STEPHEN ORLANDO BONES TAPWAY."

Besides these, which I have taken the trouble to transcribe on account of their peculiar graces of style, Mrs. Allen Barnaby received no less than eleven other letters in the course of the morning which

followed the triumphant exhibition of her powers as an author; all of them bearing the strongest testimonies of admiration and esteem, and all conveying very earnest invitations, of one sort or another, both to herself and the ladies and gentlemen in her train.

On receiving the first of these very gratifying testimonials, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, her cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkling with all sorts of gratified feelings, rose hastily from the easy-chair in her own apartment, in which she chanced to be reposing when it arrived, and was just going to look for her daughter and "the Perkinses," in order to share her pleasure and her triumph with them, when a second was delivered to her by the grinning Cleopatra. She returned, of course, to her chair, that she might peruse it undisturbed, and then her purpose changed, and it was to Mrs. Beauchamp that she determined first to display these trophies of success. Again, therefore, she stepped forward, and again her steps were arrested by Cleopatra, who now brought no less than three letters in her hand at once; and so struck was the black messenger herself at this extraordinary influx of despatches, that having laid down the three letters she stood stock still in front of the table, to see how the English lady looked while she was a reading of them. But Mrs. Allen Barnaby was by this time in a frame of mind which rendered such examination extremely annoying to her, and raising her voice and her hand so as to command both respect and obedience, she said,

"Leave me, girl! Leave me, I tell you! Leave me instantly!"

Poor Cleopatra liked not the voice much, but she liked the hand less still; for not having the slightest doubt but that it was to be employed in the way in which raised hands always are employed towards people of her complexion in Louisiana, she actually quivered from top to toe, for Mrs. Allan Barnaby's hand was not a small one. Uttering therefore only the monosyllable "oh!" in reply, she left the room much more rapidly than she entered it, and the lady was left in her secret bower to enjoy unlooked at, and alone, all the delicious triumph of that happy hour.

She read and re-read the five notes, which now lay all opened wide upon the table before her, and then she sat for a few moments in motionless and silent revery. At length, however, her features relaxed into a smile, and she exclaimed aloud,

"I wonder what would happen if I were to take into my head to make myself a queen? I wonder whether any body, or any thing, would be found able to stop me? I'll be hanged if I believe there would. However I don't mean to try my hand at it just at present, because I don't believe I could enjoy it more if I was ten times a queen than I do now, seeing all those people who own themselves that they have always hated us English like poison, seeing them all ready to fall down and worship me, just because it came into my head to think that I should find it answer to make myself popular! And answer it does, or the deuce is in it. Why we might one and all of us live at free quarters for a twelvemonth at this rate; and I shall take care to make the Perkinses understand that they are to pay *me*, if they pay nobody else. That is but fair and honest. And if they don't plague me in any way I will let them have a good bargain. What will the major say to me, I wonder, now?"

And here Mrs. Allen Barnaby almost laughed aloud in her exceeding glee. But she was not left long to enjoy in tranquillity this first full evidence of her complete success, for another slave, and not the terrified Cleopatra, soon entered her room, and deposited three more notes before her; and again, after another short interval the same black girl returned, her enormous eyes grown more enormous still by wondering at the business she was about, and laid down four more, and in less than five minutes after she entered with three, thus completing the fifteen, which seemed to terminate the embassies for the time being.

To say that Mrs. Allen Barnaby felt and looked delighted as she thus sat surrounded by these white-winged messengers of fame, would be an expression so pitifully and unsatisfactorily weak, that I forbear to use it. But where may I look for words capable of expressing aptly and fully the state of mind into which she was thrown by this enthusiastic outpouring of patriotic gratitude? Look where I will, I shall find none such. It is in fact impossible for any faculty, or faculties, save imagination alone, to do justice to her emotions, and to the imagination of my readers I resign the task, though only too well aware that of these, not above one in five hundred can be expected to possess the faculty in sufficient vigour to do justice to the image I have suggested.

Never, in truth, was there a mind more calculated to enjoy such success than that of my heroine. There are many who though they may relish fame with tolerable keenness in general, would feel no great exaltation of spirit at this species of it in particular. But Mrs. Allen Barnaby was not one of these. Neither could she, notwithstanding her well satisfied contemplations on her past life, be classed with those so *blazés* with distinction and renown as to make the receiving it a matter of indifference. Nor did the shower of happiness which so delightfully bathed her spirit in this hour of joy, bring empty praise alone; on the contrary, a vast deal of very solid-seeming pudding appeared coming with it; and in short, Mrs. Allen Barnaby felt her contentment to be so measureless, and so greatly too big for utterance, that she suddenly determined not to mention what had happened to any one till she had first enjoyed it for a little while in secret, and till she felt capable of conversing upon it with less external emotion than she was at present conscious must betray itself were she to enter upon the subject immediately with any one—unless, indeed, it were her lawful husband and partner of her greatness.

“I will lie down!” she murmured to herself, as she passed her pocket-handkerchief across her forehead, “I will darken the room and lie down.”

She fastened the blinds, and drew the window-curtains accordingly; and then, having laid aside a considerable portion of her apparel, she crept within her musquito-net, and laid her throbbing head upon her pillow. There is something in the climate of New Orleans which tends so strongly to induce sleep, that probably no degree of happiness could enable any person long to resist it if they indulged in the attitude which Mrs. Allen Barnaby had now taken. Certain it is that many minutes had not elapsed after my heroine had disposed of herself in the manner I have described before her eyes closed, and her regular but heavy breathing proclaimed aloud that she slept. But oh! what a sleep was that! and how far unlike the dull oblivion that falls upon ordinary



spirits while the "sweet restorer" is doing his work upon them! No sooner had she forgotten herself, as the common and unphilosophical phrase expresses it,—no sooner had she forgotten herself, than a power nobler than memory took its place. Mrs. Allen Barnaby did *not* forget herself, though it was less by memory than by prophecy, that she became in sleep the subject of her own high imaginings. It was probably from the more than common intensity of the emotions which produced these sleeping visions, that she at once gave birth to them in words, and with perfect distinctness exclaimed,

"Pray move out of the way, Louisa! Do you not see how all those good people are straining and striving to get a glimpse of me. Matilda! it is quite ill-natured to keep standing so exactly before me! It is quite contrary to my temper and disposition to torment people so. Oh, yes, certainly," she continued, varying her tone, as if speaking courteously to some stranger, "yes, certainly, my lord. If you will just push that golden inkstand a little nearer to me I will give you an autograph immediately."

For a moment or two she was silent, and then turning as it were impatiently on her bed, she resumed in accents less bland,

"It is nonsense, Donny, to think of it. It is not *you* who have written all these books; and if, as you all justly enough say, a title must and will be given, as in the case of Sir Walter and Sir Edward, it cannot be given to *you*. No, Donny, no. It must and will be given to *ME*. Yes, yes; hush, hush, hush. I know it, I know it. I know perfectly well, Major Allen, without your telling me, that no ladies ever are made baronets. I know I can't be Sir Martha, foolish man, quite as well as you do, and I know a little better perhaps that *you* will never be Sir any thing. But if my country wishes to reward me by a title, to which I should have no objection whatever, if such be the will of my sovereign, if that, as you all seem to suppose, should really be the case, I see neither difficulty nor objection in it. Why should I not be called Lady Martha?" and then she murmured on till her voice sank into silence, and herself into sounder sleep, "Lady Martha Allen Barnaby—Lady Martha Allen Barnaby—Lady Martha Allen Bar—"

It was clearly evident that my heroine had positively exhausted herself by the vehemence of her emotions, even in sleep, for she now snored heavily for above two hours, without again moving a limb, and on awakening experienced that feeling of puzzle and confusion of intellect which often follows sleep that has been unusually profound.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, starting up, and looking very wildly round her. But most sweet was the return of consciousness which followed. She saw the mass of open notes all lying together upon her table. "Is it then possible?" she exclaimed; "is it indeed true? and not merely the invention of a dream? Am I really at this moment the most distinguished person in New Orleans? And what may I not hope for hereafter? But, mercy on me! I really must keep myself quiet, or I shall certainly go distracted."

The resolution was a wise one, and kept to better than might have been expected from the very animated and excitable nature of Mrs. Allen Barnaby. She looked at her watch, and perceived that it was fully time to begin preparing her dress for dinner, and she set about this necessary business with a deliberate steadiness, which showed her



determined to keep herself and her nerves quiet and composed. The result of this was all that she herself wished it should be. Her ringlets, her rouge, her flowers, and her bows, all took their respective places, without any trace of that confusion of arrangement which might reasonably enough have been feared under the existing circumstances. Before her dress had received its last finishing touch by the arrangement of her white blonde scarf, she heard the approaching step of the major, and smiled, but very sedately, as she cast her eyes upon the letter-covered table.

"Pour out some water for me, there's a good soul," said the unconscious husband of the most distinguished person in New Orleans, "I'm devilish late, I believe."

"There is no occasion to put yourself into such a prodigious bustle if you are," returned his lady, with an air of very elegant languor. "The dinner must be kept back a little if we are not ready for it."

"Kept back? Keep back the dinner at an American boarding-house? I should have thought, my dear, that you had been here quite long enough to know that wouldn't answer. Did you ever see any one of them waited for for half a second, even among the oldest customers like the Beauchamps, or any of them?"

"I beg your pardon, major, but I cannot exactly think it the same thing. Nobody, I imagine, would like to sit down till—till *we* were ready."

The major opened his eyes, but was too busy in adjusting his cravat to remove them from the looking-glass, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby was really too much afraid of shaking her equanimity to trust her voice in explanation. But when, his hasty reparation of himself being completed, he turned about and looked towards his wife, who had quietly seated herself at the table, he perceived the large number of open letters with which it was covered and immediately uttered the expected question,

"What in the world are all those letters, wife?"

"You may read them, Major Allen Barnaby if you wish it," she meekly replied, while quietly employing herself in securing the clasp of her waist-ribbon.

The major, accepting the permission thus given, immediately set himself to the task of examination, but had proceeded but a very little way in it, when he gaily exclaimed

"Well done, my Barnaby! Egad we are afloat now, or the devil's in it."

And assuring himself by a hasty glance through the remainder that they were all in the same agreeable strain, he actually walked round the table and kissed the illustrious fair one to whom they were addressed, taking the greatest care, however, to disturb neither her ringlets, nor her rouge.

"I am proud of you, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, I am, upon my soul," he said; "and what think you, my dear, will be the best way to profit by all this? Why here are no less than nine invitations for staying visits at different country-seats. If we could but find out, wife, who amongst them enjoys a little piquet, you know, like Colonel Beauchamp, and who does not, we could manage our matters famously. It would be fun, wouldn't it, to be going from house to house, treated and

feasted ! you writing your immortal book, and I raking in dollars every night of my life, and our own money lying snug all the time ? It would be famous fun, wouldn't it ?”

“ Why, certainly the mode of life as you sketch it, major, would be pleasant enough and profitable too, I dare say,” replied his lady, “ if we mind our hits properly. It will be exceedingly necessary, however, to find out who's who, and what's what, before we decide upon what to accept and what to refuse. I have said to all that I would send an answer, and this will give us a little time for inquiry.”

“ You are a jewel !” exclaimed the major, with a burst of really passionate admiration. “ But there goes the bell, my darling. After dinner you must write me down the names of all these excellent people, that I may learn what I can about them. And you may keep the letters, you know, and ask a few questions of Mrs. Beauchamp, or any body else who can answer them.”

“ I shall not be idle, my dear,” replied his wife, with a composed and quiet smile, which proved to her acute husband that she was not quite in her usual state of mind ; but he was at that moment inclined to think that all moods became her, and taking her arm within his, he led her with a very decided feeling of triumph to the dinner-table.

## CHAP. XXII.

THERE was a something in Mrs. Allen Barnaby's demeanour as she entered the dining-room, supported on the arm of her husband, which both attracted the attention of her particular friends among the company assembled there, and puzzled them.

“ Was she ill ?” “ Was she affronted at somebody or something ?” “ Had she received disagreeable tidings from home ?” or “ was she only very much fatigued ?” All and each of these motives suggested themselves to all those sufficiently interested in this lady to watch her as she entered the room, despite the interesting nature of the business already going on at the top of the table, where Mrs. Carmichael, puffing and wheezing like a fainting steam-engine, was sending round by the sable hands of two negro Hebes, sharply scrutinized portions of a favourite fish. The equality or inequality of this nice and difficult distribution was, under ordinary circumstances, a matter of great moment, and nearly of universal interest ; but now it was only partially so. Yet it would be difficult to describe precisely what it was in the bearing of Mrs. Allen Barnaby which caused this effect. She always walked in with a great deal of dignity, and so she did now. She had always some volant ribbon or floating scarf to attend to and arrange ; and so she had now. She never failed to return with great benignity any salutations which she might receive as she moved onward to her place ; nor did she fail to do so now. But in all this there was something that nobody had ever seen before ; a blending of condescension and indifference ; an eye that seemed not fully conscious of the identity of the objects over which it glanced ; an air of superiority softened by benevolence ; and, finally, a look of gentle tenderness when she turned towards her husband, that seemed to indicate that she recognised in him a being who in some degree at least approached to an equality of condition with herself.

Having reached the chair now constantly reserved for her, next her friend Mrs. Beauchamp she placed herself in it with a sort of circular bow that seemed to say, "Pray do not disturb yourselves;" but not even to that favoured lady did she give more than half a smile, and half a nod, accompanied with a languid look and drooping eyelid that seemed to speak exhaustion and fatigue.

"Oh my!" exclaimed her observant friend, "if you an't regularly done up Mrs. Allen Barnaby! God bless your dear heart! You have just been working too hard, that's quite plain and clear, and that won't do at all. We shall have you ill, by and by, if we don't take care, and then what is to come of our delightful tour? Take my advice, and desire your husband, the major, to send you a glass of his wine. Though I am sure, for the matter of that, Colonel Beauchamp would be first-rate happy to offer you a taste of his, only gentlemen boarders are generally supposed to know their own lady's taste best. Haven't you been writing an unaccountable quantity to-day, Mrs. Allen Barnaby? Say."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby in reply to this question turned her benignant countenance upon her friend. There was a gentle and very charming smile upon it, but the eyes were considerably more than half closed, and for a few seconds she suffered herself to be looked at in silence; then she said, shaking her head, and smiling if possible with still more benignity,

"Oh no! You are quite mistaken, dear lady; I have not written a single line."

There was a look of blank disappointment on the countenance of Mrs. Beauchamp on hearing this, which recalled Mrs. Allen Barnaby to the necessity of not losing any birds already in her hand, while starting away to look after others which were still in the bush; she therefore so far recalled herself to the passing moment as to say,

"You look surprised, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, and so you well may! But your surprise would cease if you knew what a morning I had passed."

"Not sick, I hope?" returned her new friend with very sincere anxiety. "I'm sure I wouldn't have you take a spell of sickness just now for more than I'll say."

"You are very kind! Oh no! Not sick, or sorry, I assure you; only engaged, too incessantly occupied by a multitude of letters, to do any thing but read them."

"My! A mail from the old country, I expect?" replied Mrs. Beauchamp, with a sort of congratulatory smile.

"No," returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby composedly, "not so. All my letters were from ladies and gentlemen—mostly from gentlemen, indeed, who were here last night."

A visible augmentation of colour suffused the cheeks of Mrs. Beauchamp on hearing these words; an effect which was instantly and satisfactorily remarked by the authoress.

"They will be at fisticuffs about me soon, if I don't take care," thought she, "but it will be better for me to carry on every thing peaceably, and profit by them all in turn." And with this feeling she smiled with more of peculiar and personal affection on Mrs. Beauchamp than she had done before, and said, "I must ask your advice and as-

sistance about all this. In a society so particularly select and elegant, I would not for the world offend any body; but it is impossible to accept all these invitations, and you must help me to decide whom I must refuse."

"What's that about invitations, mamma?" demanded Madame Tornorino, who like the rest of the company had remarked something queer in her mother's look, which now, with her inherited shrewdness, she thought might very likely be the result of more compliments and invitations. "I say, mamma," she resumed, "I beg you will let me know all the invites in time, for I hate to be taken at a hop, and so does the Don, too."

"Fear not, my love," replied her mother, with a tranquillizing nod, "I will always contrive to give you time enough for dressing. But upon my word, dear, I don't think I can promise to keep a regular calendar of all invitations, it would occupy more time than I can spare. But you may go into my room if you like it, after dinner, and collect all the notes and letters which you will find lying about upon my table, and read them, if it will be any satisfaction to you."

"Ask if you may bring them all down into the drawing-room," whispered Miss Matilda Perkins across Don Tornorino, by whose side it was the pleasure of his young wife that her friend should always sit (thinking it, probably, more cozy and comfortable to keep their party thus far together, than to let any other lady sit next him, particularly "that odious Annie Beauchamp," whom she hated above all things, and towards whom she had more than once caught the beautiful eyes of her Don directed). "Oh, for goodness sake bring them down, my darling dearest Madame Tornorino!" reiterated her eager friend.

"Very well," was the reply. "Hold your tongue and say nothing about it. I shall bring them down, if I like it, and ask no leave, you may depend upon it. I should have thought you might have guessed that without my telling you."

Mrs. Beauchamp who, though for very different reasons, was quite as anxious about these invitations as Miss Matilda herself, ventured to ask a few questions of her new friend respecting the names of the parties from whence they came; to all of which Mrs. Allen Barnaby replied with *almost* her former affectionate warmth of manner.

"You shall see them all, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp. Don't imagine for a moment that it is possible I could have any reserves with you! Oh no! we must talk them all over together."

"Thank you very much," replied the comforted Mrs. Beauchamp. "I certainly should like to see who comes forward first and foremost. I told you how it would be, didn't I, Mrs. Allen Barnaby? You won't forget that, I expect? Say."

"No, indeed! I shall never forget the exceedingly kind and friendly manner in which you have conducted yourself towards me throughout, my dear madam. I shall not easily meet with any one whose society I shall enjoy so thoroughly as I do yours."

There was some comfort in hearing this, but the words did not seem to mean exactly what the same words would have meant yesterday—at least, so thought, or rather so felt, Mrs. Beauchamp. But yet, to do her justice, she did by no means fully enter into nor understand the

nature of the change she remarked. She thought, indeed, that it was likely enough Mrs. Allen Barnaby might like to listen to other first-rate patriotic ladies, as well as to her, and might wish to compare testimonies together in order to get at the exact truth ; but for all the calculations which were going on as to whom she could turn to greatest profit in *other* ways, nothing of the kind ever entered her head. Neither did she long suffer the trifling difference which she had fancied perceptible in the illustrious lady's tone to dwell upon her mind.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," thought she, the moment afterwards, "for having any such fancies. As if we ought not, one and all, to think of the one great object of having justice done to our country ; and there is no danger upon that score as long as this dear writing lady keeps clear of those wicked and rebellious free states that don't scruple to abuse our venerable institutions about slavery, just as bad, more shame for them, as our foreign enemies themselves can do."

So the next time Mrs. Allen Barnaby gave her an opportunity of speaking to her again, which was not immediately—for to say truth that lady had in a great degree lost the comfort she might have found from Mrs. Carmichael's dinners in consequence of the immense importance she had hitherto attached to all that was said to her, and was now making amends to herself for it, by attending much more to the dinner, and much less to the conversation than heretofore. But as soon as she found an opportunity, Mrs. Beauchamp said,

"Do you happen, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, ma'am, to recollect any of the names of the gentlemen who have been writing to you ? I can't say but what I should like to know who's come forward."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby, who had just completed the demolition of a very savoury plate, and had been reflecting during the pleasant process on the various words and phrases which had reached her since her arrival at New Orleans, relative to the first-rateness of standing of her already well-secured friend, Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, promptly replied, and in accents of perfectly recovered cordiality,

"My dearest friend ! I have the very worst head in the world for names ! Let me see—let me see—oh, yes, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp ! there is one I remember perfectly ; and the better, perhaps, because I received *two* notes so signed. Gregory is the name. Both General Gregory and Mrs. Gregory, wrote most obligingly, and very strongly urged our immediately paying them a visit at their place in the country."

"Possible !" exclaimed Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, and there stopped.

"Possible ?" repeated Mrs. Allen Barnaby. "What does that mean, my dear friend ? Do you doubt its being possible ?"

"Oh my ! no, Mrs. Allen Barnaby. No doubt of any thing you say could enter my thoughts, you may be very sure. Only to me, who so well knows the general and his uncommon quietness upon all matters, leaving every thing to his wife, you know, and all that, it does seem something like a miracle, that he should sit down and write an invitation, specially as his lady was doing the very same."

"It certainly shows a most amiable and cordial feeling of hospitality," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby ; "so much so, indeed, that I felt

the moment I read their two letters, that it would be quite impossible to refuse the invitation."

"But I do hope and trust, my dear lady," returned the now really terrified Mrs. Beauchamp, "that nothing and nobody will be able to lead you aside from the plan we have so beautifully laid down together for the examination of all the most important parts of the Union. Say?"

"No, dearest Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp," responded the authoress; "most truly may you affirm, both to yourself and others, that *nothing* will induce me to abandon a project to which my heart and my understanding are alike pledged, alike wedded, alike bound!"

This was uttered with solemnity, the movement of the knife and fork being intermitted, and the raised eyes fixed devoutly on the ceiling."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, fervently; "then I don't care a hominy bean for earthly man, woman, or child. That tour can't be done every day, from July to eternity, and it is *I* that shall be, as I must say I ought, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, your companion and leader, to edify you as to where you should look first and foremost."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby assiduously fed herself upon duck and green corn, and smiled and nodded an affectionate assent.

It is probable that the whole party at the boarding-table had heard enough of what had passed there, to feel some curiosity as to *what* was to be "brought down," and accordingly the cigar-smoking, which usually takes place at that hour in "*the chambers*"—the wives of American citizens being imperturbably amiable on this point—was postponed, and the whole party assembled in the saloon.

Patty failed not to do as she had declared she would do if it so pleased her, and as it did please her to scamper into her mamma's room the moment the party had risen from table, and to scamper down again as fast as she could run, with both her hands full of letters, and a few, *for fun*, secured beneath her chin, she reached the saloon just as the last of the company entered it, and bouncing up to the longest table, bent over it, and discharged the three divisions of her load at the same moment.

"There!" she exclaimed; "now then, let's see what it's all about."

"That dear creature's vivacity will never be restrained, let the business in hand be ever so important!" observed her mother, moving with a very slow and deliberate pace towards the table.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby was in truth in no great hurry to reach it; for not only the ardent eager-minded Miss Matilda Perkins was already bending over the still open despatches, and possessing herself of their contents with the most assiduous industry, but very many others of the party were doing exactly the same thing, without the slightest shadow of restraint or ceremony; and as the lady to whom they were addressed happened to prefer their being read by all the world, she had no wish to check the operation by her presence. But Mrs. Allen Barnaby showed her English ignorance in thus restraining her steps—nothing short of her withdrawing her letters altogether, or so folding



them up, that no portion of their contents could be seen, would have sufficed to check it.

The lively Patty, however, either from consideration for those who could not find room to place themselves where they could read the various pages thus displayed, or else because she thought it a capital joke to show off to all the set at once how much they were the fashion, began reading them aloud with great distinctness, and certainly much to the satisfaction of all who listened to her.

"Oh, what a madcap!" cried Mrs. Allen Barnaby, dropping into a chair before she had reached even the outskirts of the throng that was pressing round her daughter. "Is not Madame Tornorino a saucy creature, Louisa?"

This was addressed to the greatly-improved and almost gay Miss Perkins, who really seemed to be inspired with new life by the gentle kindness of Annie Beauchamp, the unceasing goodhumour of Mr. Egerton, and more still—oh, infinitely more—by the very marked attentions which she saw her dear Matilda receiving from all the American gentlemen who approached her. To this appeal of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, she replied in an accent that really seemed almost fearless.

"There does not seem to be much change in her, certainly, ma'am."

But what Miss Louisa Perkins said at that moment was of little consequence. The "Oh's!" the "My's!" the "Possibles!" that she heard from the party round the table, as Patty proceeded in her lecture, were so exactly every thing that Mrs. Allen Barnaby desired, that she attended to nothing else. She caught the eye of the major (who had seated himself at no great distance from her), just as Patty was pompously giving forth the profound admiration and respect of some general, colonel, or major, followed by the most pressing invitation to his "mansion," for as many weeks or months as it would be convenient for the admirable authoress and her party to remain; and the look that was exchanged between them showed their feelings to be in the most perfect conjugal harmony.

"I am delighted, madam," said Mrs. Beauchamp, when Patty had concluded her self-imposed task, "I am first-rate delighted to find that so many of the very highest standing among our gentlemen and ladies appear to be availed of the obligations they are likely to owe you; and I can't enough be thankful to myself for having lost no time in making that fact generally known to all."

"I am sure you are all excessively kind," returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, arranging her heavy gilt bracelets with rather an absent air. "I perfectly delight in the country, and its charming inhabitants!"

"Wife!" whispered the major in her ear, as he passed by, to leave the room; "come up stairs—I want to speak to you."

And Mrs. Allen Barnaby really wanted to speak to him; so permitting him, with her usual tact, to disappear before she rose to follow him, she extended her hand to Mrs. Beauchamp, with the full recollection of all she had heard of that lady's reputed wealth and station, and said, not quite in a whisper,

"Oh, my dear friend! though of course exceedingly gratified by

all this, depend upon it, I can never feel for any other person, charming as they all are, what I feel for you ! It is quite impossible I ever should !”

What a fine thing is fame ! And must not Mr. John Milton have been in some degree mistaken, when he declared it to be

No plant that grows on mortal soil ?

Mrs. Allen Barnaby was unquestionably still in the flesh, and yet she had not only found this “plant,” growing in the most delightful abundance in Louisiana, but discovered that it was easily convertible to all manner of domestic purposes, from a pot-herb to a garland for the brow. Nay, had she at that moment poured several handfuls of dollars into the lap of Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, that lady could not have considered it as more completely satisfactory payment for all she had done, and all that she meant to do for the honour, glory, profit, and convenience of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, than did those few words from her in return. For Mrs. Allen Barnaby had not only acquired fame, but she knew it ; and had skill enough *at once*, to bring it into current use, as a sort of bill of exchange, which, as long as her credit lasted, would pass very well in payment for most things in a country so exceedingly fond of celebrity and renown as the United States of America.

On reaching her room, Mrs. Allen Barnaby found her husband already there, and waiting for her rather impatiently.

“My dear,” he began, “I won’t waste any time in complimenting you upon the capital manner in which you have set all these funny folks spinning, but I see it all, I promise you, and I admire your cleverness accordingly. What you and I must talk about, my dear, is not how all this has been brought about, but how we can best turn it to account.”

“That’s quite true, Donny,” she replied, with a decisive nod, that spoke as plainly as any words could have done, how completely she agreed with him. “Don’t fancy that I mean to content myself by being blown up by all these famous fine words—not a bit of it, I promise you. I don’t see any good reason whatever, why we should not travel about from house to house, as long as the fancy holds them, living upon the fat of the land, as we shall be sure to do, major, and paying nothing for it but just scribbling and sputtering a little puff, puff, puff, as we go along. Shan’t we ‘*progress*’ like a steam-engine !”

The major clapped his hands, and laughed aloud.

“By Jove ! my Barnaby,” he cried, “I think I am more heartily in love with you than ever I was in my life ; and I don’t believe you’ve got your equal in the old world, or the new either. To be sure, my love, that’s what we’ll do ! It is exactly the very thing that came into my head as Patty was reading ; and it will be perhaps a better spec than even your quick wit is quite aware of. Of course, I am not quite idle on my side ; I am sure it would be a shame if I was, and you working away as you do ; and I have found out a thing or two about these rich planter people. You, my dear, have got hold of their staple passion, as I may call it, or rather of their two staple passions,—that is to say, their vanity about their country and their greatness, and their



red-hot terror about losing hold of their slaves. Now you'll keep on *working* 'em on this side, while I'll keep on *playing* 'em, deary, upon another. I find that there isn't scarcely one of these rich slave-holding chaps, who make their niggers wait upon them up and down, from morning to night, so that they do little or nothing but eat, drink, sleep, and spit for themselves,—I am told that there isn't scarcely one of 'em who doesn't, more or less, try to keep themselves awake by play. Now can you fancy any thing, my dear, falling out much better than that? We shall have to write a letter of thanks, wife, upon my soul we shall, to those precious relations of yours that played *bo-peep* behind the curtain. We shall be living upon roses here,—I see it as plain as the handsome nose in your face, my Barnaby. For you may just remember, if you please, that credit doesn't hold out for ever, even in London, and with a fine house, and a fine wife, like you, to back it. Christmas would have been sure to come, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and a *few* little bills, my dear, would have been sure to come with it; whereas in this blessed land, it seems exceedingly probable, I think, that we shall make money and spend none."

"Exactly so," replied his wife, bowing to him. "That, Mr. Major, is precisely the scheme I have conceived for us during the next four or five months, perhaps. And then, if my work is completed, and I get paid for it in hard cash, as these people say I shall be, we may then venture, I think, to take a house of our own. I should like it to be in the capital, Donny, if they would but make up their minds as to where that is, but it seems hard to find any two of 'em that agree upon that point."

"Never mind that, my dear," returned the major, laughing; "when we do settle down we will take care to fix upon just whatever we think pleasantest; and if we go on as we expect to do, we shall be able to pick and choose as we like. But now, my dear, let us come to business. To which of all these people will it be best to go to first?"

"To the Beauchamps, Donny. Stick to the Beauchamps, my dear, in the first instance. It will look best, a great deal, because of all the fuss I have been making about my love, and affection, and admiration, and gratitude, and all the rest of it. Besides, they certainly *are* very rich; *he* is an inveterate card-player, in a sober way, and that *she* knows how to set a thing going, we have had capital good proof already. So I say, stick to the Beauchamps at first. But then, you must please to observe, that I don't mean to go galivanting in a steam-boat all down these everlasting rivers, that they talk about, for I suppose it is a matter of course that we should be expected to pay our own expenses on board, and just think what that would come to, with Patty and her Don upon our hands! Whereas, you'll observe, that when we get to their elegant Big-Gang Bank, that they all talk about, there will be an end of paying—except, indeed, that if the Perkinses really get in there too, I shall expect that they will make us some consideration for it. They need not pay us quite as much as they would at a boarding-house, you know; but they can't expect we should drag them about for nothing."

"My dear love," replied the major, "your notions on every point are so clear, so clever, so quick—in short, so admirable in every way, that I should be a great deal worse than a fool if I attempted to check

or control you on any subject of business whatever. Any thing of that kind with the Perkinses, I should leave entirely to you. In fact, to say the honest truth, I don't feel that I have tact and skill enough to do any thing of the sort myself, but I give you *carte blanche*, my dear."

"Very well, major," returned the lady, laughing, "I understand perfectly. You would like to get the dollars, but you would not like the asking for them. But never mind, my dear, I'll undertake all that, provided you don't object to my using your name a little—I really must do that, major, or I should not be able to make the thing look right and reasonable, as I should certainly wish to do."

"As you please, my love. My name is your own, you know, so of course you may use it as you like—and luckily they are both so devilish ugly, that I can't say I care much what you say. But now then, as to the time and manner of our starting? What do you mean to say to your dear friend?"

In reply to this question, Mrs. Allen Barnaby entered at some length into an explanation of her views, and as the result will show what these were, we may leave the conjugal consultation uninterrupted.

Annie Beauchamp had left the saloon by her usual point of escape, the window, as soon as Madame Tornorino commenced the reading aloud of her mamma's letters; for to say truth, there was something in the manner and bearing of this English beauty, which very particularly irritated the nerves of the young American. Nobody, however, followed her example; for no single individual present, except herself, seemed without some feeling of curiosity as to the contents of the despatches that Madame Tornorino was thus making public. Even Mr. Egerton, though hitherto he had not displayed any very strong feeling of interest in the immediate concerns of Major and Mrs. Allen Barnaby, was now evidently listening with the rest of the company to these flattering testimonials of Louisianian and Carolinian esteem; nor did his attention to the voice of the fair reader relax till she had, in loud and distinct tones, gone through the perusal of every document.

But upon Patty's throwing down the last sheet, and exclaiming, "There, that's all!" he immediately walked up to Miss Louisa Perkins, and offering his arm, said,

"Do you not think, Miss Perkins, that we should find the air of the balcony very refreshing?"

For half a moment the kind-hearted Louisa paused to consider whether there were any possible means by which she could transfer this honour to her sister; but perceiving, on turning her eyes round to look for her, that she was in earnest conversation with Mr. Horatio Timmshackle, she smiled a ready assent to the agreeable proposal, and taking the young man's offered arm, walked through the same window at which Annie Beauchamp had disappeared.

That young lady, whom for a few minutes Miss Louisa had really forgotten, was seated on her favourite bench beneath the orange-tree, with her eyes fixed in rather a vacant glance upon another orange-tree immediately opposite to her.

"Oh, dear me! There's that nice young lady all by herself!" ex-

claimed Miss Louisa, using a little gentle influence upon the arm of her companion, in order to lead his steps towards her. "And how long have you been here, all alone, my dear?" she continued, addressing the solitary beauty with an affectionate smile. "I thought we were all in the great room together, listening to Miss Patty bawling out those surprisingly kind letters that have been addressed to her mamma. I will not deny that I, for one, was rather curious to hear them, but yet I think if I had known that you were sitting quietly here by yourself, I should have been apt to leave Miss Patty and the letters for the pleasure of hearing you talk a little."

Annie smiled in return to this speech, but not very gaily, and moving to the end of the bench, made room for Miss Louisa to sit beside her. Mr. Egerton looked a little uncertain what to do, but after the hesitation of a moment, he took advantage of Miss Louisa's evident intention to leave space sufficient for him also, and sat himself down beside her.

As neither of her companions seemed at all inclined to converse, Miss Perkins seemed to think it incumbent on her to talk a little herself, and began accordingly:

"I can't help thinking, Miss Beauchamp," she said, "that the ladies and gentlemen of your country must be the kindest and most hospitable people in the world. I could not have believed it possible that we should all of us have received such a quite wonderful number of invitations, and not one of us knowing a single soul in the whole country, only a few days ago, almost as one may say. I am sure Mrs. O—Mrs. Allen Barnaby I mean, has good reason to praise the country, and all the people in it, if she is really going to write a book, for I certainly think that they are kinder and more hospitable than any nation I ever heard of in all my life before, and I shall always say so, though I shan't write it."

This was a very long speech for Miss Louisa Perkins to make; but still it did not produce the effect she desired, by making her companions talk too, for neither of them spoke a single word. Mr. Egerton might have been seen, however, if any one had happened to look at him, stealing a glance across his neighbour at the beautiful young face beyond her. Perhaps the owner of that beautiful young face was aware of it, for the delicately pale cheek blushed deeply, and seemed to send its bright reflection even to the brow and neck. But the head was instantly turned away, and the curious young Englishman had no opportunity at that moment of criticising its American contour.

"Your sister is trying, I think, to catch your eye, Miss Perkins," said Mr. Egerton; and, if I am not mistaken, she wants you to go to her."

"Dear me, you don't say so?" said Miss Louisa, hastily starting up and hurrying away; "and yet I wonder too, considering—"

But she moved so quickly, that she was out of hearing, and within the window before she could finish the sentence.

The young lady who had been stationed on the other side of her, had so completely turned herself away, leaning over the arm of the bench which they occupied, that she did not appear immediately to perceive her departure.

"Miss Beauchamp!" said Mr. Egerton, gently; so gently, indeed,

that it was extraordinary his voice should have made her start as it did. "Miss Beauchamp," said he, I have a proposal—I mean that I have a bargain to propose to you, will you listen to it?"

The American young lady started a little at hearing these words, and upon looking round, and finding herself *tête-à-tête* with the English young gentleman who spoke them, half rose from her seat with the intention of walking away. But the *second thought* which prevented her doing this, not only came quickly, but decidedly; and it was with an air of being very particularly determined to hear him, and to answer him, too, that she turned herself round, and said,

"Yes, sir, I am quite willing to listen to you."

Frederick Egerton would perhaps have been less disconcerted if she had answered less complyingly; but marvelling at his own folly in feeling thus, he rallied, and proceeded pretty nearly in the terms he had intended.

"That is very obliging," he said, "and I will not detain you very long. What I wish to propose, Miss Beauchamp, is this: Let us mutually agree not definitively to form any opinion of each other's country, and countrymen, and countrywomen," he added, with a smile, "till we are fairly enabled to do so by having rather more general information on the subject than we either of us possess at present."

Annie eyed him, almost steadily, for about a second, and then blushed a good deal for having done so; but she, too, rallied quickly, and replied,

"Perhaps, sir, it would be more like good Christians and reasonable human beings if we did so."

"But if we make this agreement," he resumed, with a smile which had no very malicious expression in it, and which certainly made him look very handsome; "if we make this agreement, Miss Beauchamp, we must do it fairly on both sides, must we not? I mean that we must not scruple to confess to each other the observations either favourable or unfavourable, which we may chance to make. This is necessary to truth and justice, is it not?"

Either in the words themselves, or in his manner of speaking them, there was something that made Annie blush again; but this emotion, however caused, seemed to make her angry, either with herself or with him, for she knit her beautiful brows as she replied,

"If you wish me to confess that I entirely disapprove and condemn the line of conduct adopted by some of the gentlemen and ladies of New Orleans, towards some of the gentlemen and ladies of England, as witnessed both by yourself and me, sir, during the last few days, I am quite ready to gratify you. I do disapprove and condemn it greatly."

"Perhaps you mean," said Egerton, colouring a little in his turn, "perhaps you mean, Miss Beauchamp, that you disapprove and condemn any and every hospitality or kindness of any sort offered from the inhabitants of your country, towards the inhabitants of mine?"

"No!" she replied, but in an altered and less haughty tone. "No! I mean not that. I mean that I am sorry and ashamed to perceive that even the admirable judgment and good sense of Americans can be blinded and rendered useless by—by their prejudices."

Egerton perceived that he had touched a string which vibrated too strongly for pique or pettishness to effect the tone which it produced. He longed to speak to the beautiful and intelligent-looking young creature before him with more of candour and common sense than he had yet done, but felt strangely at a loss how to begin. He was perplexed not only by his own embarrassment, but by seeking to comprehend why he felt it.

Was he afraid of Miss Annie Beauchamp? Absurd idea! He rejected it indignantly, and mastering the sort of shyness which had checked him, he said more seriously, and perhaps, too, with more punctilious respect than he had ever before used in addressing her,

"May I venture, Miss Beauchamp, to believe that in using the word *prejudice* on the subject to which I think you allude, your opinions respecting it are at all like what you must suppose mine to be?"

"I would rather have avoided all conversation with you on such a topic, sir," replied Annie, after meditating for a moment; "but yet I believe that I have no right to think you mean to pain me by speaking on it. Nobody, I believe, supposes that any inhabitant of a Slave State can see any thing to lament in the laws which exist in it. This is not a very fair judgment—but it is idle to complain of it; for it is only a part of the injustice that is done us. There are many among us who judge you—I mean your country—more fairly, Mr. Egerton. All Americans, as you would find, if you knew more individuals among them—all Americans do not suppose that all Englishmen approve the atrocities practised upon children in your manufacturing districts, nor would they think it right to take it for granted, that you *all* approve the regulations now enforced by your poor-laws."

Egerton listened to her with great attention, and certainly with great astonishment also. Her words and manner produced, moreover, another feeling, but this related rather to himself than to her. He began to suspect that he *had* been guilty of injustice; that he had formed his opinions hastily, and without sufficient grounds, or at any rate that he had not allowed enough for individual exceptions; and with the candour which such self-condemnation was likely to produce, he replied,

"I believe you are very right, Miss Beauchamp. I believe that we English do, all of us, form opinions, and pronounce them too, a great deal too much upon general views, without seeking, as we ought to do, for exceptions that might lead to modify them. Your words have suggested this very useful truth, and I shall not forget them. But you will allow, I am sure, that in order to make this productive of all the good of which it is capable, it is necessary that we should occasionally meet with good sense and candour equal to your own, and that all our attempts to become acquainted with your widely-extended and important country, should not be always and for ever met with the broad assertion that it is the best and wisest in the world. This is a species of information which it is impossible to receive in the sort of wholesale manner in which it is given, and it is often rejected *en masse* because offered *en masse*."

These words produced on the mind of Annie Beauchamp an effect exceedingly like what hers had produced on that of Frederic Egerton. That is to say, she felt there might be some truth in them, and the

coincidence made her blush again ; but she smiled too, and in such a sort, that the young Englishman not only thought her a thousand times handsomer than ever, but he thought also, and very nearly independent of any such consideration, that he should greatly like to converse further with her, now that so much of the prejudice, which had mutually influenced them, seemed in so fair a way of being lessened, at least, if not altogether removed.

But exactly at this moment, and before Frederic had advanced further than gently smiling in return, Miss Louisa Perkins came back again through the window, exclaiming,

“ Oh, dear me ! You are quite mistaken in fancying my sister wanted me, my dear young gentleman ; for instead of that, I believe, between you and I, she would a good deal rather that I should just stay away. It was some time after I went in, before I could see at all, for you know they make the room so dark with the blinds ; but when I did find her at last, I saw in a minute that I had better keep away, for she was talking with another person so very earnestly, that they neither of them seemed as if they wanted any more company.”

This was all said in a manner so unusually lively, and with such an air of extreme satisfaction, that it seemed as if her return to the balcony was particularly agreeable to her feelings. Miss Beauchamp again made room for her beside herself, but whether she was quite as much delighted at this renewed arrangement as Miss Louisa, may be doubted.

As to Egerton, he did not seem at all disposed to leave the matter in any doubt as far as he was concerned himself, for without attempting to utter a word in reply to Miss Perkins's information, he started from his place, and passing hastily through the saloon, left the house.

### CHAP. XXIII.

ANOTHER large party, of which Mrs. Allen Barnaby was again very decidedly the heroine, concluded the day, and it was not till the following morning that any opportunity occurred for her to converse with her still most highly-favoured friend, Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, upon the important subject of their approaching departure.

A very considerable change had taken place in the former lady's state of mind since the subject had been last conversed between them ; and though in point of time this interval had not exceeded three days, whole years sometimes pass over us without producing an equally decisive effect. There was, as the reader may by this time be pretty tolerably well aware, a good deal of native decisiveness of purpose in the character of Mrs. Allen Barnaby ; and when she had determined upon doing any thing, she generally did it. But notwithstanding this strong propensity to having her own way, the admirable fund of good sense which she possessed, prevented that way, for the most part, from leading her astray from her interest, and therefore in all former conversations with Mrs. Beauchamp, upon the subject of the plans they were to pursue together, she had hardly felt conscious of having any wish or will, except that of ingratiating herself still further in the favour of that



lady, and promoting every thing that could lead to increasing their intercourse and intimacy.

But now matters were altogether changed, and their mutual position pretty nearly reversed. Mrs. Allen Barnaby felt all over that it was she who was the person to confer honour, and Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp the person to receive it. In her opinion, therefore, it followed naturally that for the future that lady's wishes and convenience were on all points to give way to her own; and though quite determined not to permit either will or whim—no, not even her own, to deprive her of the solid advantages which she intended to reap from the devoted attachment of the wealthy planter's lady, her mode of addressing her when they were next *tête-à-tête*, approached very nearly in spirit to the celebrated

'Tis mine to speak, and thine to hear,

of the romance. Nor was she at all mistaken in the calculation she had made respecting the degree in which this was likely to be endured, without producing any disagreeable result whatever. Perhaps Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp was a *little surprised* to hear that her dear friend had given up all thoughts of the delightful steam-boat excursion they were all to make together; but as to *anger*, no such feeling ever entered her head, and still less her heart; and her first words were, after becoming thoroughly *availed*, as she would have said, of the change which had taken place in Mrs. Allen Barnaby's intentions,

"Then you don't think, I expect, that you should be able to fix yourself for another long journey so soon?"

"I do not think that I shall set off upon another long journey so soon," returned the authoress, slightly smiling; "but not from any fear of fatigue, or over-exertion. Where the mind is forcibly sustained, Mrs. Beauchamp, the body rarely gives way. No! My reasons for this alteration are wholly distinct from any idea of mere personal pleasure, or personal inconvenience. To you, my dear madam, I have no reserves, nor do I wish to have any; the generous, the truly liberal hospitality with which you have invited myself and the whole of my suite to your house at Big-Gang Bank, can never be remembered without a feeling of gratified, and let me say of grateful affection. I mean, I fully mean, to accept this hospitality, and to repose with my important manuscript before me, under the shadow of your friendly sugar-canes, well knowing that I can in no way so well prove to you how thoroughly I appreciate your kindness, as by accepting it."

"And there I am sure you are quite right, my dearest lady," replied the really delighted Mrs. Beauchamp. "There is nothing that I know of that would be so always agreeable to me as that; and to my husband, the colonel, I expect as much as to me. For in course, I calculate upon your husband, the major, not forgetting his card-playing, because he is in the country. He is too smart a gentleman for that, I expect."

"Oh, no! There is not the slightest fear of it, I am sure," returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with an encouraging nod. "The major is really one of the most amiable men in the world, and would rather, I am convinced, play every night of his life to amuse and please so excellent a

person as the colonel, than follow any more favourite pursuit of his own. And to make you quite easy on that head, I can assure you that he really does not dislike cards at all himself. All men of fashion with us, you know, are accustomed to play, and rather high, too, even from their earliest childhood, and this of course becomes habitual to them, so that scarcely any of our really distinguished men ever like to go to bed till they have passed their accustomed hour or two at play. So do not let that worry you, dear Mrs. Beauchamp, it will all do very well, I dare say. The major, as you may naturally suppose, has been accustomed to have his attention roused and kept awake by a tolerably high stake. All men of fortune are used to that, I presume, in every country. But there is no danger that our gentlemen should differ about that point—and in short, I look forward to enjoying a long visit to you exceedingly.”

Mrs. Beauchamp, who had already began running over in her mind the different people to whom she could show off her illustrious guest, replied with the most cordial earnestness, assuring her that there was nothing the colonel would not feel ready, and bound to do, in order to show his respect and gratitude for the admirable, elegant expressions respecting the slave business, which Mrs. Allen Barnaby had read up to them.

“On that point,” replied our authoress, with a good deal of solemnity, “on that point I shall have much more to say. I consider it, in fact, one of such prodigious importance to this noble country, that I am almost tempted to believe I should make my work of higher utility by devoting my pages wholly to the Slave States, than by mixing up in it any observations concerning that portion of the Union from whence slavery has been so unwisely banished. My general admiration for the whole country, and for all the truly superior people who inhabit it, would render it extremely disagreeable to me, of course, were I to feel myself obliged to blame the principles and conduct of any portion of them. And yet, my dear madam, how could I help pointing the finger of reprobation against those who actually threaten, as one of the gentlemen so well observed the other night, to revolutionize this magnificent and unequalled country, by abolishing slavery?”

Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp was in ecstasies while listening to this speech, and really seemed to restrain herself with difficulty from falling at the feet of the speaker.

“Oh, my!” she exclaimed, while tears of emotion trembled on her eyelids, “I expect that you *do* understand the nature of the Union better than any gentleman or lady that ever visited it before! Yes, my dear lady, you are quite right. There is not one of us could bear or abide your speaking any way disrespectful of any part of our glorious and immortal country, and therefore, as you most elegantly observe, it will be far better, and preferable a hundred thousand times over, that you should write wholly and solely upon the great blessings and advantages of slavery, instead of turning away from our quite perfect states, just to belittle the others. Pray God you may keep in the same mind about that, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and then I shall be only just too happy, that’s all.”

“Yes, dear lady, that is my view of the case, exactly. And if we can but contrive to keep the good major, and the rest of our party,



tolerably well contented and amused in the South and West, I really do not see any reason for our travelling North and East, just to find what is rather *less* perfect."

"Oh my! Yes, dearest Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that is exactly hitting it off to a nicety. *Rather less perfect*, that's just the fact. *Rather less perfect*," repeated the patriotic Mrs. Beauchamp, infinitely relieved by finding that nothing which had been said upon slavery (which was of course the subject nearest to their warm southern hearts) had produced any very greatly reduced estimate of the general perfection of the Union, as a whole, on the mind of the enlightened traveller.

"There is one other point, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, on which I must say a word or two," resumed Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with an affectionate smile. "You must promise not to think that my bringing all my party with me is any mark of ostentation. Of course you know that with us an author of any celebrity is considered as paying the very highest compliment possible, by bringing friends with him to any house where he may be invited; it is always considered as a proof that he looks upon the family he visits as worthy to become a part of his own chosen circle; and this feeling indeed is carried so far, that I have known every one of a party of ten, who accompanied one of our favourite writers to a nobleman's place in the country, desired to give their autographs, which were accordingly inscribed in the album of the duchess—the duchess? Yes, I am pretty sure it was the duchess—my own favourite duchess, who is always so kind to me. I just mention this circumstance, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, to show that in bringing my party with me, I am paying you the greatest compliment I have it in my power to bestow. And I wish you to be aware, my dear friend, that this is my reason for doing it, and not any foolish feeling of ostentation. I hope you understand this?"

"I do, my dearest lady, most perfectly and entirely," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, warmly. "I feel all your goodness and kindness to me and my country, and nothing shall be wanting that I can do to make Big-Gang Bank agreeable to you. Only dear, dear lady, let me entreat you not to be running away in a hurry. It is a great wide town of a place, as you will see, and there will be room enough for you and your friends, and a heap of folks besides, if you should like more company. And that, my dear lady, is one of the blessed advantages of having a gang of slaves at command. It is likely enough that if you travelled eastward to Philadelphia, and Boston, and New York, or to any of the unfortunate free states, you would find that noble-minded as all the people are, on account of their being Americans, they would be so fretted and troubled about where to get help, that ten to one they would not be able to invite you to their houses, so many at a time, as we can do."

"Poor things! Is it possible that their foolish prejudices keep them in so degraded a condition? It is really pitiable!" returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, adding, with great sincerity, "I really doubt if, under all the circumstances, notwithstanding my reverence for them as Americans, I really very much doubt if I should find every thing there as completely to my taste as I do here."

Mrs. Beauchamp again applauded the admirable good sense and dis-

crimination of her friend, and they parted, after its having been made perfectly well understood that the time of their setting off together for Big-Gang Bank, was to be entirely regulated by the pleasure and convenience of Mrs. Allen Barnaby.

Our provident and thoughtful heroine had already written very eloquent, amiable, and satisfactory letters to all her New Orleans correspondents, in reply to their invitations; and she now stood with a list in her hand of the names and the places, her promised visits to which were likely to maintain the whole party at free quarters for at least six months to come.

“Bravo!” she exclaimed aloud to her heart; “and now for a little visit to the dear good Perkinses.”

She found the two sisters in a very comfortable state of mind, and by the help of a little ingenuity in a more comfortable state of body, too, than could have been expected, considering the usual temperature of the quarters that had been assigned them. Their bedroom was indeed almost intolerably small, and intolerably hot; but the good-natured Cleopatra hinted to them that nobody ever came into the wide sort of corridor upon which their attic apartment opened, and which, as is usual in most houses in that region, stretched the whole length of the house, except to look for boxes and trunks, that being the great receptacle for all such articles.

After receiving this hint, which was made intelligible by sundry grimaces, indicating the possibility of putting forth from their crowded room a table and chairs, the sisters ventured, without any more special permission, to establish themselves there during the performance of all the needful stitchery which little wardrobes require; and though its vicinity to the roof gave it rather a fearful resemblance to the Piombi of Venice, it had a strong current of air passing through it, and they both agreed in thinking it better to sneeze than to be stifled.

Here it was then, that with thimble and scissors, and pincushion and wire, and remnants of lace, and well-smoothed knots of ribbon, the fair Matilda fabricated caps and tuckers to her heart's content; while her willing, well-pleased sister, sat opposite to her darning the stockings of both. Had they been discovered so employed a few short days before, the scene would have had quite a different aspect, for Miss Matilda might probably have been groaning under the necessity of decorating a head and bosom that appeared of value to no one but herself; and even the more gentle-tempered Louisa, if not equally bitter and fretful in her misery, might have been looking very nearly as sad, from her dread lest the solemn promise she had received from her sister might not avail to preserve her from the self-destruction to which the utter indifference of all the American gentlemen they had yet seen, seemed but too directly to lead.

But now the aspect of every thing was changed. Matilda was actually talking to her *sister* and *laughing*; while the happy Louisa, instead of dreading what she might hear her say next, sat listening and darning, and darning and listening, with the most comfortable air imaginable; and not without hope, perhaps, that among the many pretty speeches repeated to her as having been uttered by sundry unmarried American gentlemen, she might hear something that sounded really *promising*.

"So, girls!" began the panting Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as she approached them, "you are high enough, to be sure, at the very tip-top of all things; but when one *does* get here, it is fresh and pleasant enough. Get a chair for me, Louisa, that's a good soul."

And then, upon the gentle spinster's running off to obey her, she dropped into that which she had left, fanning herself with the delightful vegetable fan of New Orleans, which she rarely put out of her hand, except when asleep, and turning her ample person in all directions to catch the current of air, she exclaimed,

"Upon my word you've managed well, ladies! I'll be hanged if I have felt any place so cool since I've been in this stove of a town."

"Oh, dear me! I'm glad you like it!" replied the kind Louisa, assiduously arranging a ragged footstool for her accommodation, and without in the least intending to be ironical, as some might have fancied, could they have felt the atmosphere that was thus applauded. "I do believe it is not much hotter here in the garrets than it is down below."

"Hotter, Louisa! I tell you it's twenty times cooler than our room; but I do believe you two are very sharp and clever in looking after your own comforts, and that's one reason why I think you will be pleased at hearing what I am come to say to you now."

The sisters were all attention, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby, proceeded.

"There is no need, I suppose, for me to tell you, girls, that I'm got already to be all the fashion at New Orleans. I suppose you have found that out for yourselves?"

"I think so, indeed, my dearest friend, and no wonder," returned Matilda; and, "Yes, indeed, ma'am, 'tis quite plain, as you say," chimed in Louisa.

"Well, then, I hope you will be ready to allow that I am, notwithstanding all that, the same good, kind friend you have ever found me, when I tell you that one of my first thoughts has been, how to make you two share in the advantages which all this fashion and admiration brings with it."

"Oh, my dearest, my most adored friend!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Miss Matilda, clasping her hands, and fully persuaded that they were to be taken upon some exceedingly gay visit.

"Listen to me quietly, Matilda, my dear, and you will see that it is not only your pleasure, but your real interest, that I have got in view," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, gravely. "You know what you pay for your board here, and I am told that in many places it is much dearer still, and it has therefore come into my head, and into that of the dear good major too, that we may be able, by a little painstaking, and some few sacrifices perhaps on our part, we may be able, I say, if you will pay to us just two-thirds of what you do here, to get you hooked in for visitings that may last for months to come, and that, too, in the midst of the very best company, and with plenty of gentlemen about us, Matilda, into the bargain. What do you say to that, my dears?"

Now it is quite certain that after the public reading of Mrs. Barnaby's letters, which, naturally enough, the sisters had listened to very attentively, they had conceived hopes, not only that they should be included in the invitations, for that was a matter not of hope, but of cer-

tainty, inasmuch as they had heard that they were so included, with their own watchful ears, but that the scanty purse which supplied their wants, would be very greatly relieved thereby, and that the nine dollars which they now paid every week for their boarding, might be converted while these visits were in course, to other very much needed purposes.

It was therefore rather a blank look that was exchanged between them on first hearing Mrs. Allen Barnaby's generous proposal; but, happily for their peace and prosperity, they both knew her a great deal too well to venture any thing in the slightest degree approaching to a remonstrance; and Matilda, being quicker than her sister, and feeling perhaps less difficulty in uttering protestations of gratitude more expected than felt, broke forth, just in time, into a volley of thanks, which sufficed to keep every thing smooth, and not only to ensure them the visits, and the mitigated expense, but to spare them the very disagreeable assurance that they might just take themselves off, and shift for themselves as soon as they pleased.

"And what do you think of the scheme, Miss Louisa?" demanded their patroness, turning short round upon that quiet lady with a good deal of energy both of look and voice.

"I shall think it a very nice scheme, Mrs. O—Mrs. Allen Barnaby, if it won't be making ourselves too troublesome to you," replied the meek spinster, blushing a little.

"Oh. Very well then, that business is settled, and you may get ready to pack yourselves up pretty quickly; for I don't mean to stay in this horrid hot place many days longer, I promise you. And then hinting that though the corridor *was* the coolest place in the house, the two Miss Perkinses somehow or other contrived to make it hot by sitting there, she got up, nodded a farewell, and departed.

#### CHAP. XXIV.

It happened in the course of the following two or three days, all of which were very fully occupied by paying and receiving visits by the Allen Barnaby party, that Mr. Egerton found himself standing one evening, quite accidentally, behind Major Allen Barnaby, while that gentleman was engaged at *écarté* at a tolerably high stake, in one of the most fashionable drawing-rooms of New Orleans. Being behind the major, it followed, of course, from the established habits of the two affectionately-attached individuals, that he was opposite to his elegant son-in-law, Don Tornorino, who never failed to be so placed when his respected father-in-law amused himself by playing at cards. Frederic Egerton himself was no great card-player, and knew as little, or rather less, perhaps, about it than most people; nevertheless, he had not remained very long in this position before he saw, or fancied that he saw, certain looks of intelligence steal from beneath the heavy black eyelashes of the Don towards the major. Of course, the moment he conceived this idea, he naturally began to observe more closely; but the doing so did not greatly assist him in positively ascertaining whether the fact were so or not. If it were, it was impossible to refuse to Patty's darling all the credit that could possibly belong to a most



dexterously skilful performance of the task. For if at one moment the glance of his eye evidently fell direct upon the major, it wandered so idly the next, here, there, and everywhere, that it was almost impossible to suppose him engaged in any occupation loyal or disloyal, that demanded attention.

In this manner Egerton was kept in a state of great uncertainty respecting the fact of collusion, or no collusion, between the parties upon whom accident had thus made him a spy, and for a longer space than it is usual for a loiterer to remain in any one place. But at length one of the young ladies of the family invited him to listen to a song about to be sung in the next room, and he was then obliged to depart without having at all satisfied his mind one way or the other.

Though there is something rather irritating to curiosity in such a doubt as this, Frederic Egerton cared too little about any of the parties, to have kept it long in his remembrance, had not other circumstances occurred to revive it there. *Why*, Mr. Frederic Egerton was still at New Orleans, he would himself have found it extremely difficult to say; but though his laundress had been punctual in the most exemplary degree, and though Cleopatra had obeyed all the commands intended to accelerate his departure, with the most scrupulous exactness, there he was still, and probably quite as unable to give any satisfactory answer to a question respecting his future, as to a question respecting his past movements.

For some reason or other, it might be on account of his handsome person and pleasing address, Mr. Egerton had been invited to all the parties that were going on, and as at this particular moment every thing *English* seemed the rage at New Orleans, thanks to the charming Mrs. Allen Barnaby, he had been told by several of the country gentlemen whose houses were about to be opened to the authoress, that his company at the same time would be considered as a very agreeable addition to the English circle. His answer to all these civilities had uniformly been that he doubted whether he should be still in the country, but that it would give him great pleasure, that he was exceedingly obliged, and so forth. When it happened, however, that a similar invitation was given him by Colonel Beauchamp, and very civilly seconded by his wife, his reply was not so ready. Considering his intense aversion to Mrs. Allen Barnaby, her husband, daughter, her daughter's husband, and her friend Miss Matilda, and considering that he perfectly well knew that they were all to be of the party, it seems strange that he should have felt any hesitation about giving a decided refusal to such an invitation the very moment he received it. On the contrary, however, though he certainly coloured a little, which looked as if he felt somewhat embarrassed by the invitation, he replied very distinctly that he should have great pleasure in waiting upon them.

This invitation had been given and accepted before the evening on which a suspicion of unfair play on the part of the major had arisen in the mind of Mr. Egerton. Had it been otherwise, it is possible that a natural distaste to being thrown into the society of any one of whom it was possible to conceive such an idea, might have caused him to give a different answer; but as matters now stood, the young Englishman felt more disposed to protect the hospitable American planter than to turn away from him, and as a first step towards doing so, determined to have



a little conversation with Annie's pale *protégée*, Louisa, for the purpose, if possible, of learning something concerning the position held by the Barnaby family at home. Not indeed that he wanted the gentle spinster's evidence to convince him that the father, mother and daughter were not, as perhaps he would have phrased it, "*de nous autres*," nor that the son-in-law was not a true blooded Hidalgo, nor that his friend Louisa herself, or her fair sister, were not ladies particularly well educated or highly bred. All this he might have trusted to his mother-wit to decide for him; but he thought it worth while to discover, if possible, whether the military *chef* of the party had or had not enjoyed the reputation of being an honest man.

It required no very difficult manœuvring to induce the grateful Louisa to walk out upon the convenient terrace with him, even though the doing so involved the necessity of an evident and obvious *tête-à-tête* between them, under the shelter as usual of a blooming orange-tree.

"How do you like this warm climate, Miss Perkins?" he began. "I think you seem to suffer from it less than most of us."

"It does not make me ill at all, Mr. Egerton," she replied, "but I suppose all English people would like a little more cool air if they could get it."

"Undoubtedly. Have your friends the Barnabys been used to such a climate as this before? I rather suppose not, from their appearing so greatly oppressed by it."

"Upon my word that is more than I am able to say," returned Miss Louisa; "for, notwithstanding we have got so very intimate, we have not known them long."

"Indeed! I rather imagined you were related," said Egerton.

"Not at all, sir; not the least in the world," she replied.

"Then you must think them very amiable people, Miss Perkins, to set off on so long an expedition with them," he observed.

Miss Louisa was rather at a loss how to reply to this observation; for, in fact, it was during but a short portion of their not long acquaintance that she had been beguiled by her good-nature into thinking any one of them amiable at all; yet though she hesitated about saying this in so many words, she had quite tact enough to feel that this good, kind young gentleman (when she had made up her mind to be certain, was violently in love with her young friend and ally Annie Beauchamp) was not at all likely to admire or approve the ways and manners of the Barnaby race more than she did herself, and it was more from esteem for him than any love of gossip, and less still of any unkind feeling, that she answered,

"I don't know about that, Mr. Egerton. My sister Matilda thought she should like to see something of this country, and its ways, which she thought likely, I believe, to be greatly different from ours, and that it was that brought us across the sea."

"That was very sisterly and good-natured on your part, Miss Louisa," he replied; "but do you not think it was rather a dangerous experiment for two single ladies to put themselves under the protection of a gentleman whom they knew so little of? You must forgive my speaking so freely, Miss Perkins, on the score of my being a country-man."

"Indeed, sir, it needs no excuse; on the contrary, I take it exceedingly kind of you, and I won't deny but what I think your remark seems a very just one. To be sure we seem to be very comfortable just now, because all the American ladies and gentlemen seem inclined to be so civil to us on account of Mrs. O—I mean Mrs. Allen Barnaby's writing a book about them."

"What name was it, Miss Louisa, that you were going to give her?" said Egerton; "something beginning with an O?"

Though Miss Louisa Perkins had been certainly desired not to refer in any way to the former appellation of the major, it did not occur to her as possible that Mr. Egerton should take any unfair advantage of him on account of his having changed his name, and she therefore replied with perfect frankness,

"I was going to say the name O'Donagough, sir. They used to call themselves O'Donagough when we first knew them, which is now rather better than a year ago."

"O'Donagough?" repeated Egerton, musingly. "Is it an Irish name?"

"I don't know any thing about that, Mr. Egerton," she replied. "We made acquaintance with them first at Brighton, where, as I dare say you know, sir, a great many strangers are always coming and going without knowing very much about one another. But this I must say for Major and Mrs. O'Donagough, and their daughter Miss Patty as she then was, that we saw them in the very best of society. Indeed they were very nearly related to some of the highest company there. Perhaps you may have heard of General Hubert, sir? He seemed to be a gentleman very well known by all the higher sort of people."

"General Hubert?" repeated Egerton, with a stare of great astonishment. "These Barnabys, as they now call themselves, related to General Hubert? I cannot help thinking that you are mistaken about that, Miss Louisa. I do not think it likely that General Hubert should be related to these—to this family that you are with."

"I don't think it does seem very likely, sir, myself," replied Miss Louisa, very ingenuously; "but yet I do assure you it is quite true, for I was in their company myself, and my sister Matilda with me, when General Hubert, and Mrs. Hubert, and young Mr. Hubert the son, and old Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Hubert's aunt, all came to drink tea and pass the evening with Major and Mrs. O'Donagough, as they were called then, at Brighton. And my sister Matilda made the tea; so you see, sir, that I could not very well be mistaken."

"'Tis very strange," said Egerton, looking almost as much mystified as the Danish prince himself when using the same words. "But certainly, Miss Perkins," he added, after a few moments' consideration, "I do not see how it is possible you could be mistaken about it."

"Oh no, sir, you may quite take my word for it, that I'm not at all mistaken about this relationship. And what's more," continued Miss Louisa, with natural eagerness to convince her companion that she was making no blunder in her statement, "what's more, Mr. Egerton, I have been at a party in their house in Curzon-street, in London, when not only General Hubert and his lady and daughter were there too, but ever so many more ladies and gentlemen also, who were, I believe, re-

lated to the general or his lady. A Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson were some of them. Perhaps, sir, you may know the names of Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, too?"

"Certainly I do," replied Egerton, his puzzle becoming greater as his belief strengthened, as to the correctness of Miss Louisa's statement. "Did the Huberts and Stephensons know these friends of yours by the name of Barnaby as well as by that of O'Donagough?"

"Miss Perkins reflected for a moment before she answered, and then replied,

"Upon my word I don't know about that—I don't much think they ever were called Barnaby till they came away."

"May I ask you, Miss Perkins," resumed the persevering Egerton, "if you know the reason which induced the major to change his name?"

This question seemed to awaken the simple-minded Louisa to the impropriety she had been guilty of in so frankly stating to a perfect stranger a circumstance which she had been especially desired to conceal, and she stammered, blushed, and faltered considerably before she determined how to reply to it; but at length she said in an accent calculated to remove suspicion, if any thing could.

"I believe, Mr. Egerton, I have done what they would think very wrong in talking about it at all; but though I must say the doing it at first was just thoughtless and nothing else, yet your kindness, sir, in seeming to care a little about us, because of our being English, makes me feel as if I had done no more than right neither; and this much I think I ought to say over, and into the bargain, and that is, that Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as we call her now, *did* tell me, and my sister Matilda, the whole history why it was that the major thought it best to change his name, and that it is rather for his honour than the reverse, and what many a gentleman, I believe, would be proud to tell of."

The name of General Hubert, however, probably did more than this simple testimony of the worthy Louisa's opinion on this point, towards persuading Mr. Egerton that he was mistaken as to the notion he had formed respecting the major's style of play. Nevertheless, not even this could altogether remove a vague feeling of doubt upon the subject, by no means indicative of very high personal esteem for his well-connected countryman. And it gave him satisfaction to think, as he meditated upon the visit he was so unexpectedly engaged to make, to Colonel Beauchamp, that at least he should in some sort be able to repay his hospitality by giving a little attention to the game, if it should happen that he and the military consort of the authoress should chance to play together during the time his own visit lasted.

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## THE POPPY.

BY HORACE SMITH.

THE man who roams by wild-flower'd ditch or hedge,  
Skirting the mead,  
Or treads the corn-field path, along its edge,  
May mark a weed,  
Whose rugged scarlet gear might well denote  
A road-side beggar in a soldier's coat.  
Hence, terms misplaced, and thoughts disparaging!  
O Poppy-flower!  
Thou art the Cræsus of the field—its king—  
A mystic power,  
With emblems deep, and secret blessings fraught,  
And potent properties that baffle thought.  
When thy hues catch, amid the growing corn,  
The traveller's eye,  
“Weeds! weeds!” he cries, and shakes his head in scorn:  
But when on high  
The grain uplifts its harvest-bearing crest,  
The poppy's hidden, and the taunt suppress'd.  
So, when our early state is poor and mean,  
Our portion small,  
Our scarlet-blushing moral weeds are seen,  
And blamed by all;  
But as we rise in rank we win repute,  
Our faults gold-hidden—our accusers mute.  
Why does the poppy with its chalice store  
Of opiate rare  
Flush in the fields, and grace the hovel door,  
But to declare,  
That from the city's palaces forlorn,  
Sleep flies to bless the cottage in the corn.  
And oh! how precious is the anodyne,  
Its cells exude,  
Charming the mind's disquietude malign  
To peaceful mood,  
Soothing the body's anguish with its balm,  
Lulling the restless into slumbers calm.  
What! though the reckless suicide—oppress'd  
By fell despair,  
Turns to a poison-cup thy chalice, bless'd  
With gifts so rare,  
And basely flying, while the brave remain,  
Deserts the post God gave him to maintain.  
Such art perverted does but more enhance  
That higher power,  
Which, planting by the corn—man's sustenance,  
The poppy flower,  
Both in one soil—one atmosphere their breath,  
Rears, side by side, the means of life and death!  
Who, who can mark thee, Poppy! when the air  
Fans thy lips bright,  
Nor move his own in sympathetic prayer,  
To Him whose might  
Combined the powers—O thought bewild'ring deed!  
Of death—sleep—health—oblivion—in a weed!

## THE SNOW STORM.

BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES STUART SAVILE.

ABOUT the close of the year 183— I quitted Tabreez, the chief town of Azerbijan, a province of Persia, with the intention of proceeding to Ooroomia, a distance of above a hundred and fifty miles. Although the winter had set in for some time, the plain of Tabreez was only very partially covered with snow—a very uncommon occurrence for that season of the year, as in general, from the commencement of November until the April following, the snow lies in those parts to the depth of several feet, save where the trampling of caravans may have made a beaten track.

At the time, however, that I commenced my journey the plain was free from any such incumbrance, excepting where the various patches gave the vast expanse the appearance of being covered with small white islands.

I had left Tabreez about half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, having sent on my baggage early in the morning towards a small village, twenty-five miles distant, where it was my intention to pass the night. The weather was beautiful, although cold, and I was in hopes of arriving at the end of the stage in about three hours, as I rode upon a small but excellent white Arab horse, and was accompanied by two Persians, nearly equally well mounted with myself, and being incumbered with very little baggage—for instance, some provisions and the mouth-bags of the horses, containing their provender—we were enabled to proceed at a very rapid pace.

Gaily we galloped along; Tabreez had faded from our view, when the sun set, and I made the calculation that I was about nine miles from our journey's end, when I overtook some baggage-mules, which I discovered to be my own; they were standing still, some of them unloaded, while their drivers were quietly sitting at the roadside, eating and smoking. As may be imagined, I was exceedingly vexed and disappointed at finding them so far from the end of the stage, as they had started at an hour sufficiently early to have ensured their arrival long before. I, in consequence, rated the muleteers very severely for their neglect and indolence in having delayed and tarried until so near nightfall, when they knew how anxious I had been that on my arriving at the end of the stage I should find every thing prepared for me. They returned for answer that two mules, which they had considered in good condition, had knocked up on the road, and that in consequence they had been compelled to halt and rest several times. Knowing that this was merely an excuse for the purpose of concealing their having lingered in Tabreez after they had quitted me in the morning, I ordered them to load and proceed immediately, and remained with them until I had seen my commands carried into execution. Some time, however, was necessarily consumed, before all was ready for a start, and it was becoming very dusk. As soon, therefore, as the mules were again in motion, I told the muleteers to follow as quickly as possible, and galloped forward.

I had not gone above two miles, when the sky, which had hitherto

been clear, became suddenly overcast, and a heavy fall of snow commenced, which made me the more anxious to arrive at the village before the track should be lost, through the darkness and falling snow, and I pushed on at very near the top of my horse's speed. I was, however, most unwillingly soon obliged to slacken my pace, in consequence of the impossibility of otherwise perceiving through the darkness the footmarks which pointed out the road.

Every moment increased the difficulty, for every moment it became more obscure, till at length it was vain to attempt to distinguish any object beyond a few yards distance. The forms of my two Persian servants appeared like unearthly shadows, skimming through the air. Still, notwithstanding the difficulties under which I was labouring, I kept up my spirits, as I knew our halting-place was not far distant, and I was in hopes that we might manage to keep the road; but, alas! how vain those hopes; for we had not long proceeded in this manner before one of the Persians, who was slightly in advance of me, exclaimed, "By Ali, the track is lost!"

I must confess that these words caused a thrill to strike through me, for I could not help inwardly acknowledging their truth, although I tried to persuade myself that the man was mistaken, but such was not our fortune; for there we were in almost utter darkness, on a wide, extensive plain, the snow falling heavier every moment, while whether we were proceeding north, south, east, west, or in a circle, it was impossible to tell. Being in this dilemma I pulled out a small bull's-eye lantern, which I carried in my pocket, and succeeded in lighting it with a lucifer-match. I then threw the light on the ground, while one of my men scraped away the snow until he had bared the soil beneath, when it became quite evident that we had wandered from our track, for not a footpath of any kind appeared. We were debating what course to pursue, when to my great joy a shout was raised near at hand; the sound was most welcome, as it excited hopes of our being close to some village. We therefore answered the cry, and proceeded towards the spot from whence it had appeared to come, and in a few moments were in the midst of some moving figures. On reconnoitring them by the aid of my lantern, I discovered them to consist of two men and a woman, all mounted, who on being questioned proved to be travellers who, like ourselves, had lost their way; it was evident our disappointment was mutual, as they had imagined us to be inhabitants of some neighbouring village.

The Armenians, for such they were, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that they were utterly ignorant of the road, and were at a loss how to proceed. In the midst of this uncomfortable situation a plan occurred to me which appeared, indeed, the only way by which it would be possible to discover any habitation: this was, for myself to remain stationary, while the others should proceed from me in different directions, like the naves of a great wheel; in the mean while I was to keep turning my lantern round as a beacon, to show them the spot where they were to unite. Those who proceeded on this tour of search were to raise occasional shouts in order to give notice to any villagers who might be near, and should any one hear any shouts in return, or the bark of any dogs, he was to make a signal of such being the case by firing a pistol into the air: when also the light of the lantern should begin to fade

from their sight, they were to return, and all being again congregated, we were to proceed some distance, and separate once more in the same manner. This plan was immediately acted upon, the woman and myself remained stationary, while the others proceeded in different directions. In this manner above half an hour passed; several times we had separated and rejoined each other, when at a time when the party were dispersed, something startled my horse, which gave a violent plunge, and putting its foot into a hole fell right over. On jumping to my feet, I found that I still retained hold of my lantern, but the flame had been extinguished by the snow, into which it had fallen. Having told my female companion not to be alarmed, I proceeded to mount, and then attempted to light the lantern, but all my endeavours proved fruitless, as the wick had been so thoroughly wetted, that having nearly exhausted my lucifers, I found it impossible to make a light. For fear therefore that the reconnoitring party should stray from me, I drew a pistol and pulled the trigger, when to my annoyance both barrels missed fire, the snow having completely soaked into them; my other pistol had fallen into the snow, and all the search I could make was useless. Being in this situation I raised my voice and shouted once, twice, thrice, often and often, but no answer was returned; it became too evident that I had lost my party, without any chance of meeting them again that night, if indeed we should ever meet again in this world. The danger of our situation was indeed appalling, as the snow storms in that part of the world are long and heavy, and every moment our danger was increasing.

It only, therefore, now remained for myself and the Armenian woman to proceed, in hopes of our chancing to come upon some habitations, as long as our horses could make their way through the snow. As far as I could make out from my affrighted companion, she was not as yet suffering from cold, as she was well clad, and covered with furs. As for myself, I not only carried above my usual clothing an enormous *balapoosh* (quilted cloak), but my outer boots were lined with sheepskin, and my gloves with fur, besides my having a large sheepskin-bundah strapped behind my saddle.

It was my intention, therefore, as soon as the snow should become too deep for further progress, to stop, and having scooped out a large hole, to remain, and make the best of our misfortune. As for provisions, I had plenty in my saddle-bags, together with two bottles of arrack, and, to crown all, I had a small portable kitchen strapped round my body. Still, notwithstanding all these conveniences, I felt no desire to remain a night in the open air, and during such a night.

We had proceeded for a long while in this unpleasant manner, no friendly villages had appeared, nor had the welcome sound of a dog's bark struck upon our ear. I had by this time put another wick into and lighted my lantern, and cleaned out my pistol, which I kept continually firing, in hopes of the report being heard.

At length when I had given up all expectation of finding shelter, I fancied that I could perceive that we were no longer proceeding along level ground, but were gradually ascending. In a short time I became assured that this was no fancy, but the truth; and consequently was aware that we were on one of the boundaries of the valley, and at the foot of some hills. This greatly reassured me, as I knew that the

mountains in those parts abounded in caves, one of which could I discover, large enough to hold us, I knew we should be in temporary safety. To be brief, my search proved successful, and by the light of my lantern I found a hollow in a rock, and having dismounted, I gave my horse's bridle to my companion to hold, and entered.

It was a somewhat spacious cavern, and having cast a light about, I observed signs of its having been tenanted before, as there were marks of the feet of sheep and some wood ashes. This being exactly the sort of place I wanted, I returned to the entrance, and having led in the horses, assisted the Armenian to dismount. In as short a time as possible, I had collected together all the dried weeds and furze that I could find, and lighted a fire. I next proceeded to build up a temporary wall of snow before the entrance, the reason of which precaution was, that I feared the scent of the horses might cause the approach of wolves, which are very abundant among the mountains of Persia. Having finished this somewhat laborious task, which took up some time, the more because of the want of proper implements, I proceeded to loosen the girths of the saddles and look after the horses.

That belonging to the Armenian woman was a very wretched animal, and it surprised me how it had not broken down on the road. As I had only corn enough for two days for my own horse, and but a small portion of chopped straw, I felt inclined to lead out the other animal and turn it adrift, in order that my provender might last; as, however, this would have been the very way to bring to the spot any wolves that might be roving about, I determined to allow the animal to remain, giving it at the same time only half the allowance of my own, whose strength I felt it was more important to keep up.

It may be questioned what was my companion doing all this time, and what sort of a looking personage she might be. While I was busied in making the wall and tending the horses, she had remained passively standing near the fire, a very model of patience and submission. From the few words that I had heard her speak, I had observed her voice was very soft and gentle; but whether she was young or old, I knew not. I accordingly now seated myself, and having directed her to do the same, told her to unveil.

This she did at once, when, to my surprise, a most beautiful face appeared, more lovely indeed than any I had seen during a lengthened stay in the East. She was about fifteen; and although she was evidently in a state of great agitation, and very much frightened, still her beauty shone forth resplendently.

In answer to my questions, she informed me she was from Ispahan, and in company with her father and brother, was on her way to some town in Azerbaijan,—what the name was she could not tell. Her companions and herself had left Tabreez that morning, and had been separated from their baggage in the storm, and had lost their way when we came upon them. She seemed very anxious about her father and brother, but I succeeded in calming her apprehensions as to their safety, by telling her that most likely they had found shelter for the night.

Having made a very tolerable supper, and partaken of some tea which I carried with me, being quite overpowered with fatigue, we wrapped up ourselves in our warm cloaks, and soon fell fast asleep.

I had not, however, been long in a state of repose when I was awakened by a dreadful noise, and springing up, perceived that the sounds came from outside the cavern, and having proceeded to the entrance, I looked over the wall, and by the light of my lantern, beheld some wolves flitting about.

It was evident that they had been drawn to the spot by the scent of the horses, and had only been prevented from entering by the height of the barrier I had made. One of these dreadful animals having come close up to me, I levelled my pistol at it and fired, when it rolled over, and then rising, flitted away. I continued to fire my pistol as quickly as I could load it for the next five minutes, in order to scare away any that might remain near, and then retired again to my corner. I, however, was continually awakened by their howling, and was often in apprehension that they might leap the barrier and enter, and it was not until near morning that the howling ceased, and I was enabled to obtain undisturbed repose.

At nine o'clock I awoke again and looked out, when I perceived that it would be impossible to attempt, for the present, to leave the spot where we had taken up our quarters, as the snow was still falling heavily, and nothing was visible at any distance.

A very tolerable breakfast being made, thanks to the tea I possessed, I determined to reconnoitre the adjacent country, and telling the Armenian girl that I would not be long absent, I left the cavern, and creeping through the snow, made a search around, but found nothing worthy of notice, excepting two small stunted trees growing near, which I soon cut up for firewood, and brought back to the cave. This supply was most useful, as I was enabled to make up an excellent fire, and having seated myself by it, determined (as a Persian would have done), to seat myself upon the carpet of expectation, and smoke the pipe of patience.

The companionship of my beautiful Armenian was a great solace to me, for by this time she had become much reassured, and had also begun to look up to me as a protector. With her pretty prattle I amused myself the whole day, questioning her concerning her family and history. In the course of the answers which I received, I found that her name was Nargees; that her father having quarrelled with his patriarch, had left Ispahan, and intended settling in Azerbijan, where she had heard him say she had some relations; but of the name of the town whither he was going, she was totally ignorant, as also of almost every thing excepting household affairs. She was evidently of a very docile and sweet disposition, and had she been well educated in a European country, would have cast a shade over many of even the handsomest of her sex. I certainly never before, and never since, saw such a perfectly beautiful creature, with such eyes, and features, and as for her complexion,—a painter might have sat for years at his easel without being able to give the slightest idea of it.

Before nightfall, to my great joy, the snow ceased, and the atmosphere cleared, and on looking out, I could perceive several villages, the nearest of which appeared to be about two fursuks, or eight miles distant. I was the more glad of this as my provisions were running very low, and a very scanty quantity of corn remained, although I had given but a small allowance to our horses. In consequence of



the favourable change in the weather, I determined to start at day-break, and proceed in the direction of the nearest village, which I trusted to be able to reach in safety, notwithstanding the depth of the snow.

A second night came on, and with it the howling of the wolves, which at one time was so terrific, that I began to fear that we should have an irruption of the dreadful animals into our cavern. The young Armenian girl was dreadfully frightened, and clung to me like a drowning wretch to a plank, and it was with much difficulty that I could at all reassure her. Indeed, had it not been for the fire which I kept up, I do not believe the snow would have proved a sufficient barrier to their entrance. Day, however, began to break, and with the appearance of the dawn, disappeared the wolves.

I now prepared to start, and having knocked down the barrier of snow, led out the horses, when it became evident to me that the yaboo (hack) belonging to the Armenian girl, would never be able to perform the distance required, and that instead of being a help to us, it would only prove an incumbrance. I decided therefore on leaving it behind, and mounting the girl on my Arab, proceeded myself on foot, leading the animal by the bridle. The snow was exceedingly deep, and our progress very slow; besides which, the horse's feet sunk so very much, and often remained so fastened, that at one time I was afraid of being obliged to leave him behind; indeed, such would have been the case had I not thought of spreading the cloaks like carpets on the surface of the snow, and making the animal pass over them, thus affording him surer footing. The spreading and replacing the cloaks, however, together with the fatigue attending on the exertions necessary to our progress, was nearly too much for me, and I was often compelled to lie down and rest.

The difficulty of the undertaking may be conceived, as although we started at daybreak, and the distance to be performed was not more than eight miles, the sun had set before we entered the village. Enter, however, we did at last, and soon procured a lodging in one of the best houses (and bad was the best) in the village.

On inquiry, I found that we had wandered some distance from the right road to Ooroomia, and also that no tidings were forthcoming of either my servants, or the Armenian's companions. I accordingly gave directions for men to be sent to every village near for the purpose of making inquiries. I must here observe, that the language of the inhabitants of Azerbaijan and the North of Persia, is Turkish, not Persian; and as the Armenian girl was a native of Ispahan, she could only converse in the latter language, I was therefore obliged to act as her interpreter. It was evident the people of the place considered her as my wife, and I did not at the time attempt to undeceive them, as I thought it would secure her more respect, as the Mahometan population of Persia have a great contempt for Armenians.

We remained all night and a great part of the next day at the village without any tidings arriving, when a peasant of the place who had been out on the search returned, accompanied by one of my servants, whom he had found at an adjacent village. The man seemed overjoyed at finding me alive and safe, as he informed me he had had very little hopes of ever seeing me again. He knew nothing of the rest of the party

since we had separated, excepting as regards my baggage, which he had heard was safe at another village, whither the muleteers had proceeded immediately on the coming on of the snow storm.

I informed the poor Armenian girl of what I had heard; she seemed very much agitated concerning the safety of her father and brother, and it was with much difficulty I could at all assuage her fears. I told her that if the worst should occur, and her relations be lost, she should return with me to Tabreez, and remain there until I could find out whether she had any friends or relations at Ispahan.

After having remained four days at this place, the snow having melted a good deal, news arrived of several bodies having been discovered in different directions, in consequence of which I rode out to view them.

One of them proved to be the corpse of one of my Persian servants, another that of a young Armenian man, which latter I felt no doubt was that of the girl's brother; the other bodies were unknown to me, and were evidently those of Mahometans. They had all been frozen to death. I directed the bodies of my servant and the Armenian to be carried to the village at which I was staying, in order that the latter might be identified by his sister. On entering the village I found the father of the girl had just arrived. He had, fortunately for himself, found shelter in a cave similar to the one which had been tenanted by his daughter and myself, and on the snow melting had descended into the valley, and had gone from village to village in search of his children. He immediately identified the body of his son, and I never beheld before such grief manifested by any one. He tore his beard and rent his clothes, and for some time refused to receive any consolation. I at length managed to make him listen to me, and informed him of the safety of his daughter, to whom I conducted him. The meeting between the two was most touching, and were I to be aught availed by a thousandth part of the blessings the old man heaped upon my head on learning how I had preserved the life of his daughter, I should certainly become one of the most fortunate men in the world. He prayed to Heaven that I might overflow with wealth, that my head might be exalted, that my happiness should be perfect, and that I might live on to a green old age,—such was his expression.

Having restored the girl to her father I bade them adieu, and not having sufficient time remaining to proceed to Ooroomia, I changed my intention of going thither, and returned forthwith to Tabreez.

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#### EPIGRAM.

##### THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard  
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;  
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—  
Will continue to work though it *strikes*.

T. H.



## ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LYING.

Engin vault mieux que force.

RABELAIS.

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

(Pseudo?) TALLEYRAND.

Le mensonge est l'ingrédient le plus nécessaire au maintien des relations sociales.—  
FR. SOULIE.

WE had taken some pains to avoid this word "Physiology," which the French have latterly so much vulgarized, and which the small fry of English literature are beginning to adopt at second hand. It has indeed two good properties which recommend it to the adoption of the like; it looks well upon paper, and it is not overloaded with meaning; but we hold ourselves infinitely superior to such motives, and are firmly addicted to the Irishman's philosophy, who loved plain speaking, and made it a point to say "paize (peas) like a man." After all, however, we must not argue from the abuse to the use; and physiology, in fit time and place, is at least as good a word as "accommodate," though it does not "come of *accommodo*." If, therefore, lying really has its physiology, and is as closely connected with the laws of animal life as eating, drinking, or any other ceremony proper to human nature, we do not see how the word is to be avoided. There is none other equally handy in the English language; and we are not yet permitted to exercise the German's privilege of coining a new synonyme out of our own homespun materials, and talking of the *natur-schaft* of the matter in hand. Being thus thrown back upon the well-worn polysyllable, we have only to submit to necessity, and to protest against the charge of a voluntary and indolent imitation of our "natural enemies."

Proceeding, then, without more ink-shed, to the subject itself of our paper, we are encountered, *in limine*, by another imputation equally offensive to our fine feelings, namely the supposed coarseness of the homely Saxon-English vocable "*a lie*." The quick and susceptible ears of many of our readers (and more especially such of them as are in her majesty's service) will be apt enough to tingle at the sound; and it must needs be confessed that there are good and sufficient reasons why, in the ordinary intercourse of society, the word "lie" should make way for some more mitigated innuendo of the *suggestio falsi*. But any reasons tending to banish a word from polite conversation, must operate as a necessary consequence, to confer on it a character of vulgarity, which otherwise would not belong to it. A circumstance thus accidental, however, has nothing to do with the intrinsic nature of the word; and it is well known that the highest-bred gentlemen, in avoiding its utterance, are by no means expected not to "understand" it (as the grammarians say); that is, not to abstain from mentally applying it, on fit and proper occasions; a sufficient proof that, at the worst, it is not *malum in se*.

It is a great misfortune inherent in language, that so many of its terms, however innocent in their primitive signification, insensibly and inevitably grow to include in their meaning a judgment of some sort, and to imply a praise or a censure, which is taken for granted, upon the mere utterance of the sound;—to the great injury of the common

sense of the lieges, and not unfrequently to the great damage of their fortunes. Thus it happens that to give a dog an ill name is as malicious an attack upon his comfort, as to provide him with a halter. But whatever there is, or is imagined to be, of offence in the word "lie" (*quod scio quam sit immane*), depends wholly on one of these judgments, which has in progressive use been clandestinely included in it, a judgment by no means to its credit. Before however we shall have done with our readers, we hope to convince them that this judgment is altogether a prejudice, a fallacy, a sophism, which a wise man ought to be ashamed of entertaining; and if so, we cannot but satisfy them that the word is as good and lawful a word, as any in the language; or, that if there be any offence in it, that offence is all of their own making. In society, we own ourselves contented "to howl with the wolves," and to prefer such pretty sillinesses as tarrididle, fib, or some still more parliamentary periphrasis for expressing the idea; yet, in discussing the matter philosophically, we feel bound to call a spade, a spade;—all improprieties notwithstanding, which sciolists may attach to that honest implement of agricultural industry.

That lying should *lie* under the imputation of being a vice, and should be saddled with a character for meanness, baseness, cowardice, &c. &c. &c., is but a part and parcel of the universal disposition of mankind to indulge in the practice; being the evident result of a desire to impose on the world, and to make the bystanders believe that the speaker never himself indulges in a licence he so loudly reprobates; whereas it is pretty well known that ninety-nine out of every hundred reserve the truth for special occasions; and in their common intercourse with society, consult the convenience of their affirmations, much more than they respect the nature of things. The repudiation of lying is, then, nothing more than a means for rendering mendacity more effectual,—that is, for giving a wider currency to the base metal: it avails, therefore, nothing as against the moral fitness of the practice.

Those moralists who have been in such a hurry to decry the tampering with truth, have apparently overlooked the fact that to fib is an inherent portion of our nature, and that the first use which children make of their speech, is for the purposes of deceit. It is singular enough that amidst all that has been written and said on the analysis of the human mind, not a single author has noticed how remarkably one of its faculties is expressly devoted to the purposes of fiction. If memory, which revives our sensations in the natural order of their original occurrence, be given to man, the better to enable him to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," it is no less clear that the imagination, which revives sensations in an order of its own, variable *ad infinitum*, can have no other end but to emancipate us from the suggestions of memory,—to substitute the false for the true. If memory brings us in contact with nature, imagination is the parent of art; and is not a person addicted to falsehood, in common parlance termed an artful man?

No one, surely, can be deceived in this matter by the proverbial dictum that liars should have a good memory, so as to infer that the faculty is especially necessary to the telling a lie: for the essence of falsehood does not rest so much in a clear perception of the truth that is

denied, as in the frame of mind which determines us to speak whatever suits the purpose in hand, without reference to the facts of the case. Nothing, we admit, has tended more constantly to bring falsehood into the ill repute in which it is held, or affected to be held, than the inexpertness of those who tell unnecessary lies, or, worse still, lies that miss their mark. A lie to the purpose is more than half justified. Memory, therefore, is so far necessary, as is requisite to assist the imagination in taking in all the circumstances, and of preserving with certainty all the consequences of any particular observation. The necessity for memory of which the proverb speaks, applies not to the individual lie, but to the necessary connexion which must subsist in any given series of lies, that they may combine to a proper end.

With respect, indeed, to this aphorism concerning memory, it must be borne in mind that imagination itself is but a sort of memory, or rather that both faculties derive from the common law of association, of which each is alike a manifestation. It is clear that for the purposes of either faculty, the ideas must be there, ready to come forth according to the purpose with which they are associated. In a certain sense, therefore, every imagination may be said to be remembered, and every recollection to be imagined; and thence, probably, the loose-worded proverb. The relation, however, of each faculty to truth or falsehood is made plain in this; that whereas we cannot help remembering the truth, when the memory is properly active, we are clearly obliged to a strong and decided volition for the imagination of a convenient falsehood.

Having thus established a physiological connexion between a specific mental faculty and the power of uttering falsehoods, it follows irresistibly that to lie enters into the scheme of nature, which gives nothing in vain: and so decidedly does experience quadrate with the hypothesis, that we find the disposition to lie (as in the case of children) to be a spontaneous result of the play of organization; while it requires a deliberate and sustained action of society upon the individual, in order to induce upon him an acquired (and in so far unnatural) habit of speaking the truth. Not only are children natural and heaven-born liars, but savages continue so to the extreme of old age; and kings and ministers, who are removed from the control and responsibilities to civilized society which "meaner things" obey, do not enjoy in general a very high reputation for the veracity of their discourses.

It would, we admit, be a good and convenient dispensation, if we could indulge our curiosity by always obtaining the truth we desire to know from others, without a reciprocal obligation to tell truth ourselves; but so it would be with all other duties. We should wish, in the matter of all obligations, moral or pecuniary, to have the reciprocity somewhat on one side, if it were not absolutely impossible; but however disagreeable it may be to do unto others as we would they should do unto us, there is no carrying on the affairs of the world without some appearance of adopting that rule.

However, then, we may arrange things in practice, there can be no medium in theory between an absolute *damus petimusque vicissim*, and an assumption of great rigour as to the obligation to speak truth. But an universal licence of lying would take away the whole utility of deceit; for a man might as well speak truth as falsehood, if no one believed a word

he said. Thus, it has been affirmed in diplomacy, that there are no means of circumventing the adverse party so effectual, as to lay bare your real motives—an act of self-denial which must appear utterly incredible.

Let us, however, not be misunderstood : admitting this theoretical obligation to veracity, it is a rule surrounded by so many exceptions, as to render it almost invalid. The desire to hear truth is far from universal. It is only in certain cases that the curiosity we inherit from our general mother is disappointed by a lie : for there are a vast number of facts which no man, or woman either, desires to know ; and there is no way under heaven more likely to make one's neighbour thoroughly unhappy, than by maliciously putting before him those truths which he had much rather never hear. A conspiracy to tell disagreeable truths, would endanger all the ties of society, worse than putting a population on half-diet : for discord, in her whole basket of apples, has not one more likely to set the world by the ears, than that which bears upon it the words “ plain speaking.” Such truths are obviously excluded from the theory of universal truth-telling ; and the number of them is so great, that it is difficult to say whether, as a mere matter of politeness, lying is not more necessary to the wellbeing of society than truth. Upon this hook hangs the whole *vis* of the legal paradox—“ the greater the truth the greater the libel ;”—a libel is a truth which the parties prosecuting would rather not hear spoken.

But if it be wrong to disturb the peace of society by telling truths which no one desires to hear, it must equally be improper to tell truths which, however much people desire to know them, they cannot learn without such a discomposure of temper, as is likely to lead to unpleasant consequences. There are people in the world who are not sufficiently aware of the heinousness of this species of veracity ; who having done some notable bit of mischief to a friend behind his back, are never easy till they have made a clear breast of it, by telling all that they have done. Such a man will say, “ That's an abominable libel, that pamphlet which appeared the other day against you :—well, it was I that wrote it.” A woman of this disposition (and it is astonishing how common they are in this country), will not be contented with injuring a husband in the tenderest point, but she must let down her hair, rub off her rouge, flop down on both knees before him, to make him supremely miserable, by a plenary confession. These are an execrable race ; and so far from being better for their confounded candour, they deserve that their misplaced vanity should be visited much more severely than their original wrong. “ They manage these things better in France.”

We have probably said enough to show that lying is a necessary ingredient in the affairs of this world, and that like whatever else exists, it must be in harmony with the nature of things. We will not, indeed, go the length of asserting, that lying is exclusively an attribute of humanity ; because the weeping of hyenas, and the hypocritical efforts of some birds to draw off invasion from their nests, by a variety of deceptive *lazzi*, are as genuine lies, as if they had been spoken instead of acted. Till we can show that animals are wholly divested of imagination, we cannot absolutely deny them the capability of lying : but still the higher development of that faculty in man, and above all, the superior means of lying he possesses in the use of his tongue, place

him so far before all other animals in the matter of falsehood, that he may not be inadequately defined a lying animal.

The natural propriety of lying, physiologically considered, reposes not merely on the development of imagination to conceive, and of a tongue to utter "the thing which is not;"—a lie is no lie, unless it is believed. To ensure this result, nature has endowed the species with extensive powers of expression, with outward and visible signs impressed on the countenance and bearing of the whole body, which, by an inevitable law, suggest to the beholder a belief in the existence of the internal affection with which they are associated.

We need not say that it is on the muscular habits induced by an habitual indulgence in any particular passion, that the science of Lavater is principally founded. To these signs men are so strongly impelled to trust, that it is only by the greatest efforts, and under the guidance of the severest experience, they acquire the power of resisting their influence.

This is the stronghold of the habitual liar. By dint of practice, he attains such a command over his muscles, as enables him, if not altogether to suppress the natural expression of the passions he really feels, at least to counterfeit it in all cases where he desires to affect a particular feeling. Nor does the benefit thence derived confine itself to begetting a necessary credulity in the hearer; it extends also to exciting a sympathetic passion, by which the liar ensures not only the requisite convictions, but determines likewise the specific action, which he desires should result from the belief. "*Si vis me flere,*" says Horace, "*dolendum est primum ipsi tibi;*" that is, if you wish to excite my compassion, you must not only say you are starving, but must also look hungry with all your might and main.

The habitual practice of false external demonstrations, forms the essence of what is called hypocrisy; which the unlearned should know is only a Greek word for play-acting. The hypocrite is, in truth, to all intents and purposes, an actor; and the illustration is so luminous, that we have adopted also another figure, derived from the Roman stage, and talk of the mask of hypocrisy. Nor can there be any thing more closely resembling a real mask, than the serious and earnest countenance with which a practised hypocrite tells an untruth. Let not the reader, however, imagine, on the strength of this etymology, that the practice of hypocrisy took its rise in the theatre; on the contrary, there is the best reason for believing that hypocrisy is the elder sister; and that the race of the Mawworms can boast a much greater antiquity than that of the Listons.

How extremely necessary this part of the human mechanism is to the success of lying, it is almost superfluous to detail. Amidst the endless variety of bad stage-players, it is difficult to find a single bad liar; so essential does every man feel it to tell his lie naturally. So important is this external semblance of an affection, that whole classes of mankind trust to its exhibition, without thinking it necessary to back the effect by a formula of spoken words. What need has the shopman behind his counter, to aver *de vive voix* that he is indeed his customer's "most obedient and very humble servant," when a cringing and fawning exterior will equally throw the purchaser off his guard, and predispose him to take the goods at the vendor's own valuation. In



matters of love it is well known, that a single glance dexterously shot at the proper moment, is as good as the most long-winded declaration of passion; and so convincing is a well-affected air of tenderness, that it will overpower, not only all the warnings of friends concerning its falsehood, but the longest personal experience of treachery and coldness. In this sense, the poet's thought is absolute truth;—

Look in her face and you forget them all.

In like manner, a grave and composed countenance in the pulpit, an intense expression of piety and devotion, seizes the imagination of the congregation, before the preacher can open his text; and provided he throws a certain unction into the delivery of his discourse, it matters little that his life is a standing contradiction to all he says.

If other proof were wanting how far lying enters into the essence of all social arrangements, how very nearly falsehood is the rule, and truth the exception in civil life, we need not look further than to the universal prevalence of class hypocrisy; which is so intense, that a man of any experience, as he walks the street, may tell the profession of the passers by, through the sort of lie which is impressed on their carriage and bearing.

But above all other fraudulent givings forth, there is none more general or more striking than that undefinable exterior complex, which is understood by the word respectability.

In this instance, it is not precisely the fine feathers that make the fine birds: in it the *aliquid plus quam satis est* in external appearance, on the contrary, is known at once as *flash*, and is eminently suspicious. A superfluity of “rings, and things, and fine array,” is more likely to put the beholder on his guard, than to excite a desirable confidence in the *bearer*. Yet the contrary of wrong is in this respect far from right; for nothing wars with respectability like a hole in one's stocking. After all, the respectability which lies in dress alone, is not the perfection of hypocrisy, and is indeed fit only to impose on such simpletons as police magistrates, whose talk is of respectable felons, and of street-walkers of respectable appearance. The thorough air of respectability is only to be acquired by long practice, consisting in a harmony of exterior, a propriety of voice, gesture, manner, in a *je ne sais quoi* in the whole outward man, bespeaking decent associations *quas nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*. To attain to this, is out of the power of the rabble of rogues, the mob of low-bred impostors; and therein consists its great value as an instrument of deception. All its associations are subservient to the fraud, and every thing about it tends directly to create in the beholder a movement of credulity. Look at that highly respectable gentleman with a slight dash of sanctity also thrown over his surface,—could you believe that such a man is a wholesale dealer in perjury, bribery, and intimidation? Look again at that respectable merchant, a model of precision, if every thing about his outward man could be taken as proof of that quality; who would imagine that he was “a rogue in spirit, or a rogue in grain;” that he has made a fortune by “robbing the Exchequer, Hal,” or is on the eve of his third fraudulent bankruptcy?

Then again there are respectable housekeepers in debt to the whole

neighbourhood, respectable tradesmen subsisting on kites, and "enormous sacrifices;" and respectable attorneys, whose interference is certain ruin. In short, there is no falsehood male or female, of which respectability is not the daily and hourly cover; insomuch that the really respectable are heartily ashamed of the association, and eagerly strive after an exterior that signifies nothing.

We should not then be far out in our calculations, were we to lay it down as a rule mathematically correct, that the morality of a nation is inversely as its boastings of respectability; and that no man should be trusted, who thrusts his respectability under your nose.

From these lofty and transcendental views of our subject, it is painful to come down to the petty details of every-day life; yet without a glance at them, it would be impossible to convey an accurate notion of the importance of falsehood in the conduct of society. From the first *così al egro* deception, by which the child is duped into taking physic, to the last formal exercise for a doctor's degree, the entire education of the social man is a practical lesson in falsehood. Concealment, cheatery, and make-believe surround him on every side, and when example does not seduce, severity too often forces upon him the lessons of evasion. If hypocrisy be not taught in the nursery, it assuredly is acquired in the school-room; and certain lies are not only permitted, but enjoined by the whole authority of the schoolboy code of honour, in the intercourse between scholars and their teachers. Then come the collegiate swearing to observe statutes *cum commento*, and the subscription to the Articles, in defiance of all internal convictions. Then, there is the practical falsehood involved in eating your way through the Temple or Lincoln's Inn—a fit preliminary for that monstrous heap of lies included under the head of fictions of law. Alongside with these is the lie of virtual representation, and that of the co-extension of representation and taxability: or what think you, reader, of the *nolo episcopari*, or the direct inspiration of a *congé d'élire*?

Another evidence of the utility of falsehood opens upon us, when we consider our natural susceptibility to the charms of eloquence. Often as the fact has been stated, the world has yet to learn, that he who lets fly at you a long speech, charged with an infinity of tropes and figures, and full of inflammatory appeals to the passions, has and can have no other purpose in hand but deception. "Plain, honest truth, requires no flowers of speech;" and there is no such dexterous way of slipping a palpable lie, as presenting it under cover of a metaphor. On this account, the world at large justly prefers a dull and stupid sermon, to an elaborate and ostentatious parade of pulpit eloquence: and this not so much as implying that the preacher thinks more of himself than of the cause he is advocating (which if not a positive falsehood is a *quasi* lie), but because it is a palpable misapplication of the art, a painting of the lily, a gilding of the refined gold of gospel truth.

It was an invincible conviction with Jeremy Bentham that the whole law of evidence which so eminently distinguishes the jurisprudence of our beloved country, is directed to impede the discovery of truth; and more especially that part of it which relates to the administration of oaths; and certain it is, that though an honest man may be believed on his simple affirmation, nothing under the solemnity of evoking God's

name will suffice to give credence to the statements of an unprincipled vagabond. Such a man, therefore, might waste a deal of good breath in the dissemination of falsehood to no purpose, if his credibility were not supported by so imposing a ceremony.

This view of the case is confirmed by many other rules of evidence familiar with the reader, but to which we have not room to do justice, in the present paper; but what most clearly exhibits the intended purpose of these delicate investigations of my good lords the judges, and that which more especially belongs to this part of our argument, is the authorizing two professed sophists to speak to evidence. It is not sufficient for the suppression of truth that they shall have exercised all their personal ingenuity in browbeating and terrifying a witness, in shaping their questions so as to mislead him into the sort of answer they desire to receive, in drawing him off from the point to which he was about to come, and coaxing him into an admission, whose import he cannot understand: but when all this is done, they are authorized to fall open-mouthed on the whole, to dissect and to put together, to observe the bearings, and to misrepresent the import of what has been said, to undermine the character of the witness, to fritter away the weight of his evidence, and so to mystify the twelve good men and true, that they are no longer capable of distinguishing right from wrong, or truth from falsehood.

Closely connected with eloquence is poetry, an art expressly devoted to the service of falsehood: and in saying this, we allude not to the commonplace of its dealing in fictitious subjects; but refer rather to the innate falsity of its natural direction. Neither is it merely that all its means are at war with truth, that it is built upon exaggeration, and that it aims at something that transcends the flat realities of every-day life: it promotes the ends of falsehood far more efficiently by the ambiguity it confers on prose language, by the mass of fallacious metaphysics it palms on society, and by the habitual subordination of reason to imagination which it is its express object to impose on the human animal. Poets are the great professional supporters of every profitable humbug which it is the interest of masses to maintain. The poets of antiquity were the great upholders, the main pillars of idolatry; and when we consider that they are the high-priests of Cupid, and the hierophants of Bellona, it is impossible to place their mischievous mendacity in a stronger light.

But do we mean by this statement, to decry and discredit poetry? far from it: on the contrary, we firmly believe that to their mendacity the poets owe their utility, not only in the narrowest sense of the word, but in its most extended signification; and that the power they hold over the fancy, and the whole pleasure they are enabled to bestow upon their species, is the immediate consequence of their falsehood.

It is not, then, in the business of the world alone, that falsehood produces such striking effects; the far greater part of the delights of life are dependant on the same cause.

Should death, the one great truth of existence, be constantly before our eyes, life would be utterly intolerable. Indeed, the *quantum est in rebus inane* would alone be sufficient to imbitter happiness, and to render suicide epidemic, if it were not for the multitude of false views that we steadfastly take of human nature. What is more common



than to hear those who are ever so little advanced in life, bitterly lamenting the deplorable truths that press upon them, and sighing loudly and heavily, because the age of illusions is past. Life itself, they tell you, is a lie, a cheat; and they affirm it is enough for a sensible man to see things as they are, to render him thoroughly disgusted with the world and himself.

Nay, some there are who believe that nature itself is one mighty falsehood; that not even the senses are to be trusted, and that the idea of an external world (an idea which we cannot shake off, if we would), is altogether false and unfounded. Thus much we must admit, that the teachings of nature are not always to be depended upon; and that the blessed sun itself (of which the poet has said,

Solem quis dicere falsum  
Audeat)

is no better than an impostor, with its risings in the east, and settings in the west, so calculated to deceive mankind in the whole field of astronomy—a deception which it required centuries of observation and the greatest acuteness of the human intellect to remove. After this, it would be mere bathos to insist upon such deceptive phenomena as the *mirage*, the *calenture*, double suns and moons, and armies fighting in the air, which have thrown whole nations into confusion: but is not the innate tendency of man to animate the tree, the grove, and the fountain, and to attribute every movement he beholds to a series of petty local deities, a *suggestio falsi* on the part of that old woman, dame Nature?

An exclusive admiration of truth, and a narrow-minded addiction to its practice, must then be admitted to result from a one-sided view of the subject. We cannot, indeed, go the whole length of the author, from whom we have taken our last motto, who affirms that falsehood is the principle of all society; for though it may be absolutely certain that “if every man were to speak without reserve what he thinks of himself and of others, there would be an end of every thing; that if every evil wish, every evil act, were displayed in all its nakedness, the species could never resist the universal confession, but every man would retreat to his own separate den and at most tolerate his wife;” still, truth, in some portion has its utility and cannot be dispensed with. We believe this quotation to be one of Soulié’s rhetorical exaggerations; for if truth were indeed thus poisonous, it would have shown its lethality, long ago. The fact is, very few indeed are really deceived as to the good intentions of their neighbours, only they do not like being put to the trouble of resentment, by acknowledging the truth. Be this, however, as it may, it is consolatory to know, that intolerable as the naked truth in all its undiluted intensity might prove, there is not much chance of our being ever subjected to the necessity of bearing it. Truth and falsehood must continue to jog on together like light and shade; and each will be so tempered by the other, to the end of time, as to let man live through his generation quietly enough, and find his account in the natural balance of the two. What more can be desired?

## A FIRST ATTEMPT IN RHYME.

The attempt and not the deed.—LADY MACBETH.

BY THE EDITOR.

A FEW days since it happened to me to look into a Lady's Album—one of those pretty nuisances which are sent to one like the Tax-gatherers' Schedules, with a blank or two for the victim to fill up. The Book was of the usual kind: superbly bound of course, and filled with paper of various tints and shades, to suit the taste of the contributors:—baiting, one might fancy, with a bluish tinge for Lady ——, with a light green for Mrs. Hall, or Miss Mitford, and with a French white for Miss Costello—for Moore with a flesh colour, with gray for the Bard of Memory, and with rose colour for the Poet of Hope—with stone colour for Allan Cunningham, with straw colour for the Corn Law Rhymer, with drab and slate for Bernard Barton and the Howitts, and with a sulphur tint for Satan Montgomery. The copper colour being, perhaps, aimed at the artists in general, who are partial to the warmth of its tone.

As yet, however, but few of our “celebrated pens” and pencils had enriched or ornamented the volume. The literary offerings were short and few; and the pictorial ones were still more rare. Thus between the Mendicant begging for Scraps in the Frontispiece, and a water-coloured branch of Fuchsia, there were no less than eighteen blank leaves: twenty-two more from the flower to the Group of Shells—if they *were* shells—for they looked more like petrifications of a cracknel, a French roll, and a twist—and fifteen barren pages from the Conchology to the great Parrot—which, by the bye, seemed purposely to have been put into the same livery as the lady's footman, namely, a pea-green coat, with crimson smalls. There was only one more drawing; a view of some Dutch place, done in sepia, and which some wag had named in pencil as “a Piece of Brown Holland.”

The prose and verse were of the ordinary character: Extracts from Byron, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans; a Parody of an Irish Melody, an Unpublished Ballad, attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and sundry original effusions, including a Sonnet of sixteen lines, to an Infant. There were also two specimens of what is called Religious Poetry—the one working up a Sprig of Thyme into an “ETERNITY!” and the other setting out as jauntily as a Song, but ending in a “HIM.”

In glancing over these effusions, it was my good fortune to be attracted to some verses by a certain singularity in their construction, the nature of which it required a second perusal to determine. Indeed, the peculiarity was so unobtrusive, that it had escaped the notice of the owner of the Album, who had even designated the lines in question as “nothing particular.” They were, she said, as the title implied, the first attempt in rhyme, by a female friend; and who, to judge from her manner and expressions, with respect to her maiden essay, had certainly not been aware of any thing extraordinary in her performance. On the contrary, she had apologized for the homely and common-

place character of the lines, and had promised, if she ever improved in her poetry, to contribute another and a better sample. A pledge which Death, alas ! had forbidden her to redeem.

As a Literary Curiosity, the Proprietress of the original Poem has kindly allowed me to copy and present it to the Public. Instead of a mere commonplace composition, the careful Reader will perceive that whilst aiming at, and so singularly missing, what Garrick called "the jingle of verse," the Authoress has actually invented a New Species of Poetry—an intermediate link, as it were, between Blank Verse and Rhyme, and as such likely to be equally acceptable to the admirers of Thomson and the lovers of Shenstone.

(COPY.)

If I were used to writing verse,  
 And had a Muse not so perverse,  
 But prompt at Fancy's call to spring  
 And carol like a bird in Spring ;  
 Or like a Bee, in summer time,  
 That hums about a bed of thyme,  
 And gathers honey and delights  
 From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights ;  
 If I, alas ! had such a Muse,  
 To touch the Reader or amuse,  
 And breathe the true poetic vein,  
 This page should not be fill'd in vain !  
 But ah ! the pow'r was never mine  
 To dig for gems in Faucy's mine ;  
 Or wander over land and main  
 To seek the Fairies' old domain—  
 To watch Apollo while he climbs  
 His throne in oriental climes ;  
 Or mark the "gradual dusky veil"  
 Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,  
 In classic lays remembered long—  
 Such flights to bolder wings belong ;  
 To Bards who on that glorious height  
 Of sun and song, Parnassus hight,  
 Partake the fire divine that burns  
 In Milton, Pope, and Scottish Burns, }  
 Who sang his native braes and burns. }

For me, a novice strange and new,  
 Who ne'er such inspiration knew,  
 But weave a verse with travail sore,  
 Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,  
 A few poor lines alone I write,  
 Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,  
 Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,  
 For oh ! to hope from such as I,  
 For any thing that's fit to read,  
 Were trusting to a broken reed !

E. M. G.

1st of April, 1840.

## REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

## No. VIII.

## LEAH MERIEL.

SOMETHING about half a century ago, the inhabitants of "the Thorn," a village on the borders of Wales, remarked the appearance among them of a mendicant, who had never before been observed to frequent that neighbourhood. She was a woman, and bore with her a child, whose extreme squalor and unhealthiness of aspect attracted compassion to mingle with the disgust, excited by her own filthy and debauched character and appearance. She was tall, thin, and pale. Her clothes were tattered and dirty to an extreme degree, and she was continually in a state of semi-intoxication. Her language, too, and general deportment were of a most abandoned description,—indeed, such as would have ensured her being stoned out of any orderly place, instead of obtaining charity. But it was the child that was her bread winner: the poor little thing was so tiny and delicate, so dirty, naked, and skinny, and appeared by its looks to feel so acutely the wretchedness of its case, that pieces of copper money were plentifully thrown to them, as they sat by the hedge-side—for the road through the village was much used, the Thorn Inn being the first stage from a pretty large country town. The mother used to sit, mechanically repeating over, if she were sober enough, a whining petition for charity, while the little girl crouched to her side, and looked up in the faces of the passengers, her large gray eyes having such a pleading expression that words of pity were copiously bestowed upon her from those who could not afford more substantial indication of their benevolence. She was about four or five years old, and appeared so thin, debilitated, and continually shivering and shrinking, that one wondered how she could stand or walk. It was a most disagreeable sight to look at the sickly, fleshless child, dirty and cold, and the tall, slouching, and more filthy and disgusting parent, with her lack-lustre drunken eye, as they staggered along,—the latter frequently stopping to beat the poor unoffending little thing, and she, again, taking it all with an air of patient resignation, uttering no complaint,—hardly even shedding a tear. In fact, the creature was so wasted, that one could scarcely guess where tears in her could have a source.—I have said that coppers were liberally bestowed upon them;—all went for liquor, to satisfy the cravings of the mother; nor this alone; whatever she could lay her hands on, and exchange for money or drink, she recklessly appropriated, stealing utensils even from the outhouses, where charitable people were prevailed upon to allow her shelter.

At that time public charity was hardly so strictly managed as now, and this woman was allowed to beg publicly, and even to take possession of two rooms of a dilapidated building, about a quarter of a mile distant from the village. In a short time indolence and drunkenness confined her to this place, and her daughter was sent out daily, alone, to beg for their support. The disgust of the woman's presence being

removed, people began to question the child. They found her remarkably intelligent and sagacious, and very grateful for such little kindnesses as housewives were disposed to grant her. Her name was Leah, she said, Leah Meriel; her father had been a soldier, but she had no recollection, save of being carried about to beg.

This child displayed a singular desire for instruction, collecting together all sorts of ballads, printed notices, and such things, and being mightily pleased when any one would take the trouble to name to her the letters, and show her how to join them into words. The gift of an old book, torn and boardless, delighted her; if it contained pictures, she was in ecstasies; and things like these she hoarded up in a corner of the old building, where, when the weary travail of the day was over, and her brutal mother sunk in drunken senselessness, they served her for companions and playmates.

A year passed, and she became better known about the district. She was now more warmly clad, and a little taller, but still exceedingly thin, wan, and unhealthy, with a look of care on her sickly, childish features, most unnatural and unpleasant to see. She never affected the society of children of her own age, or mingled, or would have been allowed to mingle in their play. They were her enemies; by them the poor frail beggar child was hunted and stoned. She more desired the company of grown up women, and would hold lengthy and serious conversations with them at times, not a little to their amusement. From such traits, as well as from her loathsome appearance, she began to be called, by most in thoughtlessness, but by some in earnest, a fairy changeling, and the name Fairy Leah attached itself to her thenceforward.

But there was one place to which, in her daily round of bitterness, she drew near with a feeling of something that surely was pleasure. It was a large house, inhabited by the proprietor of the paper-manufactory of Whitestream, from which most of the inhabitants of the Thorn derived their bread. Here she was always sure of a copper coin, haply some cast-off clothing, or cold dainties of the table, but the chief charm was, that the young master, a quiet, studious boy, would come to the drawing-room window, and amuse himself by holding long discussions with her. To him she was indebted for explanation of the mystery of old English and German letters, and for the first hint of writing, by the simple process of copying italic type. Odd volumes and pamphlets innumerable she owed to him; and frequently, as she was leaving, he would bid her go to the parterre and pull herself a flower, the prettiest she could find. Was not this a reason why the poor little ill-looking, despised, hopeless, and helpless outcast should feel the load of her cares and sorrows sit lighter on her childish heart as she crept along the avenue of Whitestream-lodge?

A few years more, and she obtained employment at the paper-factory, or mill, as it was called; the wages she earned weekly, and a larger allowance from the parish to the old woman, serving amply for their maintenance. She was now much taller, but still a perfect skeleton, and still she showed the same cowering, solitary disposition, the same eagerness to lay hands on old books and stray newspapers, but certainly much greater cleanliness and tidiness of person. Still was she insulted and neglected, or treated as an amusing inferior by her

fellow workpeople. The latter, however, was a character she now appeared desirous to avoid, and daily might she be seen wending her companionless way between the paper-mill and the old dwelling where she had her abode.

The country around the Thorn presented the usual slight undulations, cultivated almost to a square foot, and dotted with frequent timber, which is every where characteristic of the garden of England. The first risings of the Welsh hills formed a barrier to the sight on one side, while in the opposite direction the dimpled plain stretched away, itself becoming as a blue line in the far distance. About a quarter of a mile, or more, from the village, you observed what you would at first take to be a long, narrow wood, or plantation, dividing, perhaps, two estates. Haply as you looked, a distant rushing sound would reach your ears, which might be the breeze among the foliage,—but it was the dash of water. What appeared a lengthened slip of copse, was the hollow, dingly course of the Whitestream, which, descending here, found its way by a scooped channel to join one of the large rivers of that part of the country.

The sides of the little valley were rocky, if not precipitous, and covered with a plentiful clothing of dwarf oak, birch, and other trees, which, confused together to the distant eye, completely concealed the romantic hollow. On account of the crystal purity of the water, a quality which had obtained for it the name of Whitestream, this place had been long used as a site for the paper-manufactory before alluded to. The channel, after being close and narrow for a mile or two, suddenly enlarged into a little oval green dale, the stream winding round under the rocks to one side, embracing in the bend a rounded bank of rich alluvial soil, covered with most vivid sward, whereon two horses, employed about the place, usually grazed. At the bottom of this meadow, which might have been a couple of gunshots in length, stood an extensive collection of low buildings, partly of stone, and partly of brick, the sound of machinery from which indicated the mill. At the upper end of it, again, was a broad, deep dam, which supplied the factory below with power. Close to the edge of this stood a broken down house, its roof partly fallen in, and the foundation of one corner washed completely bare by the water, a great rent indicating the insecurity of the whole fabric. In this place Leah's mother was permitted to reside, no other return being exacted from her than the custody of the heavy iron winches and other implements whereby the ponderous sluices were raised or lowered as the supply of water or the demand for power increased or diminished.

This building had, formerly, been the residence of the proprietors of the factory. Afterwards, on their leaving for Whitestream Lodge, it was occupied by the foreman and his family; but, from the increased respectability of this functionary as the works grew in extent and importance, as well as the loneliness and manifest danger of its position, it became finally deserted, and the materials not being worth expense of removal were allowed to remain.

A little room, in its upper story, was chosen by Leah for her chamber, partly because over it the roof was rain-proof—partly because the steep and ruinous state of the stair prevented her mother from having access to it. And this separation was the cause of the improvement so



visible, first in her dress, afterwards in her spirits, and finally in her person.

Here passed her girlhood ;—fifteen years had she lived,—years of cold and hunger, sickness, sorrow, and scorn ; but now this was over ; her steadiness, attention, and neatness of hand, as well as her increased age, procured her advancement in the factory, with an enlargement of the poor pittance that rewarded her labour. Bodily strength, too, she began to gain wherewith to defend herself against her inhuman mother.

But at this age a change seemed to have come over her existence. Health appeared now to have visited her. She became erect, though lithe and slender as a reed. Her skin changed the pallid clammy hue for a clear lustrous white, and while her wrists and ankles and small hands and feet remained the same, the rest of her limbs expanded, assuming a rounded fulness of shape, yet still light and airy to a degree. Her waist continued slight as ever, but her chest swelled, her shoulders became full and obtuse, her gentle bosom budded forth into early womanhood, and her sunken cheeks plumped out into a perfect oval. It was then discovered that her features were exactly regular. But when her lips, no longer colourless, pouted like a double cherry, and a glow settled on each cheek, at first flitting and changing, but at length fixed in sunny permanence ; when her gray eyes sparkled with cheerfulness, beneath her high, cold forehead, clouded by the simple braids of her flaxen hair ; and when a small timid dimple ventured upon her little round chin, then it was she stood confessed the Beauty of the Mill, the Thorn, the parish, the district of country.

She was somewhat under the middle height of women, and possessed of a delicacy of feature, complexion, and shape, that excited in all wonder and admiration. She appeared so slender and fragile, yet still so symmetrical and so graceful in every motion, that the term “ Fairy Leah,” which had been given her on account of her deformity, became now the soubriquet,—oh, how much more appropriate !—of her sudden loveliness.

And now you fancy I am about to treat you to the old story of gentle, or haply even noble blood, long crushed and concealed, but at length bursting into light, and rising to its own proper place, like water to its level. But Leah was, in very truth, the daughter of a beggar,—in metaphor, the child of care, disease, and toil.

How many that, erewhile, made the poor little mendicant a subject of injury or insult, now envied, hated, or madly loved her ! Yes ! many of those young men, who had laughed a year or two before, as they stoned her from their fathers’ doors, or sent their dogs barking and tearing after her, would now have been proud to do her the most menial service, to obtain one kind look, one gladdening smile. What errands they invented merely to have the rapture of speaking to her, for a moment, even about ordinary matters, and hearing the sweet, low notes of her dulcet voice in reply. But, still timorous and bashful, Leah shunned all advances, avoided all companionship, even of her own sex, and might be seen tripping lightly away to the ruined building, as soon as the bell at the mill announced that work for the day was over.

Her labour was of a light description, and pretty well remunerated. It consisted in inspecting the finished writing-paper, and with an in-

strument of a peculiar shape scraping away any blemishes, specks for instance, which, floating about in the solution of size into which the sheets are dipped, in order to prevent the ink from spreading,—in fact, to convert them from blotting-paper,—might have adhered to them. This required great nicety of touch, and was a clean and rather superior department of the manufacture; consequently, both in dress and person, she required to be of a very different aspect from the girls who laboured in other parts of the work. The paper made at Whitestream was of the finest quality, and for the London market; and certainly no hand, however highborn, that wrote upon it, could outvie in shape, hue, or delicacy, that gentle one, which moving lightly, as over the keys of a musical strument, put the finishing touch to its fabric.

About half a mile from the factory lay some fields which, forming the subject of a litigation between two proprietors, were then, and continued to be for some years longer in grass. No road or lane lay in that quarter near enough to command a view of these; on the other hand, the prospect from them was very extensive, varied, and beautiful. They ran along the southern skirts of the narrow wood that concealed the course of the Whitestream. On the balmy summer evenings Leah began now to be seen by the few whom chance led in that direction, loitering about these fields in company with a young man in dark clothes, who wore his hat slouched far over his forehead. When looked at, it was remarked they used to retire among the trees and down into the dell; desirous, apparently, not so much of eluding observation as of avoiding intrusion. Some too who had gone up the copsewood at night to snare the game that abounded there, or to set or lift fishing-lines in the stream, had seen two persons sitting together on the bank, beside a wild rosebush that grew hard by the old building, and by the summer moonlight were able to recognise Fairy Leah and her dusky, spectral lover.

Two years passed over, the while this strange dalliance lasted,—dalliance which was as Paradise to poor Leah Meriel, for a passion possessed her, fervent, single, and unchangeable; a love the effect of youth, solitude, and an ardent imagination. If ever there was perfect bliss enjoyed by creature of clay, it was by her in this hidden intercourse. All the thoughts and feelings that in ordinary people are divided among relations, friends, wealth, and every other object that excites emotion, were in her lovely bosom bent in one passion, upon one object, that returned it with an equal intensity. She had never known what it was to be loved, until by him. Kindness unalloyed with contempt she had received from no other,—he and happiness to her were one idea. Bred in solitude, squalor, and affliction, she never could have imagined the existence of such a thing as *love*. She had seen the word in her books, it is true, but she passed it as she would have done any other syllable, to which her simple mind could attach no idea: and now, to plunge at once into all the delirious joy of the novel and exquisite emotion! It was even as one who, born deaf, by aid of noble surgery has the sense of hearing awakened in him. With the same rapture, wherewith such a person would first listen to a strain of distant music—with the same wild delight did she revel in the new-discovered feeling—the same, nay greater, more potent, a thousand fold; for the first is a matter of sense, the second of soul! It was in very sooth an



intoxicating cup, but there was deep sin mingled in the draught, and bitter, bitter, proved to be the dregs.

But a new character here entered upon the scene,—George Basil, Esq., the proprietor of the Whitestream factory. This was a man of wealth, possessed of land to the amount of about a thousand pounds annually, and drawing many times that income from his business as a manufacturer. He was an aged libertine. If there be any circumstances in which vice may be looked upon with leniency, it is in youth, that season of burning thoughts and gushing pulses. But with what eyes can we contemplate a hoary sinner, who after spending a life of wickedness, now when his blood winds cold and sluggish through his veins, publicly and shamelessly employs the experience of age, and the temptations of hoarded wealth, for the accomplishment of evil? I may state that he had been the father of a family.

Observing Leah's extreme delicacy of form and face, he began towards her a course of offensive attention that ultimately drove her from the factory. She remained away, shut up in the old dilapidated building. Late one night, shortly after her leaving her work, Basil found his way to this place.

Leah's mother sat alone in a low, brick-paved apartment, that had formerly been the kitchen of the house. She was crouching, half naked and horribly filthy, in a corner of the great old chimney, over a fire of sticks, which her daughter had provided and kindled. Beside her lay a bottle, which had contained liquor, but it was now empty, as was a small tin pannikin she had used to drink from. She was smoking a short pipe, perfectly black from long use. She was in her usual state of dozing half-drunkenness.

He lifted the latch and pushed open the door. Albeit used to scenes of the most revolting description, he was hardly prepared for such an incarnation of disgust as he now beheld. He hesitated, but at length entered and addressed her.

Turning her head and looking up she beheld a stout, large man, with his coat buttoned across his chest. He was gray-haired, with a bald crown. His features were heavy, and of a tallowy complexion. His lips, thick at the angles, bloodless in colour, and continually wet, along with his cold gray eye, leered a hideous unnatural smile. They had known each other of old, and she recognised him immediately, surmising with accuracy the purpose of his visit.

She motioned him to a heavy stool, the only seat in the place, she herself sitting on a stone; and a whispered conversation commenced between them, eked out by winks, nods, and significant grins. Can you imagine a mother making traffic of the virtue of her child;—for a few coins, selling her daughter to sin and misery here, and haply endless ruin hereafter?

“No!” you cry, “human nature can never be so depraved, so utterly dead to all, even animal feeling!”

Alas! alas! a medical man sees more of frail human nature in one year, than the professed student of mankind during a lifetime of travel! What would you think of a mother selling her offspring for dissection?

He put several pieces of gold into her hand. She took them, passed them between her finger and thumb, and slipped them into the bosom of her dress, while he looked on in silence. At that moment he

thought he heard in a distant quarter of the ruinous building a foot moving upon a wooden floor.

"Surely," thought he, "that cannot be her footstep, so heavy and decided."

Presently the sound as of voices speaking together, and a quiet, happy laugh, reached his ear. He began to entertain doubts.

"I say, Sarah," he commenced, "I hope it's all right—eh?" and he added a series of signs to the speech.

"Right! I should think so."

"Well, at least let me have a light; it's the right-hand door, at the end of the passage, you say?"

"Yes, mind the right-hand door, if you take the left you will fall through the floor down into the cellar, which is full of water from the dam."

"That would be a consummation hardly to be wished, Sal, so just let me have a stick from your fire," and he lighted a small bull's-eye lantern. "I find this sort of thing very useful, at times, of an evening."

He went out, she crept to the door after him and listened.

She heard him scrambling up the ruinous staircase, then treading along the passage. Then a door opened, there was sound of rapid talking, loud screams from a female, then a sudden noise of struggling, and a hoarse and wild cry of "Murder!"

"By Heaven, that's the master!" cried a voice beside her. It was Basil's confidential servant, who had been left at the mill with their horses, but, attracted by curiosity, had come to listen and watch. "Give me a light," he continued, "there's the deuce to pay up there," and catching a flaming stick from her fire, he sprang up the stair. It was some time before he could find his way; at length seeing a light through the chinks of a door he pushed it open and entered.

It was a small apartment, exceedingly clean and tidy, a cheerful little fire was burning right before him, and a table stood near it with candles, books, papers, and some sewing work. On a small bed, in a corner, was laid back, insensible, the slight frame of Fairy Leah Meriel. Her dress was torn, her hair loose, and a look of wild terror was stamped upon her features. Her right hand grasped firmly a knife, her left was clenched, but empty. On the floor, prone on his face, lay the master. He went forward to raise him, but, as he did so, found that his feet stuck to the boards. They were covered with blood. The poor fellow was horrified; how much more when, raising the body, he perceived the features twitching with the faint spasms of departing life, while from a hideous gash in the forehead blood was welling like water. For a moment he was irresolute what to do, and the idea struck him that might not he himself be implicated with the crime. Laying the body on the floor, he ran from the house down to the factory, where rousing the people who lived in various parts of it, he brought them in a crowd to behold the deed that had been done.

They gathered round the old ruinous house, venturing in one by one. They were amazed, and knew not whom to accuse, what to do, or what to think. Some busied themselves in restoring to animation the senseless body of the girl, others in raising and examining that of the squire, as he was called. As soon as Leah recovered consciousness, she sat up

on the bed, and looked around her at the wondering assemblage. Then she lifted the hand that still clutched the knife, looked at it, and laid it down on a shelf close by. Presently, observing the body of Basil, she shuddered, and turning away fell down once more at length. They thought she had fainted again, but she was only overpowered by excess of thought.

One of them spoke to her.

“What is this you have done now, Leah?”

“I did not do it,” she replied, “God is my witness!”

“Who did it then?”

“Oh, most dreadful!” she murmured, and was silent for a while;—then “do with me what you please,” said she, “I will answer no more questions.”

They took her away to the Thorn inn, carrying with them the knife she had held in her hand; but they remarked there was no spot upon it, it was perfectly bright, cold, and clear. Besides it was plain to all that this weapon could never have inflicted the fearful wound upon Basil's brow.

It was altogether a most mysterious affair. Many of the superstitions of Wales had found their way thus far into the low country, and strange things were whispered with regard to Fairy Leah and her shadowy lover. Old stories began to be told of a sombre spirit that had, in times bygone, haunted the dell, and it was hinted that not for nothing had the old house been deserted, first by the Basil's themselves, and then by the foreman of the mill. Leah's startling change of aspect was itself palpable proof of some dark communion with superior powers. Nay the very blow was not such as was e'er inflicted by hand of clay—the forehead seemed to be so completely *stove in*, to use the expression of the people.

But in the meanwhile, a coroner's inquest was held on the body at the Thorn inn, and their verdict was conspiracy and murder against Sarah Meriel, Leah Meriel, and some other person or persons unknown. The evidence of Basil's servant was the chief in bringing about this conclusion.

Poor Fairy Leah—her summer dream of delight proved to be, brief as it was exquisite, and her season of sorrow once more set in with tenfold bitterness. She was committed to prison.

Warrants were issued for the apprehension of her mother as a partner in the crime. They searched the ruined house, and all about the mill and the dell it stood in, but without success. At last she was found in an obscure part of the county-town lying lifeless in a kennel, dead of drunkenness, wrapt in a rag, and hid in the bosom of her dress were found nine guineas of ten she had received from Basil. With the tenth she had purchased her destruction.

In the meantime, Mr. Basil, junior, who was at London, a law-student, arrived at the county-town; he did not come to the Factory or to Whitestream Lodge, but sent for the manager to come to him. This person he admitted to a share in the concern as acting-partner, himself not having the intention of interfering with the business. This completed, he left again for the metropolis.

But as for poor little Leah, it was several months till the assizes that were to decide her fate, and that time she had to languish in a

gaol. But do not sink, gentle Leah; there is one, who, albeit himself fearfully, namelessly criminal, knows your innocence, and will stir heaven and earth to make it avail you.

Does not the whistle of that wild Welsh air, coming nightly to your ear through the iron lattice that to you fetters the light of Heaven, breathe to your heart confidence and hope? They offer you pardon, to be crown evidence! Alas! they do not know of the living bond by which you are bound for his security.

One evening, close before the day appointed for her trial, a gentleman sat in a lonely apartment in one of the sombre streets on the outskirts of the county-town already alluded to. He was alone, busy writing, and that with the air of one, to whom composition is a matter not only of habitual occupation, but also of great pleasure. As it was very late, indeed, within an hour of midnight, he had resigned himself completely to his intellectual labour. His neckerchief was removed, every button, whose tightness could for a moment draw his attention, was unloosed; his slippered feet rested on a stool within the fender, and a well-linked dressing-gown enveloped his figure. A lamp, with a paper shade, perched on the top of a pile of books, lighted the table, leaving the further parts of the room in obscurity. He continued to ply his pen with careless rapidity, frequently pausing, and raising his head, his eyes looking vacantly into the darkness around, anon bending him to his task, the scratching of the point over the paper, and the occasional sound of a cinder falling upon the hearth, being all that interrupted the stillness of the chamber.

So absorbed was he, that he did not remark a knock at the house-door, the sound of its opening, or a quick step ascending the stairs, and entering the room.

It was a tall, spare, dark-complexioned young man, with a strangely bright eye. He placed a broad-brimmed hat on the table, and drawing off his black leather gloves laid them across its lip. He then, leaning his hand beside it, continued to gaze at the busy penman, with a look, in which a student of nature might detect and separate respect, envy, self-accusation, anxiety, and embarrassment. At length, as the latter raised his eyes, they encountered those of the new comer.

He regarded him with a bewildered look.

"Well," said the other smiling, "surely you don't take me for my own ghost. How are you? How progresses the *Independant*? Interest advancing in the country—eh?"

"What—well—really, my dear fellow, excuse me, I took it for some illusion. But where have you been all this while?—How have you been disposing of yourself?—Studying hard?—or—bless me! you have been ill, John—you are as thin as a lath! and as I live, your hair is *turned gray*, or I have bedeviled my eyes somehow!"

"—— What is this you are about?" said the other, as if to break the course of the conversation, and drive off, for a moment longer, some disagreeable subject; "a heavy hitting leader for the old journal, eh?"

"Ay, you may say that, small help have we had from you lately. I had feared that crack article exhausted you."

"What article?"

"The analysis, you recollect, of the character and policy of Mira-beau."

"Ah, yes; that was the thing Sir Something Somebody pirated from in the House of Commons."

"Ay, I suppose, since you have been writing for the London periodicals, you have quite forgotten your connexion with an obscure country newspaper and its obscure editor."

"No, Will, believe me, I have not written a sentence since I wrote in this room. No; I have got wrought up with a fearful piece of business—God help me!"

And he threw himself abruptly into a chair, a still blacker shade passing over his dark features, like a cloud-shadow over a nocturnal landscape, while his eyes, which seemed usually possessed of almost an unnatural light, shot forth a glance, as if a flame had glared up suddenly, and sunk again within his head.

"Put away your papers, Will, and attend to me, I have something to tell you, that will put politics out of your head for the night."

"What, a duel, eh?"

"Folly. I am about to put the strength of our friendship to a severe test; and first, give me your word of honour that what passes between us shall never reach the ears of any other being."

"Nay, I will make no rash promises, but you may rely on my friendship, John; I trust our intimacy has subsisted too long for you to feel any scruples, about imparting a secret to me."

"I will trust you—I can do no better; and now, William, I am laying my life into your hands—that girl, Meriel, that is to be tried on Monday—"

"Well!"

"—is altogether innocent of the crime imputed to her."

"Then, I suppose that will come out in the evidence."

"Possibly not; that is the reason I have come here to-night. You must save her."

"I!—how, pray?"

"You are foreman of the jury, and will have absolute influence over them. The people of the town have the utmost confidence in your judgment and your virtue—most justly, I allow—I am convinced that if any one, of what party soever, were asked who was the most talented man in the place, the answer would be, the editor of the *Independant*. In fact, they hold you little less than an inspired person. I do not say this in silly flattery, Will, but to show you how you are to fulfil my request. I know that in that jury, your opinion will lead every other, and in fact form the verdict. Now you are to know beforehand, that the dear girl is as guiltless of the crime as you are."

"But how am I to know anything of the kind?"

"My word, William, did it ever fail you? I swear to you as I shall answer to that Being whose eye alone saw the deed, that she is absolutely pure of it, whatever the evidence may appear to prove to you! Will you, for my sake, use your utmost efforts to lead the jury to a verdict of acquittal?"

"This is really absurd, John."

"Then I see I must tell you the whole story."

He rose, opened the door, looked out, secured it, returned and commenced in a low half-whisper a narrative that speedily arrested and absorbed the attention of his hearer.

When he had done, the latter heaved a deep sigh, as if relieved from a weight. The expression of feature, with which he looked at him, too, was altogether changed from that with which he had regarded him at his first entrance.

"And now," said the stranger, "are you convinced of her innocence?"

"I am—I am."

"And you will endeavour to procure her acquittal?"

"I will; I consider it a duty; and did I not believe that your motive was not what the world would judge it, I would consider it a duty to—"

"Betray me, Will?"

"Give you up to public justice; but I could not do it. Alas! we have been friends from childhood! Your crime has been great and unnatural; but you have trusted to my affection. I will use all just measures to bring off your unhappy victim; your own punishment I will leave in the hands of Him who alone can inflict a penalty adequate to such a deed."

"— Yes—you see it *here*," and he snatched a quantity of hair from his head with his fingers and held it out.

It was iron-gray in colour, and came away with ease, as if the roots had been withered, and yet his features were those of a very young man—indeed, little beyond boyhood.

"Would you know the mark of Cain?" he continued; "look in my face. But what was Cain to me? he only slew his brother. Great God, what will become of me?"

"And now," said the other, after a pause, "I pray you will leave this house, and never again come near me. It is no lessening of my personal friendship for you, but that crime, that dogs you like a hideous Doppelganger—we can never again be companions—I cannot associate with a—a—a—"

"— The dreadful syllables stick in your throat, Will. Good by."

"Farewell, indeed, John; better fortune attend you, and may your sins and sorrows lie light upon your breast. Before you go, I would recommend you to get young B—— to plead for her."

"He is already retained."

"Farewell! God be with you!"

"Farewell!—Farewell!"

The trial was a long one, and ended in her acquittal. This was owing as much to the turn given to the evidence by repeated questions from the foreman of the jury, as to the masterly pleading of Mr. B——.

The history of Leah—her personal delicacy and weakness, the fact of her clothes, as well as the weapon she had grasped, apparently in her defence, being altogether unstained with blood, the nature of Basil's wound—his atrocious private character, were all particularly dwelt upon, and the result was that she was sent free from the bar, the crime being wrapt in as much obscurity as ever.



About a month after this, a young surgeon sat alone, very disconsolate, in a shop he had opened as an apothecary and general practitioner, in a remote corner of the liberties of Westminster. He was cursed with that bane to success in practice, a juvenile face and appearance, and he was bitterly reflecting how long it would be ere time would bless his features with a wrinkle, when a young man entered to purchase some drugs.

It was the same darkly-dressed individual I have just described. The materials he bought were of a chemical nature, and he stated his intention of using them for certain experiments. He made this a means of drawing the young surgeon into a lengthened conversation with the view of sounding the extent of his skill.

Day after day he returned, purchasing continually various ingredients, and daily taking the opportunity to discourse upon medical subjects.

At length he stated his desire, that he should leave his business, and go with him to attend a case at a distant part of the country.

The other objected, stating his determination, that if his practice did not succeed, it should be from no want of attention or perseverance on his part.

The stranger urged that his was a portion of that very business he was so anxious to advance, indeed his earliest important case. This, and other representations, backed by a twenty pound-note, laid on the table, immediately resolved him what course to adopt. Leaving his surgery in charge of a former fellow-student, he started next day for a professional excursion, he knew not whither.

They left in a travelling-carriage, went westward from London, and journeyed two days.

I may state, that the stranger had before informed him of the nature of the case, and he was prepared to treat a female patient. He found her living in a little place, half town, half village, in a secluded district of country to which he was unable then to give a name. He was struck by her exceeding beauty—by her unusual melancholy and despondent feelings and her extreme meekness of deportment.—It was Leah Meriel.

His employer continued in daily attendance upon her, and they spent long periods of time in conversation together. Their demeanour, towards each other, was marked by a most dove-like tenderness—unaltering on her part—on his, broken by wild outbursts of frantic passion. Often he would sit by her for hours, while they talked earnestly together, then, on a sudden, he would drop on his knees by her bedside, and burying his face among the clothes or curtains, groan aloud. At other times, he started up, pressed his clenched hands against his temples, and rushed across and across the room.

Such fits, Leah allowed to go on for a little, when usually her mild, pensive "John, love!" would bring him to her side calm in spirit, even though his frame was trembling and sinking, from the overpowering emotion that had recently been racking it. His room was over the surgeon's, and all night long he could be heard pacing about, talking to himself, and sometimes giving way to long fits of loud lamentation.

At length this gentleman was informed that his immediate aid

was required. It was in the night, and next morning his patient lay, buried in a deep sleep, with her first-born nestling in her bosom.

That morning he sat by the window, apparently much embarrassed and disquieted. He had a trying task before him—one for which his youth and inexperience scarcely fitted him.

The infant was malformed, and it is a hard thing to tell a father that his first—his long-wished and hoped-for son, is—*monstrous*—a world's wonder—a thing to pity and be ashamed of. Pray Heaven, you may never have to make such a communication, and much more, that such a communication may never have to be made to you.

The deformity in this case was of a most striking and mysterious description, it was a deficiency of the frontal bone or plate of the forehead, the middle part of which was entirely wanting, allowing the pulsations of the brain to be both felt and seen through the soft skin. But this was not all, the skin was disfigured with a large deep *red blotch*, of that description called by the common people, wine-mark, or sometimes blood-mark. A *blood-mark* in this case, it was indeed ! This stain covered the whole brow above the eyes. In other respects, the child was healthy and well-formed.

At length he rose. He appeared to have nerved himself to the proper pitch, and going cautiously to the door, he went out and sought another apartment. Here he found his employer, who had been afoot all night. The usual questions as to the health of the two objects of his care were put to him with much earnestness and anxiety. At length he began,

“But there is one fact which I think it is as well to inform you of at once, as probably it might be the cause of a very painful scene, if you found it out yourself hereafter without being forewarned.”

The other grew pale and rose slowly to his feet.

“The child is slightly malformed—”

His dark visage became actually yellow, while the peculiar glaring lustre filled his eyes, and he moved slightly, as if dizzy.

“The forehead is blotched with a *blood-mark*, and the bone there is *wanting*.”

The last syllable had hardly left his lips, when his hearer sprang at his throat, seized his collar with both hands, and shook him violently, screaming through his fixed teeth,

“Scoundrel—villain—miserable hound—do you think by such a wretched trick, to make me with my own lips betray myself, like one of your hospital idiots?”

The surgeon was taken at unawares, but having learned a few things more than medicine in his student-life, and being withal a well-made muscular young man, he at once grappled with his opponent, and after a short struggle, forcibly thrust him down into a chair.

“Sir,” said he, “I am surprised—astonished, that you should so egregiously commit yourself!”

“Excuse me, doctor,” said the other, letting go his collar, while a deep blush covered his face, changing quickly to a livid shade. “Pardon me—I was not quite myself—I am all right now. Forgive me, my dear sir.”



Here he poured himself out a glass of wine from a decanter that stood on a side-table.

"Go on, I am prepared for whatever you have to tell. I regret, exceedingly, I should have got so excited."

The surgeon proceeded to detail the particulars of the case, more at length, in terms which he was well aware from his former interviews with him, he understood.

When he had done, a conversation ensued, in which he was asked, if he thought of any thing that could have caused this deformity. He replied, that it appeared to him to be an arrest of development of the bone, and explained its usual process of formation. He added that the cause of it could not be divined.

After this he was about to withdraw, when his employer detained him to inquire at what time he thought Leah would have strength to hear some very disagreeable news.

He replied, that, taking into consideration her extreme delicacy of constitution, it would be advisable to put off for a couple of weeks or so all such communication.

"Then, doctor, till that period you will stay here, I have no doubt, and let me assure you, a proper value will be put on your time."

It was several days before Leah discovered the deformity of her infant. The surgeon had caused the nurse to bind a fillet of cloth over its brow, and it was an easy thing to persuade the simple, girlish mother that such a proceeding was necessary in all cases. She was sitting up in bed, nursing and fondling the child, her beautiful face giving evidence once more of an almost perfect happiness, when, with a sudden gambol it dislodged the cloth, and the hideous pulsating blotch became apparent.

Leah shrieked aloud and fell back upon the couch. The doctor immediately flew to her side: in a hurried manner he explained to her that there was in the case no immediate danger to life, all the evil lying in the deformity. She heard this but made no reply, only pressing the infant closer to her bosom. After a while—

"Alas, doctor!" said she; "you do not know what I know. It will be a sore sight for him."

"He is already aware of it," said her attendant.

"And how did he bear it?"

"Why, well enough, he was a little moved; but such is to be expected."

"Poor, poor John!" and she gave way to a long fit of silent weeping.

But this discovery seemed only to have fixed her affections more firmly to her child: a more devoted mother could not exist. It seemed as if they were still but parts of the same being. She never lost sight of it for one instant, and when the little darling smiled upon her, a glow settled on her features of perfect joy, not the less intense, that sighs followed and sorrow seemed interwoven with it.

At length, the surgeon having informed his employer that she was now in a state of health to hear, without danger, any communication he might have in view, he was dismissed as he had been brought, while

the liberality of his remuneration heightened the feelings of curiosity and suspicion, wherewith he had regarded the whole proceedings.

The afternoon of that day, Fairy Leah sat at the window of her room caressing her child, and singing and talking to it. The young man she called John entered and took his seat beside her. He seemed labouring under the weight of some tidings, he did not know how to break, and appeared moody and embarrassed, and his dark features were knit as if every muscle were strung. She looked at him with an expression of fondness, anxiety, and fear.

"Leah," said he, "you love your child."

She made no reply, but pressed it to her heart as she held it, continuing to regard him with a more intense degree of the same expression.

"You must *part with it*, dearest," he went on. "Listen to me, Leah, that child is destined to murder me, and will do it, sooner or later. Look at that hideous mark on its brow: could you live with such a damning memorandum continually before your eyes. Yes, so certain as it exists, will that boy put me to death. I know this by a strange instinct that has taken possession of me, which I cannot explain to you nor understand myself. But nothing is to be despaired of. I will take every measure to protract,—if possible, to prevent it;—not on my own account, Heaven knows! but on account of him. I would not have him suffer what I do—I would not have him bear that death-agony of soul, with life of body—remorse—"

"John, John," cried she, her eyes filling with tears, "your afflictions have unsettled your mind."

"No, my mind is not like other people's, or I should have long ago sunk into an idiot, or have given myself up to rid me honestly of this torment! No, its power of feeling misery is unimpaired—my mind is unchanged! You must part with the child. I have found a decent person, who, with her husband, is about to emigrate to the woods of America. She has lost a child of nearly the same age, and will take yours and rear it up, where it will never hear of its hapless parents."

"No," she cried, springing to her feet, "I will go with it myself to America, or where you please, and rear it as you wish; but no power shall ever separate me from my child!"

"I will separate you! You must go with me, and think no more of that miserable offspring of crime and sorrow. Dearest, dearest Leah, I cannot part with *you*. You are as it were the soul to my body,—to part from you were death indeed! We will seek together an unknown spot, in some remote part of the world, where I may haply elude the steps of that young avenger of blood."

"No, no, no, John! I cannot do it. I love you dearly, but where my child goes, there I go also;—is it not part of my own being?"

"Nay, you judge erroneously, Leah; your affection for your child is a mere animal instinct: our love is a passion of our minds. It must be as I say, I have considered it deeply and dispassionately, and it is the only measure which promises aught like safety. It will be hard for you, I own; but one pang, and it is over,—much happiness, at least alleviation of misery, may yet be before us."

Leah tried every argument, every endearment, and every appeal to

alter this determination, but without avail. It was, indeed, an affecting sight to see the youthful mother, kneeling in an agony of supplication, that her offspring might not be exiled from her bosom. But he was inexorable, and assured her that next day was the last he could spare it to her.

She begged he would leave her alone till the latest moment she could be with it. He acquiesced, and rose to leave her. She called him to her, as he was going, and kissed him warmly. He was surprised at this, especially after what had just passed between them, but turned and left the room.

Next day, toward the afternoon, he again entered that apartment to tell her the people were come who were to bear away from her her child. She was not there. He tapped at the door of the inner chamber—no answer! He pushed it open and went in. It, too, was empty. She had escaped away,—was gone!

He stood for a while motionless in body—but oh! the fierce tumult that was whirling and eddying in his mind! After he had remained thus for a little, with a loud groan he threw himself upon the bed, and gave way to a torrent of self-reproaches and curses. At length, starting up, he called for his horse, and rode away furiously along the roads, in the hope of overtaking the fugitive. This plan he pursued for several days, going out and riding all over the neighbourhood, carefully examining every passenger. But it was without success, and he gave up the endeavour. He immediately left the place, and never more was seen in that part of the country.

About thirty years after the last detailed events, the acting partner in the firm of Basil and Company, Paper Manufacturers, died suddenly. He left no son to inherit his share in the concern, and, moreover, the business was, at his death, involved in some intricacy.

In consequence of this, the solicitors of Mr. Basil, who had been almost all his life abroad, in communicating to him the state of his affairs, recommended him immediately to return to England, and himself take the management, or engage with another competent partner.

Their answer was his appearance at their place of business, about six months after their letter was despatched. He appeared to be a man between fifty and sixty years of age, much bent, with staid, care-worn, pensive features, and a circlet of grey, or rather white hair, round about his bald crown. His manners were quiet and unobtrusive; his look absent and reflective; his whole aspect that of a rather intellectual person.

He now assumed the management of the factory, where his youth had been passed, and appeared desirous of devoting his whole attention to it. He found many alterations in the works, and himself proceeded to make many more.

The old house by the reservoir, now a complete ruin, he caused to be removed, and in its place, and with its materials, partly, he had constructed a school for the children of his operatives. He did not take up his abode at Whitestream Lodge; in fact, that house had been let to a tenant, a merchant of Bristol, and his lease would not expire for some years to come.

He set about building a cottage, and selected for its site a spot on

the south side of the wood that inclosed the dell of Whitestream, the very fields which I have early in the tale alluded to.

Having furnished this place, and provided it with a library and scientific apparatus, he settled here, devoting himself to the study of mechanics, especially as relating to his own peculiar branch of manufacture. His whole time was yielded up to this study, and the result was, that several curious pieces of mechanism were put on trial, and finally into continual use at Whitestream. The consequence of this was, that the greater part of the work, formerly performed by labour of hand, was now executed in half the time, and an infinitely superior manner, by machinery of iron and wood, and three-fourths of their workmen were thrown out of employment.

A powerful and bitter resentment was raised against Mr. Basil, on this account, in the minds of the labourers, but, persuaded in his own mind of the ultimate benefit to mankind of the substitution of machinery for manual labour, he not only disregarded this, but having first patented his inventions, endeavoured to spread them as widely as possible.

In a certain district in the North of England, in the neighbourhood of a great manufacturing town, there are several extensive paper-works. The proprietors of these having been induced to try Mr. Basil's patent, were so well pleased with its working, as to invite him to a public dinner before his leaving the place, after seeing his machines put in action. He had received many threatening letters from those whom his invention had, for the time, deprived of their living, and he was given to understand that a combination, for his destruction, was afoot among them.

This, however, did not in any degree affect him, and without taking the slightest notice of it, or even making any precaution, he went to the party, amid the hootings of an immense crowd of labouring people, of every description, that beset the neighbourhood.

The hall in which it was held was the ball-room of one of the principal hotels in the place. It had two large windows opening to the street, and two into a wide grassy space in its rear. These latter were thrown open to admit the air. About forty gentlemen dined, and the evening had passed in toasts and complimentary speeches. Mr. Basil was remarked to preserve throughout a calm and habitually melancholy expression, though not at all such as to depress the general hilarity. How much then were the company surprised when, on a sudden, they saw him start into a listening posture, while his face assumed a look of surprise, anxiety, and deep attention. Presently his feelings appeared roused to a pitch of extreme excitement, and, while every eye was fixed upon him in silent wonder, he apologised to the chairman, stating, that under the open windows he heard a voice speak, and a name mentioned, which brought to his memory scenes long since past, and raised in his mind a curiosity of which he could not resist the gratification.

Thereupon, rising, he went quickly to the window, and, bending forwards, looked out. The next instant he staggered rapidly back, and uttering a scream so strangely loud and thrilling that the glasses on the table quivered and rang, fell senseless on the floor.

All immediately sprang up and flew to his assistance.

They found his face covered with what appeared to them a quantity of mud, especially his eyes were completely filled with it. Those parts of the features not reached were of a burning scarlet hue, and his black neckerchief and the collar of his coat were sprinkled with vivid red stains.

They could not divine what this was till one, attempting to wipe it away, had his fingers burnt. It was a large quantity of the strongest *oil of vitriol, mixed with sand*. A cry of horror arose in that hall, so recently ringing with shouts of conviviality, and at once all was confusion, uproar, indecision, wonder, fear.

Some cried out to fix and barricade the doors; others, to send to the barracks, and call out a guard of soldiers. Some crowded round the prostrate gentleman; others ran hither and thither about the great apartment, unknowing what to do or where to fly.

At length a gentleman present, who had been exerting himself to produce something like order, succeeded in pressing, as it were, two terrified waiters to bring cold water, wherewith to dilute and wash away the acid. He was a surgeon, and the leading person of that profession in the place.

He had him then removed upstairs to one of the bedrooms of the hotel, and renewed his sanative endeavours. But it was plainly of no avail—the hellish scheme had been too well concocted, and too adroitly executed. The sand had found its way into the eyes, and deep into the nostrils. Part of the face was already a black, burnt, lifeless mass, and it was plain that sloughing or mortification must spread to a fearful extent. The eyes!—they were already *burnt out*—there was no hope for them. Was there hope for life?—the surgeon shook his head.

Shortly the unfortunate sufferer recovered consciousness—the agony he now endured must have been dreadful; and though he appeared a man who had great control over his feelings, yet his groans were so harrowing, that several people living at the hotel immediately left it for other establishments.

For twenty-four hours this continued; then the pain ceased—for why?—the nerves were dead. The flesh of his face was now a burnt, lifeless mass, and was fast beginning to separate from the bone. Horrible!

But now he commenced to talk in a strange way. His attendants took it for delirium, but the surgeon, as he listened, heard names and circumstances mentioned, with which he recollected himself being involved in early youth, which had been graven, as it were, with an iron pen in his memory. His attention was aroused, and soon he became convinced that his patient was the same by whom, half a lifetime before, he had been so mysteriously employed in London. He spoke to him, and endeavoured to recall himself to his recollection. From that instant the delirium ceased—the poor sufferer spoke no longer of old things—no further did he rave of remorse or vengeance—no more did he murmur the gentle name of Leah Meriel.

“Has the man been taken, doctor?” at length he asked.

“No, it would seem the conspiracy has been so darkly wrought up,

that there is no lighting upon the actual perpetrator. They only wait for a description of his person from you to trace him out, and have him brought to punishment."

"I can give no description!"

"A very large reward has been offered for his apprehension, but hitherto without success; and as most of the men out of employ are emigrating, it is possible he may find his way out of the country before suspicion fairly alights upon him."

"God grant it!"

In a clean, though scantily-furnished apartment of a one-story house, on the outside of the town, sat an elderly woman alone. A table was beside her, with a large old Bible upon it, and a pair of spectacles laid in the fold of the leaves. A lamp hung by a wire from a hook in the ceiling above it, and a small fire was glowing in the chimney. It was past midnight.

She sat in a musing posture, her head leaning on her hand, and her eyes fixed upon the fire. The fender, part of the ring of an old carriage-wheel, supported a couple of small feet, which, from their elegance of shape, along with the little hand, now marked with prominent blue veins, that rested on her knees, could have belonged only to Fairy Leah. It was she.

As she sat, she uttered, apparently without being conscious of it, her thoughts aloud.

"Alas! will he never reform?—will he never become what he was? Not a night that he comes home to me but he is mad with liquor! No change—no amendment—no hope! Woe is my heart—my child is become worse to me than ever my mother was! How shall I soothe him, and get him peaceably to bed?"

Here she heard the door opened—a foot hurried stealthily along the passage, and she rose to her feet to be on her guard as her son entered the room.

He was a tall, besotted-looking young man, with a heavy fur-cap drawn down over his eyes. He stood for a moment, and then slipped down on a chest close to the wall, his features wearing a look of extreme excitement, which, to her eyes, was palpably more than that of drunkenness. She stood looking at him, uncertain what to think or do, overpowered with anxiety and apprehension.

"Mother!" said he, in a low, hoarse voice, while he trembled exceedingly, "*I have killed a man!*"

The agitation of the poor woman was extreme. She attempted to speak, but could not, while she clutched the back of the chair she had risen from, to prevent her from falling to the ground.

"They made me do it," he continued. "The card turned up 'John Meriel,' and we had all sworn. Oh, my God! how different it looks now when it is done, from what it did before! Mother, I am in mortal fear!" and he gave way to a flood of weeping, while she stood gazing at him, struck to the very heart.

"What is it you have done, John?" at length she uttered.

"That man who set up the machines at the mills, that have made us beggars:—the man from some place in ———shire,—Basil is his name."



"Mercy!" she screamed, putting one hand suddenly to her head.

"I have done for him!"

She fell to the floor as if she had been shot.

He sat still for a few minutes, looking at her with a stupid stare. Then, rising, he lifted her up and laid her on the bed in a corner of the place, and resumed his seat on the chest.

The second day after the commission of this crime, a quiet, poor, genteel-looking woman presented herself at the hotel where Basil lay. She inquired if he were yet living. The porter replied that he was still alive and sensible.

"Tell him that a woman is here who very much desires to see him. Her name is Leah Meriel, of ——shire."

The man went directly, not to him, but to the surgeon. On hearing the name mentioned, a strange chain of recollections and surmises arose in his mind, which, combined with what he had gathered from the murmurings of his patient, produced a mass of most unpleasant suspicions, fears, and doubts. He immediately gave instructions to admit her. And yet he repented of this shortly.

"Such an interview is certain, if all be as I think, to hurry his dissolution. But again, there is no hope, and how am I to know whether this matter is not something it may ease his dying moments to have settled?"

He accordingly introduced her, having first mentioned to him the fact of her presence.

She found him laid on his bed, the whole of his face covered with dressings and bandages, his mouth only being free to allow of his breathing.

"Is it you, Leah?" said he, much moved.

"It is John," she replied, and sank upon a chair by the bedside, taking hold of his hand with both of hers.

The surgeon withdrew,—the hired nurse at the time happened to be absent.

"Leah," said he, "I thought you had been long ago laid in your grave. Have you not forgot me—now? I am sure there was little of good in me to be loved so much."

"Forgot you, John! Heaven knows I never loved any human being save you and my miserable son!"

"And after thirty years separation, now when you find me an aged, mangled, dying wretch, do you talk to me in this way?"

"Yes, John, if an eternity were to pass away, could I do aught but still love you—and your child, though he has been to me as any thing but yours. Alas! from first to last, what a life I have led?"

"Comfort yourself, Leah. You have lived sinlessly, and endured your trials with meekness. There is rest for you in futurity—though not for one so fearfully stained as I am."

He paused—he was very weak.

"Is it not an awful thing, Leah, to be dying with such thoughts as these?"

She gave way to a gush of weeping.

"What a fearful account I have to render!" he continued. "Did I not, when I had the rearing of your young mind, teach you evil and not good?"

“Alas! John, you taught me to love you—the rest was all my own.”

“And that crime the most heinous erring man can commit! Did I not slaughter him—send him to judgment unwarned—and he the *father that begot me*? Has not the great Father dreadfully punished the deed. Did not his finger write on my boy’s brow the command ‘*Avenge*’—and see how he has fulfilled it. Yes, Leah, ere his hand did *this* to me, I could see, in the moonlight, [the curse graven on his forehead!”

There was a long pause.

At length he said, in a calmer tone—

“Leah, there is something yet to be done.”

At that moment the surgeon entered the room. He was about to take leave for the time, and stated he would look in again, in the evening.

“Doctor,” said the patient, “is Mr. ——— still in the house? I have changed my mind, and have something to bequeath.”

“I will send for him immediately;” and after looking to the dressings, he withdrew.

The lawyer arrived shortly after, and with his aid, he settled upon Leah a certain annuity, the rest of his larger property going to a distant relation, a manufacturer of Manchester.

When this was done, he was much exhausted. After some minutes, when the gentleman was gone, he desired the waiting-woman to leave the room till she was rung for, and, once more, these two strange beings were left alone together.

Leah, who had now had time to recover from the feelings that at first overpowered her, endeavoured to fill his mind with thoughts and hopes, suitable for one in his situation. May we trust she was successful!

“You were, what the world calls, the ruin of my youth,” said she; “but if I, a frail, erring creature of clay, have forgiven and loved you so sincerely, how greatly more will He pardon, who is himself Mercy and Love?”

In this strain did her quiet, sweet voice pour balm into the wounds of his spirit. Grant it, Heaven! May my deathbed have such a comforter!

All this while he was rapidly sinking. At length he said, in a voice so low and weak, as scarcely to be heard even by her wakeful ears,

“Yes, I begin to think there may be yet mercy for me, and that He has sent you, an angel of goodness and love, to tell me of it, and to throw a halo of hope around my deathbed. I am dying. Do not call any one. I should wish to die as I desired to live, in your presence only, Leah. But don’t be alarmed. It is so easy! I feel just as if I was awakening from a dream, only the process of change is slower.”

“God grant you may awaken from the short fevered dream of this world to a bright everlasting reality!”

“Amen, Leah!—but it is a hard thing to part from you again when I had found you after so long a separation.”



This was uttered slowly, and almost by syllables.

In a paroxysm of unsuppressible emotion, she threw herself on the bed. When the fit was over, and allowed her to observe, she saw he breathed no longer. He was dead. And such was the deathbed of a **PARRICIDE!**

His body was conveyed to Whitestream, and laid in a little gothic tomb, he had himself caused to be constructed, in the churchyard of the parish.

Leah, by the help of the annuity he had left her, followed to that place. She did not long linger behind him. Within a year, she too had sunk. It was her latest request that she should be buried in the same grave with him; but this, from the prejudices of his friends, could not be complied with. The country people, however, made her grave close on the outside of the wall of the tomb; and there she lies, without stone or inscription, or even a flower to record her existence. Whether these things are of consequence to her now, however, I leave, reader, to your quiet thoughts.

As for her son, his fate is unknown to me. Three persons were taken for the crime—but he was not one of them. Two, to whom the connexion with the conspiracy could be partly brought home, were imprisoned for six months each—the third was set free. It is to be believed, either that some accident befel him, or that he escaped from the country with the emigrants.

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## LOVE.

Oh! Love is like the belted bee  
Bright hovering in spring :  
Be wise, and touch him warily,  
Or ye may feel his sting !

The honey'd prize will boom away,  
Lost o'er the roaring river ;  
But in the heart the sting will stay,  
And, venom'd, work for ever.

Oh ! never hung a bonnier bee  
On sweeter opening flow'r  
Than waked the honey-love in me,  
Chance passing at the hour—

But never boy, with wilder spring,  
Released his prey in terror,  
Than I to feel the hidden sting,  
And know my fatal error,

MARC LOGON.

## THE LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

A **PURE** love of *the* country is as rare as a pure love of country, without the article. What love of the country is ~~not~~ will help us to the discovery of what it properly *is*. All who go to the country, or fly to the country, or even who prefer the country to the town, are not lovers of it, or in Horace's frame of mind, when he ejaculated,

"O rus quando te aspiciam,"

and sighed for the Sabine villa.

Many thousands repair to their country-houses, or those of their relatives and friends, solely because a certain time of the year has come, when by the canon-law of fashion it is absolutely forbidden to abide any longer in houses with numbers, and streets with names. How often is the law cursed while it is obeyed! How many "a longing, lingering look" is cast from the woods and fields during the weary months of August and September, back upon Piccadilly and the Strand! Hundreds would pass the livelong summer in the very heart's core of London—if they dared! With such the love of the country is simply the want of courage to live in town. But why give way to this false shame and make themselves martyrs to an affected taste? Is it scandalous to summer in a city? Where is the disgrace of being seen lounging in Pall-mall or Bond-street, when the sun is in Leo? If you prefer the Haymarket to the meadows whence the hay comes, why not avow it like an honest man, and boldly stick to the metropolis? It is no crime (though in the opinion of some it may be a blunder) to relish Spring-gardens or the Temple-gardens, or even Hatton-garden, better than all the gardens of all the country-seats in England. Much is to be said, too, with a little ingenuity, in behalf of your civic predilections. The roses of Hatton-garden have no thorns; there lurk no ambushed snakes under the grass of St. James's Park; no shipwrecks agonize your feelings as you pace the Strand; no bull rushes out to gore and toss you, if you saunter among the bowers of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then the city has many, very many, of the objects which are so much admired and sought for in the country, and which the country is erroneously supposed to possess exclusively. Books have been written on the Natural History of London. You may botanize in every part of the town, and if you are an ornithologist, you have only to ascend any church-steeple, or climb your own chimneys, which is still permitted you by law. Do you want rookeries?—repair to St. Giles's, or stroll into Old Jewry. If rookeries of brick are not so rural as those of trees, Irishmen are surely more romantic than crows, and Jews more picturesque than jackdaws. If the country should boast its crisped brooks and flowery streams, it may fairly be answered that the Thames is, by confession, the noblest stream in England, and that this glorious river is broader in London than any where else. Besides the country has no sewers! This is a point in which the town carries it hollow.

Some people are fond of hills; well, are there no hills in London?

Are hills incompatible with cities? There is Rome, a large city, which has no fewer than seven. Paris has even its mountains, for example Montmartre. To be sure Paris is more celebrated for its *champagne*, but I mention Tower-hill, Holborn-hill, and the hills of Rome and Paris, only to show that all is not as *flat* in great cities as is sometimes supposed; you can have your ups and downs, your hill and valley, in the metropolis as well as in Wales or Cumberland. The chief drawback I see upon the pleasure of a tour in London, compared with an excursion through the Welch mountains is, that in the latter there is some chance, if not a very great probability, of an upset on the verge of a precipice, and a roll down a thousand feet of rocks, into some wizard brook below: enjoyments which you must make up your mind to dispense with in the former, there being no precipices to be met with, and no brook to be seen or heard, save only Brook-street.

However I do not mean to affirm that a complete *rus in urbe* is in the nature of things. As my friend Quinapulus finely observes, "the country is the country, and the town is the town." There is a very marked difference between the flowers that drag out their wretched vegetable lives in the windows of a street in Bloomsbury, and those that flourish wild and free on the banks of the Wye, or the sides of Cader Idris. I am only saying that if a man detests a country life, he ought not to allow fashion to compel him to lead one. It is better to feign excuses for passing August in the Albany, than commit the practical and vexatious hypocrisy of sojourning at Llangollen and sighing for London.

Others there are who fly to cottages and woods for the sake of emancipation from the restraints and formalities imposed by towns. They rusticate for the pleasures of being rustic, a very different thing from being rural. To one, a retreat to Devonshire is an escape from trousers and Wellingtons to buckskins and tops. Another absconds to the Highlands to disencumber himself of gloves. A third ensconces himself in the mountains of Caernarvonshire for the prerogative of shaving but once a week, or cutting his razor altogether. Why not turn Muselman and stay in London? The number of instances would astonish you in which love of the country is resolvable into mere natural antipathy to personal cleanliness. A vacation in the country is to very many, particularly students and gowmsmen, only so many holidays from soap and water—a long reprieve from the brush and comb.

"This is a charming retreat; what a sweet cottage! such beautiful wood! such enchanting water! What name do you give this little Paradise?"

"Les Delices."

"It is indeed a delicious spot."

"I enjoy it more than words can express; you see *I wear no braces.*"

Akin to this is the love of sauntering and day-dreaming, to both of which the country is favourable, and the town unpropitious. You may lounge in Bond-street, but you cannot saunter. You can only saunter in fields and forests; and it is needless to expatiate upon the perils and dangers of day-dreaming (which is pretty much the same as sleep-walking), amidst the whirl of cabs, calashes, drays, dog-carts, coaches, caravans, trucks, tandems, Broughams, britzskas, chariots, curricles,

chairs, carts, vans, waggon, and omnibuses, constituting the moving mass of the mighty tide of life and population which daily and nightly sweeps through the passes and thoroughfares of London. The place to saunter is Blackheath, Salisbury-plain, Windsor Park, or the Trosachs. The country is the place for a ramble and a revery; in town if you stray you are lost; if you doze you are diddled. But the saunterer and dreamer does not seek the country because he loves it or prefers it; he chooses the fields because he can stroll about them with his hands in his pockets, as the poet Thomson ate his peaches from the garden-wall; or because he can somnambulize at noonday, as the albatross is said to sleep upon the wing; or because there are haycocks and banks of primroses and daisies, where he can occasionally stretch out his lubber length, and solicit slumbers which it might be fatal to enjoy in the equestrian Maelstrom of Charing-cross, or in the vehicular torrent of Cheapside.

The mere desire of change causes many a town-mouse to metamorphose himself for months into a country mouse. This class provincialize themselves for one half of the year merely because they have been metropolitans for the other. They are fully as happy in returning to town in February as in returning to the country in June. Their enjoyment of life, like the amusement of dancing, consists entirely in changing places. They have been so long in Harley-street, that they must go down to Hants; and then they remain so long in Hants that they must go back to Harley-street. Thus they swing between town and country, like a pendulum, or Mahomet's coffin, and if they ever settle, it is in the suburbs.

Observe your suburban people; they invariably tell you that they love the country, while the very choice they have made of an abode, demonstrates that they love the town just as well. Why does any family fix itself at Kensington or Hampstead, but because they cannot tear themselves away from Park-lane or Bloomsbury? They seek to please two masters; man, who made the town, and God, who made the country. Betwixt streets of red brick and lanes of green trees they know not which to choose, and therefore, like all temporizers, they endeavour to reconcile both by quartering themselves in ruddy villas peeping over clumps of verdure, resembling inverted bunches of carrots in Covent-garden.

Are places like these the country?—no more than Covent-garden is the garden of the Hesperides. As imitations of the country, they are more to be detested for that very reason; just as the monkey is particularly hideous because it apes the man. But what makes the suburbs most ridiculous is that they mimic both the country and the town; here is a row of houses trying to look like Portland-street; there a group of cottages giving themselves the airs of a Tyrolese hamlet. Beside an ambitious copy of a house in Finsbury, you see a still more daring attempt at a villa on the lake of Como. When cockneys go to fancy-balls, it is remarked that they generally appear as shepherds or sportsmen. Snobbs is generally a Corydon; Priggins must be Hawthorn; and Miss Snooks, Amaryllis or nothing. In the same way, the most citizenlike of all imaginable dwellings of baked red clay, will surround itself with three laburnums, two lilacs,

and a poplar, and call itself "Sans Souci," or "The Hermitage." Fancy a hermitage with a brass knocker! Figure to yourselves the cell of a recluse with a brass plate upon the door bearing the inscription of "Mr. Stubbs!" An anchorite of the name of Stubbs! Or Wiggins an eremite!

Far in a wild, remote from public view,  
From youth to age, the reverend Wiggins grew.

A great revolution has taken place since the jaded inhabitant of London could escape from his dungeon on a bright morning, in early summer, and convey himself, within the limits of a conscionable fasting walk, to a genuine rural spot beyond the "smoke and stir" of the metropolis, such as Milton had in his eye when he wrote his well-known simile,

As one who long in populous city pent, &c.

The country ventured in those days to come to the very gates of the capital. I will not say that the Fauns danced at Brompton, or that Sylvanus was ever seen in the shades of Vauxhall, or that the trees of Kensington were tenanted by the Dryads, or that Dian ever hunted with her nymphs over Harrow-hill; for Milton would have recorded those events had they taken place in his times; but it is certain that "pleasant villages and farms" then "adjoined" London; that "each rural sight" was to be seen, "each rural sound" heard; a man might then have led a pastoral or even a hermit's life almost within the bills of mortality, provided his name was neither Tubbs or Tomkins, and provided he abstained from brass-plates and knockers; but now the very idea of a Colin, or a Tuck, within fifty miles of St. Paul's, is enough to make even Heraclitus laugh: the town has put the country to flight; nay, the country may be said to have been turned out of the country. *Rus in urbe* must indeed be chimerical, where to find even *rur in rure* is no easy matter. Steam has a great deal to answer for. We have never heard the rail in the meadows, since we began to travel on railroads. A day's journey will hardly bring us within the note of the cuckoo, and the song of the nightingale will soon be as the music of the spheres. Probably, before many years the only sounds heard in England will be the hissing of the boiler, and the mechanical clatter of the steam-coach. Agreeable exchange for the song of the milkmaid and the warbling of Philomel!

A querulous friend remarked:

"I have no motives to take me to the country now."

"No motives! have you not the loco-motives?"

"But seriously, there is no longer an object."

"Object! is there not always the *terminus*?"

"Ay, the *terminus*, that everlasting *terminus*; of all pedantries save me from the pedantry of engineering; time was when I could go to Torquay, or Clifton, or Norwood, or Beaumaris—now I must go to a *terminus*; I cannot stir a step beyond a *terminus*; pray tell me, if you have so much geography, where is *Terminus*? Or who is *Terminus*?"

"There was a Roman deity so called."

"Not Roman—English! he is the god of those pagan engineers, and the idol of the railway companies at this moment. I shall worship Juggernaut sooner than Terminus."

"Well determined," I replied.

In the course of another conversation lately, a person alluded to the subject of Rural Deans, and a clergyman present remarked that their office was a very ancient one.

"Yet I do not recollect," somebody answered, "that it is mentioned in the '*De Rusticâ*,' or by either Theocritus or Virgil."

"Did any body ever *see* a Rural Dean?" asked a third.

It happened that *I* had seen that spiritual phenomenon, and I said so.

"You saw a Rural Dean!" exclaimed several voices.

"Where?" demanded the most incredulous of the company.

"In Fleet-street!"

Oddly enough, out of a party of seven or eight, including a clergyman, I was the only one who had ever seen a Rural Dean, and I had seen him in the heart of London.

"The only decided case I ever met with of *rus in urbe*," said Quinapulus.

Little boys and girls think they love the country very sincerely, when in fact they love only gooseberries and cherries. The country is a fruitful theme of panegyric as long as there is fruit upon the trees. Well, it is as legitimate to worship Pomona for her apples and pears, as the true divinity for the sake of the loaves and fishes.

"But nobody is so wicked?" says Simplex.

"Nobody!—suppose the fish a turbot!—what think you?"

"Oh, a turbot! that alters the case."

This, however, is rambling. To return then to our subject; we proceed from the views of little girls to consider those of young women, over whom "the sentimental" exercises a potent influence, and enters largely into their inclinations towards the country. To them the country is Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia realized; every lass is a Galatea, every lad a Tityrus, the commonest hind a Colin Clout. They think there is a pair of turtle-doves for every tree in the island, and their notion of a lamb is that of a little capering quadruped, covered with the finest wool, and bedizened with pink ribbons. The thought of a pig never enters their dear heads, and the ploughboys of their fancies have the countenances of cherubs, dress like the Queen's pages, and whistle only Italian airs. They cannot conceive what people want with such coarse things as bread and bacon, when they can breakfast on honey, and dine on conserve of roses. As to killing a lamb for food, they would just as soon cherish the thought of parricide. They revolt from a pigeon-pie as they would from the banquet of Thyestes. However, these fair enthusiasts will eat boiled chicken and roast ducks, neither chickens nor ducks being fortunate enough to share the protection with which poetry and sentiment shield the dove and the redbreast. Potatoes they consider a barbarous innovation upon the dietary of pastoral romance. The ground would be much better occupied with peaches and nectarines.



Who could think of sitting in Rosamond's bower, eating "pink-eyes?" Or in a grotto,

With wild thyme, and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

munching "purple kidneys?" Faugh!—the Wild Irish Girl, herself, would shudder at such an *inconvenience*. A Parliament of sentimental damsels would turn the agricultural interest upside down; the corn-fields would be turned into fields of mignonette, the hop-gardens into groves of myrtle, and the Board of Trade would be exclusively engaged in securing the carnation trade with France, and our commerce in hyacinths and tulips with the Dutch.

Do any of our readers remember the celebrated Signor Pastorelli, who paid England a visit some years since? His advertisements, in the form of a circular letter, ran as follows:

"Signor Pastorelli, from Arcadia, presents his compliments to the ladies of England, and has the honour to inform them that he has arrived in this country with a new and complete assortment of every article in the sylvan and pastoral line. He ventures to assert, that such a superb variety of crooks was never before presented to the shepherdesses of Great Britain. His *chapeau de paille d'Arcadie* will be admitted a paragon of rural elegance and beauty. The most cursory inspection of his ivory rakes, tortoiseshell spades, and alabaster milk-pails, will give unbounded satisfaction.

"The Signor solicits particular attention to his far-famed pipe, made after the exact model of the instrument on which the Roman swains played in the time of Signor Virgilio; and to his incomparable Æolian harp, which performs the choicest serenades when it is laid on a bank of violets in a southerly breeze.

"Pastorelli begs also to state that he is professor of the art of billing and cooing, in which he gives lessons (twelve for one guinea).

"His dove-quill pens for love-letters are recommended; also his couleur-de-rose ink, which has the admirable property of making the most insipid note that a lady or gentleman can indite, seem the wittiest and most agreeable billet-doux to the individual who has the happiness to receive it.

"Lambs taught to skip quadrilles and gallopades.

"Bees taught to hum the Irish melodies, as originally written by Monsieur L'Amour.

"N.B.—One or two dying swans for sale. Immediate application necessary.

"Thatched House,

"May 1."

The sentimentalist, however, loves the country of the fancy, not the country as it is in fact. No people are so soon wearied and disgusted with a rural life as those who prepare for it under the tuition of the Shenstones and Pastorellis. Nothing can be more remote from the reality than the romance. For one pair of cooing doves, there are in every farm in England twenty pair of gabbling geese, as many of waddling ducks, the same proportion of turkeys, the same of barn-



door fowl, a feathered band that makes a very excellent figure indeed upon plate and platter, but which the pastoral poets, with one accord, abandon to the poulterer and the cook.

Take the sentimentalist from the sheepcot to the pigsty, and see how the change will affect him; yet a swine is as rural as a sheep, although he is not commonly petted in his pignood, and perhaps never decorated with knots of ribbon. The sight of a *bond fide* shepherd is the best of all remedies for the diseased imagination, that fancies all the flocks in the empire tended by Arcadian youths prattling eclogues from sunrise to sunset.

How picturesque is a thatched cottage, imbosomed in trees, seen from the opposite side of a stream or valley!

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, your picturesque cottage is as dark as a dungeon, as damp as a fen, as low as a cock-pit, and as prolific of insect life as an ant-hill, or a decayed cheese. I have seen an enchanting one, where you could gather mushrooms on the floor of the kitchen, study the whole science of entomology in the bedchambers, amuse yourself with rat-catching in the drawing-room, and compose a treatise upon all the winds of Heaven from a personal experience of their relative impetuosities, as you sat at dinner in the parlour. Perhaps there is no better test of a genuine love of the country than living in a cottage to enjoy it. But there are cottages in the air as well as castles in the air, and visionary people will continue to build both to the end of the chapter.

Numbers there are who repair to the country for retirement and repose after a life of business and care. Having over-drudged themselves in the city, they conclude that they can only have relaxation by leaving it; and accordingly they rush into the fields, and sometimes take to agriculture at sixty. There is no character more diverting to others, and more wretched in himself, than a sexagenarian citizen transmuted into a farmer.

I knew a hosier who underwent this ridiculous metamorphosis. Until he left his counter, he could just as easily have squared the circle as explained the difference between a plough and a harrow. Had you shown him a field of wheat and told him it was an oaken copse, he would have implicitly believed you. I found him one day amongst his cabbages, hunting for a rose; and his acquaintance with animals was such, that I have no doubt he verified the proverb by "by going to the goat's house to look for wool." You may guess what a fortune he made by farming, and what a happy life he led, between his losses and disappointments, the frauds committed on him, and the ridicule of the whole neighbourhood. His family made pets of every beast and bird on the estate, so that his table in the country was as ill-furnished as in town it had been remarkable for its vulgar profusion. With poultry in the greatest abundance, you might as well have looked for a roast ostrich as a roast duck at Newborough; the ducks were under the patronage of Miss Amelia, and they waddled about with an air of assurance, as much as to say, "We are not to be eaten."

One day I had the following dialogue with dame Pluck, the hen-wife, in the farmyard:

"Those are fine, fat chickens, Mrs. Pluck."

"Yes, surely, sir; they gets plenty to eat, so they do."

"There's a nice pair for boiling; shall we have them to-morrow?"

"Them's the mistress's chickens, sir."

"I know they are, but they are just fit to be killed."

"Kill the mistress's chickens! I wonder what she'd say, sir, if she heard you talk of killing her chickens!"

"They are pets, I see; well, I love ducks as well; there's a plump one; I hope I'll soon see you on the dish, my fine fellow."

"If Miss Amelia has no objection, I have none," answered Mrs. Pluck.

"Objection to ducks!"

"Only to roasting them, sir; nobody ever saw a duck roasted, or a chicken boiled in this house, since Mr. Chubb came to it."

"Eat nothing but geese and turkeys!"

"Eat the geese!—eat my master's geese! I never saw such a gentleman for eating."

"Well, the turkeys! May I have a boiled turkey?"

"Master Dickey, will you let one of your turkeys be put in the pot and boiled for this gentleman's dinner?" cried Mrs. Pluck to Mr. Chubb's third boy, who happened at the moment to enter the yard.

Master Dickey returned an indignant negative, although I could perceive he would have sacrificed his mother's chickens and his sister's ducks with little scruple.

My resentment was prodigious; loving poultry from my youth up, and surrounded with the fattest chickens, geese, and turkeys, without the prospect of tasting a merrythought or a drumstick of one of them, it occurred to me to set fire to the hen-house some dark night, and thus lay in a store of roast-fowl for the season. But I contented myself with taking advantage one day of Mrs. Pluck's absence from her post to shoot a pair of the fattest chickens, which I deposited in my game-bag, and returning with my gun on my shoulder, presented them to the citizen and his lady as a brace of partridges! The chickens were missed, and Mrs. Chubb plucked a crow with Mrs. Pluck upon the subject, but the murder I perpetrated, and the trick I played, are secrets from the Chubb family to this hour.

But more people leave town to worry and destroy the animal kingdom than to cherish and protect them. However, I am not going to deliver myself of a diatribe against sportsmen, although I do not think them entitled to style themselves true lovers of the country, any more than the classes I have already mentioned, or many others which I must leave untouched.

I know I shall be expected to explain, before I conclude, what I consider the true love of the country to consist in. This expectation I do not mean to satisfy at present. Perhaps I may do so on some future occasion; perhaps I may not.

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THE FIVE INCUMBENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. II.

THE RECTOR OF RUSHLEY,

CHAP. I.

Un homme robuste, mais énervé.

VICTOR HUGO.

ON the morning following the recital of the Vicar of Clearstream's adventures I rose with the lark and sallied forth, like a schoolmaster, rod in hand.

As the trout rose at the same time, and my flies fell killingly on the surface of the river, I soon filled my creel. After weighing and inspecting each fish individually, and under the advice of mine host selecting the best-conditioned, I carried them with me to the vicarage, where, as the reader will be pleased to remember, I had promised to take my meals.

I was greeted with nods and becks and wreathed smiles by the vicar and his children, who, the morning task being ended, were waiting in the garden to receive me.

Miss Woodward was busily engaged in preparing the morning meal, and as soon as we had exchanged courtesies, the signal was given that all was ready and we took our seats.

I do not know how it is, but I can never enjoy a London breakfast. The hot rolls smell of green baize and look like Smyrna sponges; the white bread seems arid, and reminds one of dead men's bones and bean-flour; the butter is served up in such very diminutive pats, that it seems to hint at its costliness and beg you to be sparing in the use of it; the tea tastes of Thames water with a dash of the flavour caused by the last corpse that was picked up, after being dragged for several days, just opposite the Penitentiary at Millbank. As for a London egg, though you do get your chicken into the bargain, a man must be cracked who ventures to crack the shell of one, unless he is a comparative anatomist, or a positive fool; the broiled ham, as they call it, is a gross insult to all the Bacon family; and the coffee, a compound of burnt beans and chicory, is rendered more filthy by being infused in a patent filterer, which allows all the filth, and none of the flavour, to run through it; as to milk—bah!—*whiting and water*—it is a most unenticing meal to me—a London breakfast.

Miss Woodward had prepared for us a very different sort of feast. We had home-made bread—white and brown, oven cakes, as sweet and as light as Love himself, a large supply of freshly-made butter, with eggs newly laid and ready to burst their shells with the milky fluid within them: the cream was almost of the consistency of butter,

and, like undergraduate port wine, refused to be poured out. Then the tea, good of its sort, used liberally and infused in the pure water that trickled through the gravel rocks above us, and filtered itself, was delicious. The coffee, newly roasted and ground, made after the olden fashion, and supplied hot from the coffee-pot, filled the parlour with its refreshing odour. The more solid part of the meal consisted of rashers of streaked bacon nicely toasted—not broiled, a brace of trouts grilled, and covered with bread crumbs and chopped mushrooms; a large dish of crayfish, for which Clearstream is justly renowned, and a collared eel, which would have provoked the appetite of an anchorite and caused him to regret, if not forget, his vow as a herb and water totaller. Good as every thing was, it was doubtless rendered better by a three hours' fishing in the open air of a bracing summer's morning.

"*Fiat justitia*," said I, internally, and justice *was* done internally.

I had engaged a four-wheeled carriage, which mine host called "a pheayton," and had arranged to drive the vicar and his children over to Winchester, wishing to see the cathedral and other old buildings, for which that town and its neighbourhood are justly celebrated. I had, moreover, selected a bright sovereign, and placed it apart from its companions, as a tip for the son of an old and valued friend, who was studying his humanities in William of Wykeham's college—that is, he was learning to spear trout, spin cockchafters, bait cats, and draw badgers.

L'homme propose—Dieu dispose.

The children were dressing themselves in their best, the vicar was putting on an immaculate white tie, and I was looking out for Boots, who in his other character of ostler had promised to bring down the chaise—trap is, I believe, more correct—when an exceedingly neat landaulet, drawn by a pair of fat and well-fed steeds, and driven by an unctuous and malt-inflamed-faced coachman, was whirled up to the vicarage-gate at the rate of three miles-and-a-half an hour.

The carriage was occupied, I might almost say filled, by a magnificent specimen of a full-grown and flourishing divine—for there was no mistaking his profession. He wore a most correct and carefully-cut frock, shorts and silks, with buckles—large, solid, silver buckles—at his knees and on his instep. His throat was encircled with a fine white stock, and on his hair, which was slightly mixed with gray, or slightly powdered, I could hardly tell which, he wore a hat, which though not decidedly a shovel, displayed a disposition to emulate and imitate the cut episcopal or archidiaconal.

As I was a stranger to him, I retreated from the gate and walked slowly along the shrubbery which ran parallel with the road. Though not partial to eves-dropping, I could not help hearing the following dialogue, as both master and man were blessed with loud voices; although the former spoke in a fine, sonorous bass, and the latter whistled out his words in a snuffling choky kind of treble.

"Haugh—humph!—eh? Zachariah—Zachariah Bond—why—eh? Why do you stand there?" said the master.

“ B’ent standing — ‘cause I’m sitting — eeh—eeh !” replied the man.

“ Why the dickens—eh ? Haugh—humph ! Why don’t you descend and inquire if my friend, Mr. Woodward, is at home—eh ?” continued the master, slightly rapping the bottom of the carriage with his amber-headed walking-stick, which he used as a resting-place for his hands.

“ Whoah—who-oh ! Don’t you be in such a mortal hurry—got the whole day before us. Gently there, Juggenel—steady there, Brown Bury—take it easy, you fiery rogues—nothing got by hurrying,” said the man, addressing his cumbrous master and more cumbrous steeds without deigning to turn his head.

“ Zachariah—Zachariah Bond—humph—haugh !—eh ? Do you mean to do as I bid you ?” inquired the master in louder tones, accompanied by a louder rap of the bamboo.

“ By and by—lots of time—who-oh ! You’ve earned your oats, my cherubs—take it easy,” said Zachariah.

“ Well, this is abominable—haugh ! humph ! ! Am I to get down myself ?—eh ? answer me that, Zachariah—Zachariah Bond !”

“ No occasion to move,” said Zachariah, as he rose from the box, slowly and deliberately. “ I *must* get down, for Juggenel’s got a fly on his flank and his swish tail ain’t long enough by two inches to flick it off. Whoah—who-oh, my cherubs, I’m a coming—gently, Brown Bury—take it easy—lots of time.”

The master smiled goodnaturedly when he saw his servant begin to descend, and during the five minutes, which were consumed in the operation, merely uttered one, “ Humph—haugh !”

Zachariah, however, instead of going in at the garden-gate to inquire for the vicar, stood and gazed at his steeds. Examining all their points as minutely as if he had never seen them before, and only had them out on trial. Then he gave his thigh a hearty slap, and looking at his master for the first time, said inquiringly,

“ Aint them beauties ?—aint I done my duty by ‘em ?”

The master put his head out at the side of the carriage, and after first surveying the off horse and then the near horse carefully, replied,

“ Beautiful—very beautitul—well-fed and well curried—now, Zachariah—haugh—humph !—you may as well inquire for Mr. Woodward—eh ?”

“ Whoah—who-oh—my cherubs—gently there—no hurry—lots of time—now for that ‘ere fly,” said Zachariah, as he stole on tiptoe towards the insect, which, after taking aim with uplifted hand for five minutes, he succeeded in immolating by a thump which would have broken the ribs of any horse not so well protected with fat as Juggenel was. Then he walked round to the side of Brown Bury, and after ascertaining by a prolonged examination, that there was not another fly to be sacrificed, he patted both his nags very affectionately—begged them to stand quite still—be gentle—not to be in a hurry, for there was lots of time—he walked backwards towards the gate, as if he was afraid of losing sight of his cattle.

Whether he would have progressed backwards towards the door of the vicarage I cannot say, as his progress was prevented by my friend,

who having completed his toilet, hastened out to greet his visiter, and announced his presence to Zachariah, by asking him how he did.

Zachariah, without turning round to look at the vicar, replied, "Pretty tolerable, Mr. Woodward, considering the pace we're come. Master is always in *such* a hurry! but never mind—don't hurry—lots of time—he'll keep. Just you come and look at Juggenel and Brown Bury—ain't they beautiful? ain't they earned their oats? ain't I done my duty by 'em? who-oh—you fiery rogues! I'm a coming."

Mr. Woodward pushed Zachariah on one side, and opening the door and letting down the steps of the carriage, assisted the master to dismount, while the servant, without turning his head to see if his assistance was required, quietly surveyed his favourites and assured them there was no hurry but lots of time.

I was soon summoned from the shrubbery, and introduced to the new arrival as Mr. Worthington, the rector of Rushly. My name and the object of my visit to Clearstream were made known to him. He shook me kindly by the hand, and hoped I had been successful in my sport.

Now there was nothing peculiar in this hope—it was what I might have expected; but the words were accompanied with such a peculiar wink of the left eye, that seemed to imply, "You have not caught a single fish, and are not likely to catch one."

I replied that I had had excellent sport.

"Humph—haugh!—eh? not caught a cold I hope."

This again was, I doubt not, a sincere wish on his part—but the wink, which was fiercer than before, seemed to convert his meaning into, "I am sure you have a sore throat, a violent catarrh, and an incipient rheumatic fever."

I felt rather uncomfortable. I hardly knew what to be at. Was he a wag, and ought I to laugh at a joke poked, as the Yankees say, at myself, or did he mean to insult me? I looked at his face. It was so placid, calm, and benevolent-looking, that I at once dismissed the last query from my thoughts and smiled blandly as I replied that I never caught cold in fishing, as I was well protected with water-proofs.

"Exceedingly glad to hear it—humph—haugh!—eh? Capital things are waterproofs, Mr. Woodward, some persons doubt their existence, *I* don't," said the vicar, as he winked, as much as to say, "it's all a hum."

I watched the vicar's face to see what effect the wink would have on him. He seemed not to observe it. I then thought it possible that they were conspiring against me, to turn me into ridicule. I did not show any anger though I felt angry, but resolved to bide my time, and if I saw any decided attempt to annoy me, to express my opinion freely on their rudeness and then cut the connexion.

Just as I had made this wise resolution, I heard the noise of wheels and saw Boots coming up with the "pheayton." When he drew up near the rector's carriage, and as closely as he could to the garden-gate, Zachariah, who seemed thunderstruck at his impudence, in daring to come nigh his cattle with a hack horse, who might have the glanders, or any other catchable disorder, for aught he knew, screeched out,



“Who-oh there, fellow! Take it easy—no hurry—lots of time—steady, my cherubs—gently, you fiery rogues—keep off—pull in your ringboned, spavined, glandered *hack*.”

Boots, who knew his man, and wished to provoke him, drove his *hack* close up to the side of the off cherub, and gave a peculiar chuck, chuck, chuck with his tongue.

This set Juggenel and Brown Bury moving and when Zachariah ran to their heads, and cried out, “Who-oh! my cherubs—steady, you fiery rogues—lots of time,” Boots, as I could plainly see, gave them a cut across their loins, which set them prancing in a manner that astonished Zachariah, who evidently “did not think it was in them.”

He held on tightly by their bits and addressed them and the offending ostler at the same time.

“Steady there, Juggenel—you boot-cleaning brute—take it easy, Brown Bury—gently, my cherubs—you’ve earned your oats—you *hack*-scraping, corn-stealing, horse-teeth-greasing rascal—no hurry—lots of time—you fiery rogues—ain’t they beautiful?—you bagman-cheating, mane-and-tail docker, how dare you hit my cherubs? Ain’t we come the pace? gently there—who-oh—I’ll lay my whip across your loins, get your nose in a twitch, and screw it out of your ugly face.”

Boots replied with a loud laugh, and Zachariah shouted for his master.

Mr. Worthington strutted down to the gate, and being informed by his men, that the dirty fellow in the *hack*-shay had almost made Juggenel and Brown Bury run off and smash the carriage to pieces, and that he himself had nearly been kicked into four quarters, in trying to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, the rector told Boots that “he was a very badly-conducted young man, and that he should tell his master, and get him removed from his situation.”

Though this was seriously, nay, solemnly spoken, I thought it was all a joke, and that he was glad to see his impudent servant tormented, because the words were accompanied by the provoking winks I have mentioned.

Boots was evidently not of my opinion; for he looked very sheepish and moved off to a respectful distance on the opposite side of the road.

“I knew I should be purtected,” said Zachariah, triumphantly, and patting his now quiet steeds. “If I hadn’t a been purtected, I’d have given master his discharge, and taken a fresh un—no hurry though—lots of time.”

Mr. Woodward had by this time joined us. He explained to the rector our plans for the day, and invited him to share the dinner at the vicarage.

Mr. Worthington would not listen to such an arrangement. He had a plan of his own, and thus explained it after he had sent back “the pheayton” without consulting me.

“I came over to ask you to dine with me, my friend. I have had a’most beautiful turbot sent me, with two fine lobsters, one full of coral and the other of berries—fine and fresh—(a wink, which convinced me that they wanted dressing). I have a fine quarter of lamb, and the first gathering of peas out of my own garden—(another wink, which



clearly implied Covent Garden to me). These with a spring chicken and asparagus will form your dinner. I shall be proud to see your friend, Mr. Scribbler—(meaning me)—with you. I shall feel honoured by the company of a stranger, who appears so gentlemanly and agreeable a person. Haugh—humph!—eh? Mr. Woodward?”

I bowed of course, but rather stiffly, as the movement of the left eyelid, which was more prolonged than usual, gave to his words the expression of the keenest irony.

“Then—humph—haugh!—eh? it is settled. The children shall not be disappointed of their ride—Mr. Scribbler shall see Winchester—beautiful building the cathedral—eh? Nice men, the dean and canons—amiable prelate the bishop—eh?—(A wink, hinting that they were just the reverse.) Come, we are all ready—jump in—eh? Zachariah—Zachariah Bond, I say—eh? Drive to Winchester—humph! haugh!”

Zachariah, who had allowed us to take our seats without offering to assist us or even turning his head towards us, suffered the reins to slip through his hands sufficiently to enable him to reach the carriage-door. He stood still and keeping his eyes fixed on his cherubs, coolly said, “Not upon no account.”

“Eh?—what?—Zachariah—Zachariah Bond—humph—haugh! what do you mean?”

“I mean that them ere fiery rogues—as has earnt their oats already, ain’t a-going to go to Winchester to-day—five miles and a-half of it, and all against collar. Who-oh! my cherubs, easy does it—no hurry—lots of time—that’s all I mean,” said Mr. Bond.

“You are a rude, disobliging menial—you shall quit my service—I’ll—yes—eh?—humph! haugh! I’ll drive myself, and leave you to walk home—you—you very disobliging menial.”

Zachariah could not have seen the motion of the eyelid which terminated this angry speech, for he was as usual eyeing his horses; but he answered as if he had, and said,

“No, you won’t.”

“Won’t, sirrah! I will—eh? open the door.”

“Gently there—easy does it—no hurry—lots of time. I ain’t a-going to trust you to drive these fiery rogues—your neck’s a deal too precious—you aint a-going to leave the world yet, and be made a cherubim—no hurry—lots of time—who-oh!”

“Will you drive to Winchester, or will you not? Zachariah—Zachariah Bond—humph!—haugh!—eh?” said the rector very angrily, and winking with wonderful rapidity.

“Do you want to go there? Then of course I will. But easy does it. Juggenel and Brown Bury don’t start on such a journey without having a lock of hay and their mouths washed out.”

“Very right, very proper; I like a man to be kind to his beasts. Zachariah Bond is a very good servant, Mr. Scribbler, an excellent servant; he does his duty, but he likes to do it in his own way. Humph! haugh! Eh! Mr. Woodward?”

I was so tickled at this remark that I believe I imitated the rector, and winked, for he looked at me, then at the bottom of the carriage, fidgetted in his seat and blushed.

Zachariah Bond, after feeding his horses with half a truss of hay,

and giving them a bucket of water between them, with a little meal stirred up in it, condescended to mount the box and drive us to Winchester, which we reached in about an hour and a half, as he got down at every little rising in the road to ease his cattle, and wanted us to do the same. He drove into the inn yard, and commenced taking out his horses, leaving us to the care of the waiters and ostlers.

After viewing the cathedral, the college, and the hospital of St. Cross, and looking at the paper in the reading-room, where we met several divines, at whom the rector winked without, to my surprise, their taking the least notice of his peculiarity, we returned to the inn. We found Zachariah sitting on a bench in an arbour in the inn yard, with a pipe in his mouth, and a jug of ale before him.

The waiter called out "Mr. Worthington's carriage—put-to directly coachman."

"Gently there; easy does it; no hurry; lots of time," said Mr. Bond, turning the ashes out of his pipe. "I'm going to have nine corns more, and then Juggenel and Brown Bury will have digested their corn; they've earned their oats to-day."

"Very right, very proper. I like a man to be kind to his beasts—humph! haugh! Eh, Mr. Scribbler?" said the rector, winking, as if he knew it was of no use to hurry a man who had "lots of time" before him.

As we walked up and down before the inn, waiting the coachman's pleasure, I took the opportunity of asking the rector why it was that his carriage-horses bore such very odd names as Juggenel and Brown Bury.

He explained to me that Zachariah, in addition to holding the office of groom and coachman, was also head-gardener. His favourite pursuit was pruning fruit-trees, and of these trees his great favourites were two very large pear-trees, the one a Jargonelle, and the other a Brown Beurré, which grew against the walls of the parsonage. Zachariah had reared them from their infancy—their little pear-hood—and was so proud of his success in rearing them that he insisted on calling the new carriage-horses after their names.

This explanation being interrupted with many winks, humphs! haughs! and ehs? lasted until Juggenel and Brown Bury were driven out of the yard. We embarked again, and whether it was that the horses knew they were going to their stables, or that their driver had the "spur in his head," I knew not, but we were whirled along at the frightful pace of at least six miles in the hour, and arrived at Rushley full half an hour before dinner-time.

An aged footman came out to open the carriage-door, and as soon as the rector was down said,

"Don't stand looking at the horses, but go in and dress. You'll be late else, and Mrs. Trusty will not let you hear the last of it if the turbot's overboiled, and the lamb overroasted."

"Very right, Benjamin, very proper. I like a man that is attentive to his master—eh? Mr. Scribbler, humph! haugh! eh?" said the rector, "I'm coming, Benjamin, immediately."

"Easy does it," said Zachariah. "Gently there; no hurry, lots of time; just see, Juggenel and Brown Bury haven't turned a hair—ain't we earnt our oats—ain't we done our duties?"

The rector seemed inclined to gratify the wishes of Zachariah, and was on the point of turning to take a closer view of the horses that had done such wonders, when a sharp shrill voice reached his ear, which made him hurry away, though he was assured that there was "lots of time."

"Highly-tighty; here indeed—dinner nearly ready, and you not dressed. I must give up—I must look out—advertise—do something or other—all I try to do! gracious me! well, well! Benjamin, have you told your master?"

These words proceeded from a tall, thin, upright female who stood on the hall steps and looked as if she had been inoculating crab-apples for the sours, and caught the infection during the operation.

Mr. Worthington made a most humble apology, and promised to be ready in ten minutes. He was proceeding up stairs, when Mrs. Trusty screamed out,

"Let me undo your buckles. What a thoughtless man you are! going to risk a plexy by stooping—dear me! highly-tighty. Benjamin, show these gentlemen a room, and let them know I never wait dinner. Put the children in the breakfast-parlour—they can't dine with the old ones. I've only laid for four. The curate's a-coming from Mossbury, and is sure to be in time; it ain't often *he* smells turbot."

"Mrs. Trusty—I—that is—humph! haugh! eh? I should rather wish that the little Woodwards, eh? joined us at dinner, eh?" said the rector in timid tones, as he submitted to have his buckles removed by his housekeeper.

"Highly-tighty—gracious me! Spoil all? No, indeed, leave them to me, they shall not starve; there now, go; make haste, mind and shut the window, and call me when you want your buckles fastened. Benjamin! here, take up some hot water, and see that your master don't scald himself, dear good man! What would he do without *me*?"

"And *me*," said Benjamin, as he took up the water, and told his master to "come along."

The rector obeyed, and intimated to me on the landing that it was a great comfort to have all his little comforts attended to. He would have said more, but Benjamin had reached his bedroom door, and calling out reminded him that Mrs. Trusty would be very much put out if her dinner was not put on to the minute. This was decisive, and we parted.

When I had performed my ablutions I found I had a few minutes to spare, which I resolved to employ in taking a view from the window of my room, which overlooked the valley of the Clear. The moment I had opened it for the purpose my door was opened, and Mrs. Trusty, without saying any thing, coolly closed the window again, shook the curtains, dusted the toilet-table with her apron, and cast a glance at me as much as to say, "How dare you?"

I was about to expostulate, but the rector and my friend Woodward came into the room and led me down stairs, where I found and was duly introduced to the curate of Mossbury.

Punctually as the clock struck six, Benjamin entered and said, "Come along, dinner on the table."

Though the words as they are written may imply that Benjamin was

an impudent fellow, it was not the case. His manner and the tones of his voice were kind and respectful. He seemed to detest verbosity and to be satisfied that his master understood his meaning.

The turbot was excellent. I begged a second slice, the Vicar and the curate followed my example. Mr. Worthington would have done the same had not Benjamin taken away his plate, and told him "he had had enough. Mrs. Trusty had given positive orders that he should only have one help of each dish for fear of a *plexy*."

The rector sighed, winked at us—but obeyed.

The wine, too, was the best of its kind—plain port, sherry, and Madeira. We finished two bottles of port after dinner, and decided upon trying one more out of an older bin. Benjamin was summoned, and ordered to bring it in. I thought he gave a very peculiar smile as he said,

"I'll try, but it won't do."

We waited patiently for nearly half an hour; the rector then began to grow fidgety, and winked with every word he spoke. He seemed inclined to ring the bell, but after making two or three abortive attempts sat down again, and gave us sundry humphs! haughs! and eh's?

Suddenly the door was thrown wide open, and Benjamin entered with the tea-tray instead of the decanter of old port.

"Eh? what? Benjamin, I rather think I ordered more wine, eh?" said the rector.

"Won't stand it; thought she wouldn't," said Benjamin, "tea or coffee?"

"Take it out I insist. I will be obeyed in my own house. Tell Mrs. Trusty she's a disobliging female menial. Tell her—"

"You can tell her yourself—here she be," said Benjamin. The rector's courage failed him, and he looked sheepish and winked with both eyes alternately.

"Highly-tighty, what is the matter?" inquired the housekeeper, who was evidently dressed for tea, at which meal she always presided.

"Matter! Mrs. Trusty. I believe I have some old wine left. I merely wish my friends to taste one more bottle. I am not ready for tea. I insist—that is I beg, I may have one more bottle, eh? humph! haugh! I believe I am master here."

"Well, well. I only know what the doctor said. 'Plexy,' said he, 'Mrs. Trusty, is caused by thick blood. Wine thickens blood—your master is liable to plexy—short neck and full habit. He must not indulge, except in tea, that thins the blood.' That's what the doctor said, so I have sent in the tea," said Mrs. Trusty.

"But my friends, they are not liable to apoplexy, their blood is not thick! Hang the doctor; I insist on another bottle, humph! haugh! eh?" said the rector, looking confirmatory of the doctor's assertion that he was liable to a *plexy*.

"Well, well; highly-tighty; I do all for the best; but all won't do.—I must look out—advertise—do something. After all my care! Gentlemen! *will* you have any more wine?"

We of course said "No" to this appeal, but the rector, whose courage was confirmed by the presence of his friends, insisted on having his orders obeyed, and asserted that he would be master in his own house.

Mrs. Trusty left the room, and returned with the wine, but before she placed it on the table, obtained a promise from her master that he would drink only two more glasses, as it would do him a great deal of harm.

"Quite right, quite proper. I do like a servant to be attentive to her master, eh! Mr. Scribbler? Mrs. Trusty is a very good sort of woman, but wants to be mistress. I don't allow it though, do I Mrs. Trusty? humph; haugh! eh?" said the rector, eyeing her triumphantly, and winking at us at the same time.

Mrs. Trusty only smiled—but there was a meaning in her smile—as she left us to enjoy our wine. The rector took his two glasses only, and when we had finished the decanter the bell was rung, and Mrs. Trusty re-entered, followed by the children, whom she had been cramming with cakes and comfits, and by Benjamin carrying the tea-tray which had just before been banished as per order.

When we had taken our tea the vicar proposed that we should walk home across the meadows to Clearstream, which was only about a mile and a half distant from Rushley by the footpath; though by the road it was more than three miles. Mr. Worthington objected to the plan, and offered to send us in the carriage, to prevent the ill effects of walking after a hearty meal.

"Order the carriage, Benjamin, eh?" said the rector.

"It's of no use ordering it, Zachariah won't let Juggenel and Brown Bury earn any more oats to-day," said Benjamin.

"But I insist. I am master, I believe, eh? humph! haugh! I insist—eh? Mrs. Trusty."

"Well, well; highty-tighty; you had better not; Zachariah must know best what's good for his cherubs. They can walk—you would rather walk, wouldn't you, gentlemen?" said the housekeeper.

"You are a very disobliging female domestic, ma'am, eh? I insist—I am and will be master."

"Well, well; passion thickens the blood—you'll have a plexy; but I wash my hands of it. I must look out—advertise—do something—after all my care!" said Mrs. Trusty, as she left the room to do what she knew was useless—order the carriage.

We, however, insisted on being masters of our own persons, and determined to walk home. The rector said he would walk a little way with us, and rang the bell to counter-order the carriage, and to tell his housekeeper of his intention of accompanying us part of the way.

"Not one step," said Mrs. Trusty; "Have you no regard for your valuable life? Well, well, to think of your going out in the water meadows at this time of night. Damp feet, rheumatiz, plexy. I will not allow *that*, though I am forced to look out—advertise—do something. Benjamin, take your master's clogs away—he *can't* go out in his thin shoes."

We saw a storm brewing in the rector's mind, but before it could find vent we had taken our departure. We only heard, as we quitted the hall, "I will dismiss you all, every one; you shall all go, eh?" from the rector, and "Easy does it—gently there—no hurry—lots of time," from Zachariah, who was surveying the Jargonelle and brown Beurré pear-trees in front of the rectory.

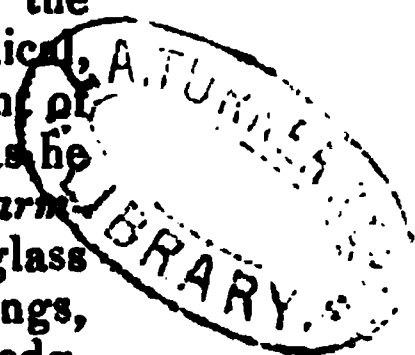
CHAP. II.

THE vicar of Clearstream was resolved that the curate of Mossbury, who went a little way out of his road for the sake of our company, should finish the evening with him and myself. As it was yet early, and I meant to smoke my one cigar, and preferred doing it in company to a sulky smoke in my own room, I readily consented. The curate pleaded his *solo* walk afterwards, but all his arguments were overruled, and we assembled in the vicarage study.

I was anxious, as the reader may imagine, to learn some particulars of the gentleman with whom we had spent the day, and to have an explanation of the circumstances which had placed him under the tyrant rule of his domestics. I elicited the facts which I am about to detail in the course of our conversation.

Emilius Worthington was the only child of a highly respectable pair of parents who, wanting something better to do, spent their lives in the *then* gay but now deserted city of Bath. The father, by way of an occupation, fancied himself an invalid. As he indulged in the pleasures of the table and promoted the consumption of port wine, he had now and then a bilious headach and a croup-sickness in the morning. These he construed, by the assistance of his family medical, who supplied physic and hard words, into an organic derangement of the hepatics, and a spasmodic convulsion of the diaphragm; or, as he sometimes miscalled it, *diagram*. Bath and the Bath waters—the *warm*—water-cure were recommended. Old Mr. Worthington took one glass of the water, which was very nasty, and a suite of rooms for lodgings, which were very nice—so he gave up the water but continued the lodgings. This plan his lady approved of, as she was very fond of a nocturnal rubber—“*PACKS vobiscum*” was her motto. Tabbies and toadies abounded in Bath; whereas at their little place in the country she could only get “four” together hebdomadally, and that by bribing the apothecary, the curate, and the village attorney with a good dinner. Worthington *père* would not play at whist, it required too much thinking, and interfered with his ports. He was all for “keeping the ports open” to a late hour, and whist was a *bar* to that, so he *barred* whist. He found many respectable old gentlemen in Bath, who being, as they said, liable to typhoid diseases, required stimulants, and kept their corkscrews in exercise—they loved to see them worming themselves into the secrets of a magnum. They were crusty old stagers—but what wonder considering the quantity of crust they imbibed as beeswing from the crustiness of their old port?

Master Emilius, though nearly twelve years of age when his parents took up their abode in King Bladud's city, was still an inhabitant of the nursery, and under the especial protection of the maid, who being of a quiet disposition and fond of sedentary pursuits, discountenanced romping, and taught her charge to string beads, net purses, and amalgamate remnants into patchwork quilts. He saw but little of his parents except at their lunching hour, which was his dinner-time. His father was displeased with him because he would take orange, ginger, currant, nay even parsnip wine, in preference to port, which he called “rough and reddy.” His mother pronounced him a dunce because she could never teach him to score at whist, and when he played double-dumby with





her he always led from his ace-queen suit, and could not appreciate the merits of a deep finesse. He was consequently and subsequently left to the mercies of Mary the maid of the nursery.

How long he might have remained, like a seedling apple-tree, in the nursery before he had been transplanted to a soil more suitable to his growth, had not "fortune favoured the brave," must of course be a mystery. His transplantation was thus effected.

Mary, presuming on the placidity of his disposition and the subserviency to her "whims and oddities" which he had hitherto displayed, threatened to lower his sit-down-upons and apply the rod to his epidermis for having negligently dropped two stitches in a cabbage-net. She also threatened to baste him well for basting a part of the quilt which ought to have been herring-boned. Emilius plucked up a spirit and a handful of Mary's capillaries by the roots. As soon as the pain and her amazement had a little subsided, she rushed at him to inflict the hinted-at punishment. Emilius tripped her up, and as she lay on her back kicking at him convulsively he danced round her, his fallen foe, brandishing her uprooted locks in one hand and his netting-needle in the other, like a wild Indian over a fallen warrior of some hostile tribe.

The combined shouts and screams of the victor and the vanquished roused the father from his matutinal nap, and disturbed the mother as she was bread-crumbing a dingy pack of Hunt's best to make them look like new.

The bell was rung, and the footman ordered to inquire the meaning of the uproar. The fellow returned, and told his astonished parents that their son, Master Emmy, as they called him, had torn all the hair out of Mary's head, and left her as bald as she was born. That she was in "violent asterisks," because he was dancing over her, and trying to stab her to the heart with a large iron skewer.

Though this exaggeration was explained away, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington were satisfied that their son had obtained and would maintain the mastery over Mary, who was recommended by her fellow-servants to "carry the case to sessions, and go for heavy damages."

They, therefore, wisely resolved to send him to school, and dismiss Mary with a *douceur* as a plaster to her wounded honour, and to buy a bottle of

Thine incomparable oil, Macassar,

wherewith to repair the "rape of the lock."

Emilius, to show his entire forgiveness for all past tyrannies, gave her a kiss, and all his netting and knitting-needles, as well as his housewife scissors and thimble. He even promised to write to her from Westminster-school, but in one week became such a thorough little Pickle, and so deeply engaged in the amusements of Tothill Fields and other select localities, that he forgot not only his promise, but the existence of such a being as Mary. He even forgot to write to his port-imbibing paternity—except when he required a tip, and to his card-cleaning mother, unless a cake was desirable.

In a few years Emilius was six feet two inches high, and a most accomplished "Westminster." He could row any waterman's apprentice to Richmond and back for a gallon of porter—give him twenty boats'



lengths, and beat him by a hundred. He could spar with Jackson, and beat the biggest bully at the cockpit. He was one of the eleven who beat all England at Lord's, and astonished himself and all the old Westminsters by his acting of Davus in the annual play in the dormitory.

At Oxford Emilius was looked up to by every one. He excelled in athletics, but did not neglect his studies. He meant to go to the bar, and as he did not wish to be a briefless barrister, he read hard to gain a name. He joined "the Union," as the debating society is termed, and practised forensic eloquence to the admiration of his hearers, who deemed him an embryo Cicero or a rising Demosthenes.

A circumstance, however, occurred which caused him to alter his views in life. He spent his first long vacation in Bath, where he met with a fighting captain, who, added to his half-pay by paying court to elderly ladies who gave dinners and whist-parties. He inoculated Emilius with the military ardour by fighting his own Peninsular battles over again, and made him think disparagingly of civil occupations by his uncivil remarks on musty parchments, dry reading, law books, and the chicanery of the profession. A little ridicule judiciously administered—a few playful remarks on the absurdity of a fine young man of six feet two hiding his nerves and sinews under a stuff-gown, and his fine flowing locks under a horsehair wig, made him resolve to cut the law, give up all hopes of the seals, and seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, or in dull country quarters.

No objections were raised to this change of profession by his parents—for his father was too much pleased with him for appreciating his old port, to care about any thing else, and his mother was delighted with him for winning her a rubber of eight by finessing the ten of trumps when he sat with ace and king in his hand, and was third player. They merely required that he should return to Oxford to pursue his studies until a commission could be obtained for him.

Instead of practising forensic eloquence at the Union on his return to college, Emilius spent his days in fencing and broadsword playing, at Angelo's rooms at the Checquers in the High-street, and was drilled regularly for an hour before dinner by a serjeant of the Oxford Militia. He became so military in his notions and motions, that when he met a Proctor, he saluted him by turning his knuckles against his forehead, instead of capping him as he ought to have done, and would not attend college-lecture because the tutor refused to let him read Cæsar's Commentaries—the Jugurthine War and Grotius *De Bello ac Pace*.

His ambition to excel in the art of fence, got him into several little scrapes. He always walked with a cane, such as his tutor, the serjeant, carried, and which is, I believe, called a rattan. This he converted into an imaginary foil or small sword, and as he walked along, he employed it in parrying carte and tierce—prime and seconde, and lounging out, with his left-hand thrown out gracefully behind his head, at any unfortunate individual who happened to be opposed to him. Having blinded an aged female pauper by thrusting in tierce at her right-eye, and seriously damaged an obese college-tutor by hitting him in carte some where about the epigastrium, he was fined for the first offence before a magistrate, as a "malignant assault," and very nearly expelled for the latter as an act of unfilial disobedience towards his alma mater, by pinking one of her sons and his own (university) brother.

Emilius "explained" and promised to practise in private only. This was attended by a far more serious result. The only man in the university who could at all cope with "Angelo's best pupil," was his intimate friend and companion Tom Fernly, one of the kindest-hearted creatures that ever lived. He knew not how to say no to any proposal made by a friend, and though he disliked fencing for three or four hours together, he could not be so cruel as not to indulge his crony Worthington in a pursuit that so much delighted him.

One night, after most of the men had retired to bed, Emilius and Tom Fernly resolved to exchange a few thrusts before they followed so laudable an example. The chairs and tables were pushed aside, the candles favourably disposed, and the masks, gloves, and foils properly prepared. Two or three active rallies ensued—Tom Fernly made two very palpable hits, which stimulated Emilius to greater exertions. He made a feint, and before Tom could recover his guard, he made a thrust over his foil with all his force. The hit was made—but the slender weapon snapped in two. The force of the blow was such, that the broken weapon pierced through his clothes, and sunk deep into his left side.

Poor Tom Fernly fell, and uttered a shriek of pain, which haunted his friend for years afterwards.

Emilius drew out the foil, and the blood spouted out of the wound in scarlet jets. He stayed not to staunch it, but rushed wildly to the lodge, and sent the porter for a surgeon. He then flew rather than ran to the doors of the tutors' rooms, and begged them to hasten and save his dying friend. He knocked up the Principal of the College and roused every man whom he knew even by name.

Tom Fernly was soon surrounded by assistants, who could do no more than hold towels and handkerchiefs to his side. These were speedily saturated with blood, and when the surgeon, a skilful and humane man, arrived, he found that he had come on an useless errand—poor Tom Fernly's life had ebbed away. The only child of his mother, and she a widow, lay dead upon the ground, killed by one who loved him dearly.

To describe the state of mind of Emilius Worthington after this sad accident, is not possible. For two years his existence was a blank. After a partial recovery, he found that his father had "closed the ports" and the portals of life at the same time. His widowed mother had "thrown up her hand," and with all a woman's—a mother's love, had devoted herself to watching over and tending her son. She heard of rubbers and rumours of rubbers, but she never asked "What was trumps."

Diamonds she now despised. A heart—her son's heart was the only heart she cared for. She had clubbed all her affections, and centered them in him. The only spade she thought of was the one that in the sexton's hands might cover the remains of him she held most dear when the game of life was lost to him. She finessed with the grim king, and scored against him, though the odds were greatly in his favour, as he had won several tricks. Her partner in the rubber, Dr. —, knew a trick worth two of his, and countered him successfully.

To quit unseemly metaphor, Emilius recovered, but he was weak in body and imbecile in mind. He took no note of ought that passed around him. He ate when meat was put before him; he drank because

his mother urged him to do so. He was drawn out daily in his Bath-chair to imbibe the pure breezes of Landsdown; and as he passed through the crowded streets, wondered that the passers by looked on him with an eye of pity.

Dr. —, knowing that unless he was stimulated to exertion, he would wear away his life, in despite of a strong constitution, in this monotonous imbecility, recommended change of scene and air. Instead of allowing his mother to convey him to the warm and relaxing air of Devonshire, he insisted on her seeking the cool and bracing breezes of the northern coast. By easy stages, they reached Harrogate, and before they had been there many weeks, a decided improvement in the invalid was manifest. He could talk, smile—ay, even laugh with those about him. He sought the companionship of the fishermen, and after a while, hired a little vessel, in which he spent his days in sailing about, and fishing off the coast. Occupation blunted the edge of grief—his nerves recovered their tone. The mind and body, by sympathy, gained strength, and he began to resemble his former self.

Then did his mother kindly but judiciously suggest the prosecution of his former plan of entering the army. His commission had long been ready for him. The bare mention of this revived the image of his murdered friend, as he called him, and a relapse was the consequence—attended, as most relapses are, with increased sufferings.

His mother would not quit his side, though warned that her health was in danger. What cares a mother for her own danger when her child's life is at stake? She persevered, and paid the penalty of her perseverance. She died, and left her son to the hired care of Mrs. Trusty, then the keeper of a lodging-house at Harrogate, and her brother Benjamin, who had been promoted to the office of body-servant to Emilius a little before his mother's death.

Emilius, under their joint care, again recovered. He returned to Bath, taking them with him—for Mrs. Trusty had no incumbrances, except her furniture and effects, which were easily disposed of with the remainder of the lease of the lodging-house. She was a widow and childless.

When they started from Harrogate in a hired coach, driven by "Zachariah—Zachariah Bond"—Mrs. Trusty's first cousin, that lady suggested the propriety of a purchase being made of the whole turnout, in preference to its being hired.

Emilius yielded—for he had not strength to say nay, and thus he was provided with a *family* of servants—*nolus bolus*, as Zachariah expressed it.

It is but doing justice to the trio to say, that no three servants ever displayed such zeal and attention to a master as did Mrs. Trusty, her brother Benjamin, and her cousin Zachariah. Their kindness and assiduity were not to be surpassed—as long as he was really ill. When he grew tolerably strong, he resisted their well-meant endeavours to control him in all his actions, which in the least degree militated against his physician's orders. It was of no use—he fought manfully for independancy, but they beat him. His absolute monarchy was destroyed—a republican form of government was established in his family.

The fight did him good. It put him on his metal, and operated more successfully than the medicines with which Mrs. Trusty had drenched him, and would have drenched him still, had not Benjamin and Zachariah called out shame. Mrs. Trusty yielded so far as to substitute broths and jellies for bolusses and jalap, but she still was firm in forbidding society. She was sure he would fall a victim to visitors or visiting if she permitted it.

Dr. —, however, defeated her plans by inviting her master to dine with him, and to sleep at his house to prevent exposure to the night-air.

Emilius went. Zachariah mounted the box, and Benjamin stood on the footboard. Both gave a silent three cheers as they waved their hats to the defeated housekeeper, for both rejoiced in the prospect of vails and perquisites, which they foresaw would follow their master's liberation. Mrs. Trusty meditated abdication, but—thought better of it.

At Dr. —'s, Emilius first became aware of one of the results of his long and severe nervous sufferings. A small party was asked to meet him, and though he said nothing particularly funny, he kept the "table in a roar." Every one laughed but his host, who seemed distressed at their mirth. Even the servants smiled when he spoke to them, or gave them an order. His orders, too, were unaccountably exceeded.

"Butler," said he, "a *little small* beer."

He was immediately supplied with a *large* tumbler of very *strong* ale, delivered with a smile which seemed to indicate a clever estimation of his real meaning.

"Brandy, sir?" inquired the butler.

"A very little—a *wee* drop," said Emilius.

The butler gave him a wineglass *full*.

After dinner it was the same. The guests laughed at his most solemn stories as much, if not more, than they did at his Joseph Miller's. At tea—his "*small* cup of all black—very little sugar, and no cream," was handed to him in the shape of a breakfast-cup of strong gunpowder, over-creamed, and as sweet as syrup. His little glass of weak negus before bedtime was administered in a goblet, and was more than half wine.

When he took leave of his new friends, they laughed excessively—told him they were delighted to have met him, and hoped their acquaintance might be renewed—for they never had met so amusing a man in their lives!

Mr. Worthington was amazed—he amusing! he, a poor, nervous, shaky creature, the cause of mirth!

He went to bed. Benjamin had been drinking success to his master's release from his sister's thralldom so zealously, that he was unable to see him to bed. The housemaid goodnaturedly offered her services to prevent an exposure of his excesses. Mr. Worthington felt awkward and nervous while she was warming his bed, but when she had done, begged her to come and tuck him up and take his candle away.

The girl stared, laughed, gave him a poke in the ribs, and said, "She would never have believed it if she had not seen it."

Emilius looked severe, as he thought, but the girl burst out into a

louder laugh, and said, "She should certainly tell her master—she was not used to such nonsense," as she left the room and banged the door after her.

Emilius got but little sleep that night, and when he met his friend, Dr. —, at breakfast, the following morning, he told him all that had occurred, and of his amazement at his being deemed so laugh-at-able a character.

Dr. — led him to a looking-glass—asked him a serious question, and bade him look in the mirror as he replied to him. Emilius did so. He saw, to his dismay, that he winked with every word he said in so ludicrous a manner, that he himself could scarcely believe that he was not joking.

He would have shut himself up for life, but Dr. — exposed the folly of such a course of action, and assured him that in time, when the habit and the cause of it were known, it would cease to be noticed. His patient believed him, and had the resolution to follow his advice.

Dr. — prevailed still further. He recommended him to engage in some professional employment. The law he hated—medicine required too long a study—the army could not be even alluded to. The church was selected, and his ordination easily obtained through Dr. —'s brother, who was the Bishop of N—.

On his first appearance in the desk, he felt nervous and fearful that his peculiarity should subject him to the ridicule of his congregation. He read the address in fear and trembling, but not a smile was to be seen. He went through the whole service, and heard with joy from Dr. —, who had been nervously watching the result of his experiment, that mind had conquered. A sense of the sacred nature of his office and duties, enabled him to resist the action of the muscles of the eyelid.

Though Mr. Worthington needed not the revenues, he accepted the incumbency of Rushley. But why? The parish was poor, the rectory uninhabitable, the church nearly in ruins.

He repaired and restored the church at his own cost. He built a new parsonage suitable to the living, and established a Sunday-school in the village. Instead of putting money in his purse from the tithes, he spends a considerable sum in addition to what he received. The cottagers had gardens and potato grounds. The most successful cultivators were rewarded with prizes, and furnished with plants and seeds. Mrs. Trusty had a copper of soup boiling three days in the week for the aged and those with large families. Zachariah and Benjamin went round by turns with physic and wine for the sick, and caudle for the lying-in.

"In short," said the vicar, "a better man does not live. He is now hearty and cheerful. Though he is ruled over by his housekeeper, bullied by Benjamin, and snubbed by Zachariah, a happier man does not exist than the Rector of Rushley. His servants may have their faults, but—"

"He wisely *winks* at them all," said I, as I wished him and the Curate of Mossbury good night.

## AN HOUR AT MASS

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

'Twas to beguile an hour of care  
 I stole into that Minster high ;  
 For thousands came to worship there,  
 To rest a weary heart thereby ;  
 But slowly as my wandering eye  
 Did o'er the adoring masses stray,  
 A gentle form was bending nigh,  
 Instant I knelt—but not to pray.

No—God forgive me ! not a thought  
 That hour had I of prayer or praise,  
 Unseen, unknown, I only sought  
 On that ethereal face to gaze ;  
 And drinking its entrancing rays,  
 To give my very soul to sight,  
 And revel in the wildering maze  
 Of admiration and delight !

Yea, even as the errant sons  
 Of Israel's Heaven-adopted line,  
 Of deadly sting were heal'd at once  
 By looking on the holy sign ;  
 Even so this poor stung heart of mine,  
 In that brief hour I well could deem,  
 By gazing on that face divine,  
 Was steep'd in balm of bliss supreme.

Still fondly rapt I look'd, the while  
 The pompous ritual went on,  
 And all throughout the mighty pile,  
 The hallelujah vast was thrown !  
 The air was music—every stone  
 Of that great temple thrill'd and rung,  
 As high before the imaged Son,  
 Their smoke the golden censers flung.

But not an instant could the whole—  
 The tinted windows,—incense-cloud—  
 The mitred priests in gorgeous stole—  
 The chanted mass, or anthem loud,  
 Or pictured saints or kneeling crowd,  
 Make me apostate to the shrine  
 Of my devotion—we all bow'd,  
 They to their idol—I to mine.

Yes, 'twas an hour of rapture more  
 Than ever else my spirit knew ;  
 It ended—for their worship o'er  
 The multitude uprising threw  
 A moving mass between, and drew  
 Us far apart. 'Twas all in vain  
 That frenzied through the crowds I flew,  
 To catch the blissful glance again.

For ne'er since then, except in dreams  
 Of sorrow weary night or day,  
 Has that bright vision with its beams  
 Of radiant beauty lit my way—  
 Oh, happy he on whom it's ray  
 In daily smile of love descends.

Heavens ! is there one so blest ?—Away !  
 The barbed thought my bosom rends !



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER;  
OR,  
A DAY'S PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

BY ORNITHER.

————— Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

VIRGILII BUCOLICA, *Ecloga* 2.

ABOUT midday on the thirty-first of August, 184—, we began to collect our shooting appointments, and to make preparations for the morrow;—occupations that give the sportsman considerable pleasure, and which none can perform so satisfactorily as himself.

Every thing being complete and in readiness;—dogs carefully secured, gun and apparatus safely stowed in their places, and that *sine qua non* of costly crimson-paper, bearing the crown royal within a garter inscribed “Office for Taxes,” tightly buckled in our pocket-book, we seized the reins and leaped joyfully into the vehicle which was to convey us some fifteen miles to P——, a remote village on the Welsh border of Herefordshire.

Our road lay through a hilly country, thinly populated when compared with other parts of England, but presenting to the eye an agreeably diversified landscape. Woods, for the most part, crowned the lofty hills, the lower slopes being allotted to arable purposes, while the valleys, through which a hundred blue rills pursued their fertilizing courses, formed the rich pastures, where those herds of splendid cattle fed, which are the pride and wonder of the agricultural world.\*

The harvest had been an early one: the wheat was entirely gathered in, and the *lent* grain nearly so. Here and there, however, might still be seen a field of unripe oats, or standing beans, which would afford shelter for the birds, and annoy the sportsman.

The sun was about to sink behind the purple “Hatterel hills,” when we entered the straggling village, at the end of which lay the antiquated “Manor House” where our journey was to close. It was a calm, clear evening, and the sunset promised fair weather for the morrow. The sturdy old battlemented tower and Norman church, gray with age, and picturesque from ill-repaired dilapidations, stood out in fine relief against the dark elm-rookery which screened “the rectory” from the northern winds. Groups of daws, perched indolently on coignes and pinnacles, seemed to look down upon some score, or thereabouts, of vociferous children on the greensward beneath, who, for their part, all rushed forward to the low parapet next the road, to scrutinize the strangers and their vehicle as they passed along. Numbers of screeching swallows were rapidly chasing each other in rings round the humble inn, and newly-filled stackyard of a neighbouring farm.

The village stithy yet rang with the sound of the anvil; but labour had chiefly closed, and decrepit old people of both sexes were sitting in the pleasant sunshine at their doors, proving, unconsciously, that

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\* The Hereford and Durham breeds of cattle have been brought to that high state of perfection by thoughtful and judicious management, beyond which it appears impossible for human skill to carry them.



though age might have enfeebled and withered their once stalwart or buxom frames, it had not quenched their sympathy for the beautiful, and that mere existence was, for the time at least, both a boon and a blessing.

After passing "the common," where we saw women beating out and winnowing with snowy sheets the corn their families and themselves had gleaned, we soon arrived at the place of our destination.

It was a large old house of the Elizabethan age, seated in a natural hollow (for the architects of those days were not *always* happy in their choice of sites), and there was visible, not only in the house itself, but in the unpruned shrubs around, and the weed-choked fish-pond before it, unequivocal evidences of neglect and decay. It was tenanted by a respectable old man, who farmed pretty largely on his own account, and also acted as steward of the estates for our acquaintance, the proprietress, who lived in a distant part of the country.

Here, seated in a large oak-wainscoted dining-room, we found our good friend Captain S——, in conjunction with whom we had shot over the manor for seven years, and who, during that time, had not once failed annually to meet us on this night.

"If the weather be fine," observed he, after the usual greetings had been exchanged, "we shall have a prime day of it to-morrow."

"Have you been over the ground then?" inquired I.

"Not since the last week in July; but I saw enough then to satisfy me that both hares and birds were abundant; and Howells (the wood-ward and keeper) has just told me that, to his knowledge, there are no less than five large and strong coveys on the Blackway's farm alone, to say nothing of *Dulais* and *The Bacha*, which you know are always *lucky*."

"That's pleasant news," rejoined I. "But mind! we must begin early to-morrow, and drive in the birds from the *western* boundary of the property; for I learnt from the toll-gate keeper at Pontrilais, that Herbert, the sporting publican from H——, had passed with a stranger and dogs in a gig, and we may safely conclude, from former experience, that their point is the Red Oaks. Now if we don't set watch throughout the day, they will harry the entire skirts of the manor, on that side, of its game."

"Very proper precautions," returned the captain, "and they shall be observed. Pray what dogs have you brought?"

"The same as last year—Hassan, Zanga, and Duchess," replied I: "and hearing that your high-mettled pointer was here, I was careful in directing them to be locked up separately, dreading a rencounter between them, similar to that which disturbed and annoyed us last season."

Having spread out our apparatus, and adjusted every thing against the morning, we sat down to a substantial, and by no means inelegant supper; after which, directing candles to be brought us half an hour before daybreak, we retired.

There was a time when, on the night preceding a shooting excursion, so active has been our fancy, and such the eagerness of anticipation, that hour after hour, the God of Sleep, who hates excitement of all kinds, has refused to seal our eyes with his refreshing wand. Sick with impatience, often have we sprung from a restless pillow, even in mid-winter, and looking eastward, have chid the laggard sun for his

wearisome delay. But past, long past, are those phrensied moments ; our enthusiasm is no longer irrepressible,—age and frequent indulgence in the pleasure have tempered it ; and, notwithstanding that our passion for shooting has suffered no sensible abatement, our slumbers are never prevented by that cause, so we slept as soundly as could be wished.

At four the next morning we arose, and exclaimed with a feeling of great pleasure, as we donned our shooting-dress,

“ At length the *day of days*,” as the renowned Kit North lovingly and emphatically terms it, “ has arrived, be it ours to improve, and make the most of it.”

Descending to the breakfast-parlour, we were joined by our companion, and that first, and to a sportsman, most important meal of the four, discussed, we gave directions when and where dinner should be served, put on our ammunition gear, grasped our good guns, and sallied forth to the fields.

It wanted yet half an hour to sunrise ; but, to occupy that time, we had to walk nearly two miles, to the boundary of the property, ere we commenced *the beat*.

A slight mist overhung the earth, partially concealing the tree-tops from our view. Yet that it was clear and cloudless at a brief height above, might be gathered from the large stars that, despite the waxing light, blazed in various directions through the vapour, like crimson lamps in the far distances of the firmament. The air was moist and chilly, indicative of autumn’s arrival ; and the silence of nature, at this early hour, was deep and universal. Of living creatures, only the bat and busy rook were astir : cattle and sheep lay on the dew-hoary grass, or under shelter of trees and hedges, watching the skirts of Night as she fled the advance of pale-eyed Day.

Soon, however, was heard, as we passed along, the low morning note of the partridge—happily unconscious of the evil that awaited him !—at which familiar, welcome sound, our dogs, who followed quietly *at heel*, pricked up their ears, and tugged crossways at their *couples*, impatient for the sport, which they well knew was at hand.

After crossing two broad, rudely-cultivated banks, which form the lower steps of that Titanic staircase to Olympus, the *Black Mountains*, we reached the spot where, according to our previous arrangement, we were to *cast off* for the day. By this time it was broad daylight ;—in fact, the sun must have been up, though he was not yet visible.

Having uncoupled two wiry-limbed bony pointers, and a deep-flewed setter—all stanch and fleet as ever stood on bird, or scoured a stubble, and who were *rampant* with joy on the occasion—we charged our long-disused, but carefully kept, gun, vaulted over a low gate, which led out of the deep, narrow lane we had been in, gave the signal of advance to our dogs, and thus the day’s beat seriously began.

The field we had entered chanced to be an oat-stubble : it neither afforded game nor the traces of it. Adjoining was a rough, rushy meadow, near the middle of which our dogs made a momentary stand, then fell to creeping busily about, as they do where birds have been running.

artful *doubles* he has made in some weedy, thorn-covered ditch, some furzy meadow, or tangled brake, to baffle the dogs, and throw the shooter out of distance. He is also, we believe, the swiftest bird that flies, of the varieties protected by law, so that great steadiness, quickness, and certainty of aim are required to bring him to the bag.

At ten we overhauled our game-nets, which were well filled, and sent their contents to "the Manor," with directions to forward a brace of hares and four of partridges, to the fair owner of the property, and a leash of birds, with our compliments, to the rectory; after which, we both partook of a sandwich, and a small quantity of weak brandy-and-water; then rose from the shady bank where we had sat, and renewed *the beat*.

Almost directly, one of our dogs, making a range across a field of seed-clover, where we expected to find birds, suddenly drew himself up in a most extraordinary manner. He had evidently overrun his game, and was afraid of springing it. He *stood* with head erect, and weight thrown back on his haunches, in a striking, and one might think, a painful posture. Walking up to him, we found the game showed no disposition to move. Struck with this unusually magnificent spectacle, we exclaimed,

"How strong, how wonderful is Nature!"

"True," returned the captain; "for it *can* be nothing less than Nature that acts in this way. Education may teach a dog to pause when he arrives within a given distance of his game; but it can never produce such an intense physical orgasm as this. See how his eye gloats with ecstasy, and his nostril *gapes*—if I may so use the word. He is rigid, too, and motionless, as are, in reality, the marble dogs of Meleager."

Urging him gently forward with our knee, he began to *draw* and the game to run. It soon became evident, from the many rings and windings the dogs made, that they had a landrail before them. At length the bird, finding all his efforts to mislead them fruitless, and that they pressed hard upon him, reluctantly got up, and was killed. The flight of the landrail is slow, *flickering*, and feeble, and it is really most strange that a bird of such limited strength of wing should be able to pass the channel in its southward migration, as it is known to do. So much does this bird depend on its legs in escape from danger, and such is its aversion to flying, that, when forced to rise, we have frequently seen it, after being more than once shot at, drop again in the same field, though not a pellet had touched it. Moreover, it is a cowardly bird, that the slightest blow will bring down.

The day proved overpoweringly hot; but we were both of us too zealous sportsmen to remit our exertions through that cause. On we went, through heavy potato-grounds, stubbles, pastures, and cool green turnip-fields; and many were the coveys we raised, scattered, and thinned in our progress.

It was now high noon. The blazing chariot of the sun passing the meridian had gathered huge trains of clouds that moderated his fervour for this nether world; and, at the same time, produced the grandest effects imaginable, by the breadths of shadow they cast on the landscape beneath them. Those who breakfast at four in the morning need an early dinner. For our part, wishing to pursue the sport as long as possible, and, as our accustomed dinner-hour would trespass upon a

valuable part of the day for shooting ; while at noon (when birds are stationary and afford little or no amusement) that meal might be agreeably made, we bent our steps towards the cool, leafy recess, hard by a chirping limpid brook, where we had directed our cloth to be spread.

In our sweltering, jaded condition, mere shade and rest were absolute luxuries ; delicious, too, were the choice cold viands laid before us ; most refreshing, the icy porter that we quaffed.

But who is this venerable and cheerful-looking man, clad in suit of sober black, that comes up the brook-side to visit us ? It is the Rector ; worthiest of old men ! Doubtless he comes to thank us personally for the birds we sent him, and perhaps to invite us, as usual, to dine with him to-morrow.

“ ‘ *Hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos,* ’ ” says he, looking round with a smile, as he entered our shady nook.

“ Welcome, my excellent friend,” cried the captain, seizing his willing hand, and cordially shaking it, “ welcome, with your apposite quotation from beloved Maro.”

“ A most delectable spot, upon my word ! ” exclaimed the rector, resuming his pleasantry, unmindful of the captain’s salute. “ Here we have a green brook-side, trees, and dense hazel-bushes, backed by a hanging orchard, with its golden treasures. A classical retreat ! No doubt haunted still in the moonlight by piping Fauns, Naiads from the stream, and dancing Dryads.”

Sitting down, after returning our respective greetings, he explained to us the purpose of his visit, which was precisely what we had anticipated ; then gave us quaint and amusing narratives of the various difficulties he, a nervous old man, had encountered in his endeavours to find us ; though he had been, as he thought, pretty clearly instructed on this point, at “ the Manor.” He stayed with us the whole time we remained, nor did he refuse *one* glass of the fragrant milk-punch we indulged in after dinner.

We had not long recommenced *beating*, when an incident occurred, which, as it is curious, and the experience of many years shooting has not afforded the like, we shall be at the pains of relating.

One of our *markers* came in to inform us that there were several birds *calling* in a stubble below, named “ the four acres.” Although partridge seldom lie well when thus occupied, as the place was near, we were willing to try them ; so we turned that way. Now the said field skirted the base of the little hill we were then on, and was divided by a low hedge from a narrow strip of green aftermath, through the bottom of which a small brook pursued its devious secret course, among alder-bushes, ash, and poplar trees. On the other side of a similar reach of pasture, beyond the stream, there rose a majestic wood, which stretched away to the top of the opposite hill.

On nearing the upper fence of the stubble field, some turnip-boers who were at work told us that by peeping cautiously over it we might see the birds on the ground, as they had seen them when last at the headland. We were curious enough to do this ; for so closely do partridge lie, and so warily creep before dogs, that it is rarely indeed the sportsman sees them in this manner ; however, when he does, he cannot have a more interesting sight of the kind, as the bird’s walk is proud and graceful, very much like that of Guinea-fowl. Accordingly,

on looking over the hedge, we saw four partridges at a distance of about two hundred yards. Three of them were walking carelessly about, feeding; the fourth, with outstretched neck, was *calling* vociferously, making also short but rapid runs between each strain of the *call*. We had not long watched them when suddenly one of them gave a sharp note of terror or warning, on which they all instantly crouched so close, as to be no longer visible. Glancing upwards we descried a hawk—probably from the neighbouring wood—hovering in the blue lift above. Here indeed was sufficient explanation of this alarm. In a brief while three of the birds raised themselves timidly, and ran into the hedge for shelter. But the doomed one remained; nor did he make any attempt to escape; over him the hawk balanced himself with minatory trembling pinions; and dropped closer and closer, until within about twenty feet of the ground, where he paused a long time, as though to terrify his prey out of all power to escape. At length, plumb-like down he stooped; and ere the shout we now raised to scare him could be heard, the bird's death-stroke had been given.

After witnessing this feat, we clambered hastily over the fence, and ran towards the spot. But the hawk was not easily to be balked of his quarry. We had not reached gun-shot distance, when, to the surprise of us all, he rose slowly and heavily with the bird in his talons, and flying near the ground, barely cleared the hedge below, then crossed the strip of aftermath, and disappeared with his prey among the trees by the brook.

"You'll find him again, sir, if you try," said one of the *markers*, "he's dropped within a dozen yards of yonder pollard ash, on the upper side."

Giving our dogs into the charge of an attendant, lest they should defeat our object, we walked down to the brook, and stealthily entered its almost waterless channel, about a hundred yards below where the hawk had dropped. Creeping cautiously round a short curve of the stream, we espied him on a large flat fragment of mossy rock, busily engaged on the bird; his wings expanded, and playing like fans about his head; as is the case with birds of prey when feeding. It was rather a long distance to shoot; but what could be done? If we advanced another yard, he would detect us and escape; so we relied on our gun, and in a single instant the feathered murderer and his victim lay together in death.

The partridge, which we found slightly mangled at the base of the neck, was a young one of average size, and the hawk proved to be a large female sparrow-hawk—the most rapacious and daring of that tribe of birds.

Our shadows were lengthening rapidly on the *yellow* grass; the un-yoked oxen, followed by the singing ploughman, were plodding lazily home from their labour; the partridge was *calling* loudly in every direction, and would not lie, when we relinquished sport (intending to renew it on the morrow); and returned, weary, but satisfied with the day's pleasure, to "the Manor."

Not long had the starry huntsman\* and his fire-dogs set their nightly chase in the sky, ere our head was on the pillow; and sound, and sweet, and refreshing are the slumbers of the tired sportsman.

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\* Boötes.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

By JOHN POOLE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

OUR HERO, ENCOURAGED BY A FRIEND AT COURT, PERSISTS IN BEING DESPERATELY IN LOVE—A MYSTERIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT—"THOUGH A LODGING-HOUSE-KEEPER SHE HAS A HEART:" QUOTATION FROM A SENTIMENTAL COMEDY—A CALAMITOUS EVENT "HONESTLY AND CANDIDLY" RECORDED.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come back?" exclaimed Quiddy; "I'm uncommon happy. And pray, my dear, good lady, when did Miss St. Egremont return?"

"She has been in town nearly a month," replied Mrs. Fleecer. "She returned about a week after you went to Margate."

"I *will not* come down," said Miss St. Egremont to Mrs. Fleecer. "You may entertain your visiter yourself."

"But he is so *very* anxious to see you," said Fleecer, "and he'll think your refusal so *very* odd."

"What care I either for his thoughts or his anxieties?" said Honoria.

"Then what shall I say to him, Norey?"

"You may tell him the truth: I will not see him either now or at any future time."

"That girl is a perfect *non compos*—when he's ready, as he says, to pop the question at once!" muttered Mrs. Fleecer, as she descended the stairs.

"Miss S. sends her very best compliments," said Mrs. Fleecer to Quiddy; "she hopes you'll pardon her for not coming down this evening, as she has a dreadful headach."

"I am uncommon sorry," said Quiddy; and he *was* uncommon sorry—at losing this opportunity of pressing his suit with a lady whose property was "not secured for her in the hands of trustees," but "every shilling of which was entirely at her own disposal."

"I know my sex, generally, Q.," continued Mrs. Fleecer; "no woman is in a hurry to give up her independence; and I know *her* as well as I know myself. If ever she should marry she'll marry the man of her heart, though he hadn't enough to buy the wedding-ring with."

This, like the half-hour's conversation that had preceded it, passed in whispers.

"And there's the danger," said Quiddy: "she may be snapped up by some adventurer who thinks of nothing but her fortune, and who might squander it away in a twelvemonth. But *I*, my good lady, with my wealth, and all made by sheer industry—"

"Ah! there!" said Fleecer; "knowing her proud spirit as I do, your wealth is more against you than any thing else could be. If, on the contrary, you were not so monstrous rich, and she liked you—"



But, as I've often told you, all this is idle talk, considering that, *as yet*, she is scarcely acquainted with you."

"Scarcely acquainted with me, ma'am! Lord bless you! P. Q. is easily known. There's no guile, no deceit about *me*. You may see into my 'art at once."

And, leaving the important noun unsupplied with its dropt aspirate, this was particularly true.

"I saw into it from the first," said Mrs. Fleecer.

"Oh! ma'am, you flatter."

"But that's Miss St. Egremont's bell, so I must leave you. However, come again soon—'Faint heart never won fair lady;' and, remember—you have a friend at court. There's the bell again, so good evening, Q., good evening."

"Good evening, my dear good lady," said Quiddy; "*nil desperado*."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What's the matter with you?" said Honoria to Mrs. Fleecer.

Let our promised seven-league-boots style of narrative still be borne in mind. Between our hero's "*nil desperado*" and the present question intervened nearly two months: these we have passed over at a stride. We *might* have related all that had occurred at the several visits which Quiddy had made in Surrey-street; recorded all his expressions of sorrow and regret at Miss St. Egremont's absence upon every such occasion; and reported Fleecer's various and ingenious excuses and subterfuges to account for it. The young lady had still resolutely refused to see him; the elder one had nearly come to her wit's end for pretexts to keep him on: and this task had been daily increasing in difficulty, inasmuch as Quiddy, wearied by disappointment upon disappointment, had begun to think of treating the pursuit of the great heiress as one would treat an impracticable riddle—that is to say, by "giving it up." We might also have stated at full length all the little schemes and plans imagined by Honoria for living upon her small income like a lady; all her friend's arguments to prove that they were every one unfeasible; and how many times a-day the latter had repeated that the only mode in the universal world, by which her laudable desire of living like a lady could be accomplished, was, by her becoming Mrs. Quiddy, which she might be on any day of the week if (as Mrs. Fleecer eloquently expressed it) "if, Norey, you were not as obstinate as the parish-pump in a hard frost." Instead of all that, we, for reasons of our own, jump to the question which was put by Honoria to her friend as they were sitting at breakfast one morning, nearly three months after the return of the former from Starveleigh Cottage.

"There *is* something the matter with you, I'm sure," said Honoria: "you have been crying—why, you are crying now."

"Nothing, dear, indeed it's nothing," replied Fleecer. "I did not sleep very well, that's all."

"Then, pray let me have no more of it, Fleecer. I had enough of that at Mrs. Woelfield's to last me my life. Consider—such a rainy season as I lived through! a set-in shower of tears for three months! But what *can* be the reason the newspaper is not come this morning?"

"As I told you, before, dear, I suppose the boy has forgot to bring



it," said Fleecer, pretending to sneeze, as an excuse for putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Then send Betty for it," said Honoria, "I can't bear to pass a day without seeing the newspaper."

"Yes—no—by-and-by," stammered Mrs. Fleecer. "And now, my dear Norey, do come down if Mr. Quiddy should come to tea with me this evening. I've particular reasons for it. You must—you shall—I won't take a denial. You know I'm your friend; and believe me when I say there's no time to be lost. He'll marry you to-morrow if you will but say the word; and then you will be settled, and a lady for life."

This, and much more to the same purpose did she say, and with an earnestness that positively astonished the lady to whom it was addressed. At length, recovering herself, Honoria said,

"You have settled the point at last, Mrs. Fleecer. I had almost accustomed myself to your constant worry upon this foolish subject, and, lately, have done no more than laugh at it; but this serious outbreak of yours is really too much. At the end of this week I shall quit your house, and never will I enter it again. Remember—I warned you long ago that it would come to this."

The look, tone, and manner of the speaker, as she uttered these words, left no doubt upon the mind of the hearer that she was in earnest. And she was so. Miss St. Egremont quitted the room.

"Poor girl!—poor, unfortunate girl!" said Mrs. Fleecer, the instant she was alone: "I *knew* it would be so—I *told* her so."

And while she spoke, she drew from her pocket the newspaper which, when Honoria joined her at breakfast, she had hastily, and unperceived by her, thrust into it. Again did she read the following *cautious* paragraph which appeared under the head of CITY INTELLIGENCE:—

"Just as business was over yesterday afternoon, it was whispered on 'Change that a certain highly-respectable house in the city had failed for a very large amount. As no names were *distinctly* mentioned, it would be imprudent, if not, indeed, highly improper, to say more *at present* than that the house thus mysteriously alluded to is that of Messrs. Wh-bble and Sc-tt, the eminent b-ll br-k-rs in B-rch-n L-ne. The failure (of which we fear we may confidently state that there is not the slightest doubt) is generally attributed to the losses at play and on the turf, and to the boundless extravagance of the junior partner, Mr. H-rry Sc-tt."

It is but a just compliment to the penetration of Mrs. Fleecer to say, that, cautiously and mysteriously as the "certain highly-respectable house" was alluded to, she, nevertheless, from amongst the numerous highly-respectable houses in the city, singled out the right one. She reflected for a while how it would be best for her to proceed in this unhappy affair, and presently resolved to go instantly to Mr. Scott's office and ascertain the truth or the falsehood of the report. To save poor Honoria, in the mean while, from the dreadful shock which the paragraph, whether true or false, would occasion her, she kindly and considerately desired Betty to tell Miss St. Egremont, in reply to any inquiry she might make about the newspaper, that it had not been

sent; and, moreover, should she be sent out to procure one, to return and say there was not one to be had.

"And now, Betty," said she, "I am going out for an hour or two. Be careful and mind what I've told you, and I'll give you a shilling: if you make the least mistake I'll turn you away at a minute's warning."

The inducement, without the threat, was sufficient for Betty.

"I'll not only say it but *swear* to it, mum," said Betty, determined to earn the shilling honestly. "When I promise to tell a lie, mum, you may believe me." And she thought to herself, "Lor! if mississ did but pay me a shilling apiece for 'em what a rich woman should I be by this time!"

It was but too true! The offices of Messrs. Whobble and Scott were closed, and on the outer door was pasted a notice that all letters and parcels for them were to be sent to, and all inquiries concerning them made at, Messrs. Docket and Writmore's, solicitors, Thread-needle-street. Thither did Mrs. Fleecer proceed.

And what were the answers to poor Fleecer's anxious inquiries? The firm would appear as bankrupts in the next gazette: their affairs were in as bad a state as it was possible to conceive: the creditors would be fortunate should they recover sixpence, or, indeed, any thing in the pound: Mr. Whobble, who had latterly left the entire management of the business to his junior partner, had been deceived and was ruined by him; and Mr. Harry Scott (as they had just discovered) had sailed for America a week ago, having left town on pretence of going to Brighton for a few days for the benefit of his health. Any further information which the lady might desire Mr. Docket would be "most happy and delighted" to give her. She had had, however, sufficient.

With the intention of asking the advice of Mr. Quiddy she went to Mark-lane. She had actually reached his house, when she suddenly stopped.

"What a fool I am!" thought she. This dreadful business has quite bewildered me. What was I going to do? No—I must keep *him* in the dark about it, at all events. *He* must not know she is pen-niless."

With a heavy heart and streaming eyes she proceeded homewards.

"Well," thought she, "let it come to the worst she shall never want a home whilst I have one. But how shall I break this matter to her? Ah! if she had but taken my advice! But I told her how it would be—I told her so."

"THEN I AM LEFT DESTITUTE IN THE WORLD!" said Honoria.

And so she was; "honestly and candidly" she was so.

Though with the utmost caution and tenderness Fleecer divulged to poor Honoria the heavy calamity which had befallen her, the blow was astounding. "Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged" was an intimation unwelcomely received by the gentleman to whom it was addressed; nor did he display any greater satisfaction at the summons when it was delivered in the more insinuating form of "You must *be so good, sir*, to rise and be put to death." The truth is that "Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged" is an invitation which the most captivating coaxing, or the blindest persuasion, must fail to render

agreeable; and though Persiani herself should warble it to the party invited, embellishing it even with her sweetest and most artistical variations, still would the burden of the song be "you must rise and be hang'd." *That* is not to be surmounted. And so is it usually with the very best attempts to render any great calamity palatable.

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But to each and all of those topics of comfort and consolation Honoria's only reply was, "But I am destitute, I am destitute!"

It may be thought that, as an obvious remedy for this cruel misfortune, Mrs. Fleecer suggested her sublime panacea, Mr. Phineas Quiddy. But no: whatever may have been passing in her mind she had too much tact to name him at such a moment. It may be thought also that she would vindicate her own sagacity by an occasional "Ah! if you had but followed my advice!" or, "I knew how it would end," or, "I told you how it would be." But, strange as it may appear, she did not mingle with her words of consolation one syllable of reproach. We do not attribute this forbearance on her part to exquisite delicacy of feeling or refinement of mind. Had her friend lost but *half* her fortune Mrs. Fleecer probably would not have relinquished the opportunity of enjoying her small triumph; but Honoria, whom she really loved, was utterly ruined; and all considerations of self-gratification were merged in sorrow for her misfortune.

#### CHAP. XXXIX.

KIND INQUIRIES—THE EFFECTS PRODUCED ON A LADY'S FIRMEST RESOLUTIONS BY THE DISCOVERY THAT SHE HAS NOTHING *PER ANNUM* TO LIVE UPON—QUIDDY, WITH HIS USUAL INSTINCT OF SELF-PROTECTION, TAKES LAWYER'S OPINIONS, AND, SATISFIED WITH *THEM*——!

DURING the six weeks that poor Honoria had been confined to her bed by the severe illness occasioned by the shock she had received, Quiddy called almost daily to inquire concerning the state of the fair sufferer.

"—— and six weeks' illness would change any body," said Quiddy.

"You would hardly know her again, Q.," continued Mrs. Fleecer. "Poor thing! so altered as she is she wouldn't like *you* to see her just now. But, thank Heaven! Doctor Twicknam—and as clever a man he is as any in the profession—not one of the physicking sort, but a doctor after my own heart, for he prescribes port-wine in preference to pills and powders—Doctor Twicknam says that a couple of glasses of port a-day, and a month at Brighton, will make her as well, ay, and *as handsome* again as ever, Q."

"Handsome, Mrs. F.!" exclaimed he: "that's all one to me: handsome or ugly, my love for *her* won't be less one way or the other."

"That I *do* believe," said Mrs. Fleecer.

"Ah! she has had a narrow escape," said Quiddy. "And no accounting for her illness, as you've often told me, eh, ma'am?"

"Not in the least," replied she. "In the morning she was as well

as we are ; and, at night, I wouldn't have insured her life for the value of a China orange."

"And if any thing *had* happened to her ! Without a relation in the world, as you've said, what *would* have become of her fortune ! Well ; I suppose it would have been the better for *somebody*, eh, my dear good lady ?"

To this supposition, which was accompanied with a knowing look, the other evasively replied,

"She has a great regard for me, certainly."

Whobble and Scott—a first and final dividend of fourpence in the pound !

"Well," said Honoria, throwing down a letter, "this completes it ! In my present condition, twelve hundred fourpences would have been something to me ; but Docket and Writmore say that Mr. Whobble not having signed the bond, I have no claim upon the estate ; it is a private debt of Scott's. Honestly and candidly," added she, with a bitter laugh, "honestly and candidly, he has left me in a pleasing condition !"

"The villain !" exclaimed Mrs. Fleecer. "But never mind, my dear," continued she ; "as I have told you from the first, as long as I live, here is a home for you."

"You are a kind-hearted creature," replied Honoria, "but (I must repeat it) a life of dependance I will not lead."

"Then what *will* you do ?" said Mrs. Fleecer ; "for you have not a shilling to live upon."

Miss St. Egremont made no reply ; for, much as she had thought upon the subject, she had not succeeded in devising an expedient for her self-support.

"A life of dependance is wretched enough, and that's the truth of it," said Mrs. Fleecer ; who, with the hope of working out her favourite project, artfully resolved to make Honoria thoroughly miserable by suggesting to her the worst and most repelling of the probable consequences of her destitute condition. So she continued :—

"But you needn't be *dependant* upon me, Norey, dear. To make it agreeable to your feelings, you shall do a little work for me. I don't mean as a common servant :—you shall just wait upon the *better* sort of lodgers, and take care of the house-linen and keep it in order for me. That will be like *earning* your living, so you will be under no obligation to me. I'll not *pay* you any thing : the vales, the half-crowns and shillings you'll get from the lodgers, will keep you in pocket-money, so for *that* you'll be under no obligation to me."

Miss St. Egremont felt as if pricked with red-hot needles ; but she replied not. Mrs. Fleecer proceeded :—

"Or if you were to take in needlework ? To be sure, by working your fingers to the bone you couldn't earn more than eighteenpence a-day—but that would be better than nothing, and something you *must* do to *earn your living*."

And to this Miss St. Egremont replied not.

"As to opening a school for little children (as you have talked of doing) that would be a *very* bad speculation ; and what else to think of I'm sure I don't know.—Dear me ! a thought strikes me : lady's—

maid to a lady of quality—or upper nursery-maid in a *respectable* family. It wouldn't be pleasant to you, after living like a lady yourself for so many years, that I admit; but there would be no disgrace in it, my dear Norey, and in your forlorn condition you must do *something to earn your living.*"

And to *this* Miss St. Egremont, though she sighed deeply, replied not.

"As to marrying Mr. Quiddy," said Mrs. Fleecer "(which you might do this very hour if you would), that's a subject I'm resolved I'll never mention again; for whenever I do you fly out so! No—since you are so blind to your own interest—but I'll never name him again."

And to *this* Miss St. Egremont made no reply!

"*I've done it!*" thought Mrs. Fleecer.

This conversation occurred at noon. In the course of the evening of that same day—

"That's Quiddy's knock, dear," said Mrs. Fleecer. "Go up to your own room as you don't like to see him. I'll get rid of him as soon as I can, and will let you know when he's gone."

"Why," said Honoria, "I don't know, but, really—upon my word I—as you say he has made so many inquiries about me, why, to thank him will be but an act of common civility."

"Yes, I *have* done it," thought Mrs. Fleecer.

Our hero was, as usual, received in Mrs. Fleecer's room. He took dummy—the ladies played against him. Miss St. Egremont was not uncivil to him, although he occasionally delivered himself of an expression which was too pointed to be misunderstood; Mrs. Fleecer was more than once at the point of joyfully uttering, "*I've done it!*" and Quiddy, happy Quiddy, was happy Quiddy to the last, notwithstanding his loss of ninepence at cards. An invitation to take his revenge on the following evening was proposed by Mrs. Fleecer, seconded by Miss St. Egremont, and rapturously accepted by him.

————— "I admit what you say upon that point to be true, Fleecer," said Miss St. Egremont, in conclusion: "*his ugliness is not* a very important point for consideration; but then, he is so *very disagreeable.* Good night."

On the following evening Mr. Quiddy was, for the first time, received in Miss St. Egremont's apartment—the drawing-room!

He again departed a loser—singular coincidence!—of ninepence; yet so delighted was he by the amiable behaviour of the heiress, that he exhibited not, either by word or look, the slightest symptom of ill-humour.

————— "I admit what you say upon that point to be true, Fleecer," said Miss St. Egremont, in conclusion: "though he is not the most agreeable person in the world, he may, nevertheless, possess many good qualities. Good night."

Next morning

"From all these inquiries," said the worthy Iscariot Hitchflat to our hero, "I presume you are about to marry."

"Oh, no; not I," replied the ever ingenuous Quiddy; "no thoughts of such a thing."

"Then why are you so anxious for the information?" inquired Hitchflat.

"Why—because—in short, one likes to know such things, that's all," said Quiddy.—"Ahem!—But you are *certain* that that is the law: if no settlements are made *before* marriage, the woman's property becomes the husband's?"

"Clearly," replied the worthy Hitchflat.

"And the woman has no control whatever over it afterwards," said Quiddy.

"None in the world," said the respectable limb of the law. "But I thought every child knew that."

This information corroborated that which he had just previously received from his legal adviser in the city. Joyfully rubbing his hands as he departed, he exclaimed,

"All's right and safe then!"

On that very evening (taking advantage of Mrs. Fleecer's prolonged and premeditated absence) the agreeable Quiddy made a proposal of marriage to Miss Honoria St. Egremont!

And what were the chief points preceding this important step?

He talked over-much of his "*disinterested* affection," still more of his "many thousands;" but he delicately abstained from even the slightest allusion to the lady's "*fortune*."

And how was the proposal received?

Miss St. Egremont was "surprised"—"astonished"—"utterly confounded"—"she could say nothing to it"—"she knew not what to say"—"he must leave her"—"she was in such a state of mind"—"*indeed he must leave her for the present.*"

"Nonsense, Q.," said Mrs. Fleecer, who had been waiting for him in the "hall,"—a refusal, indeed! I listened at the keyhole and heard all that passed: it's as good as if she had said 'Yes' a thousand times over. Come again to-morrow."

Delighted and happy, away he went.

"Ecod I *am* a cute fellow!" thought he; "I'll marry her out of hand, or some one or another may put it into her head to think of settlements."

## CHAP. XL.

AN IMPORTANT CHAPTER, THOUGH NOT EQUAL IN IMPORTANCE TO THE NEXT.

"I tell you again you are *not* practising a deception upon him, Norey," said Mrs. Fleecer, "no more am I: he is deceiving himself. Out of a few words which I dropped promiscuous the first time we met him at the Play, he got a notion into his head that you are intolerable rich, and that notion he has never got out of it. Why should *you* be over-nice in the matter? He cares little more for you than for me; and if he knew your real situation, we should see no more of him in Surrey-street, take my word for that."

"To marry a man who has no affection for one!" said Honoria;



“horrid!—Some admiration of my person, perhaps.” [The looking-glass was opposite to where she was standing.] “But where there is nothing beyond that, the chances of happiness are slight indeed!”

“Psha! you’ll get on very well together after a little time,” said the other. “I don’t mean to say he’s exactly the person to choose for a lover, but you’ll soon learn to put up with him for a husband.”

“And when he discovers the deception—or, no; I won’t call it a deception,” continued Honoria (who was beginning to look at the matter in a different light)—“but when he discovers the mistake into which he has been betrayed by his own self-interested and sordid motives, what is likely to be his behaviour to me!”

“He can’t discover that till after you are married,” said Mrs. Fleecer.

“And why not?” inquired Honoria.

“Did he say a word to you last night about your *fortune*?” inquired Fleecer.

“Not a syllable,” replied Honoria.

“And why didn’t he, my dear? Because he fancied that should he touch upon that subject, it might lead to some talk about settlements and all that sort of thing; as it is—and recollect what I wrote to you when you were at Pesterton, about his anxiety to know whether you were in the hands of trustees—as it is, he thinks that the moment the ring is on your finger, your fortune will, of its own accord, tumble into *his* pocket—and then my gentleman has it! Ah! Norey, my dear; believe me those very cunning people are sometimes too cunning for themselves.”

“But I dread to think of what may be his usage of me in consequence of his disappointment,” said Honoria.

“As to that,” said Fleecer, “there is such a thing as a separate maintenance; and to be Mrs. Quiddy with a separate maintenance (little as it may be) will be a better thing than to remain Miss St. Egremont with no maintenance at all. But I’m not afraid of its coming to that: with your sense, and spirit, and temper, and education, and so forth, it will be a strange thing indeed if you don’t keep him in order.”

“Ah! Mr. Honestly-and-Candidly,” said Honoria (and a bitter sigh was wrung from her bosom by the thought), “you have I to thank for the pleasant prospect before me also.”

That evening Miss St. Egremont, accompanied by Mrs. Fleecer, accepted Mr. Quiddy’s invitation to the Play. On their return home, Mr. Quiddy accepted Mrs. Fleecer’s invitation to partake of a little supper which had been prepared in Miss St. Egremont’s apartment!

On the following evening Miss St. Egremont accompanied Mr. Quiddy to the Opera. Mrs. Fleecer, *unfortunately*, was too unwell to be of the party!!

On the morning succeeding that, Mr. Quiddy had the honour and happiness of exhibiting to Miss St. Egremont the giants in Guildhall, together with some others of the wonders of the City!!!

There is an old proverb to the effect that “Needs must when a certain gentleman (who shall be nameless) mounts the coachbox.” Time was when this theme might peradventure have tempted us to the com-



mission of a digression, a short essay, or a dissertation; but, hastening to a conclusion, we shall say no more than—Poor Honoria!

“I ought to be very angry with you,” said Honoria, when Mrs. Fleecer showed her the parcel and the note, both of which remained in the state in which she had received them from the former—that is to say, unopened.

“Why, my dear,” said Mrs. Fleecer, “if I had allowed this bombasin to be returned to him, and with such a note as this of yours, we never should have seen him again. But, as you are now out of mourning, what had we better do with it?”

“I think you may as well keep it for yourself,” said Honoria, laughing.

A week passed away and Miss St. Egremont had not yet given her positive consent to the suit of her adorer. Hour by hour did the impatience of the latter increase; for who could tell (he could not) what might occur to baffle his hopes, well-grounded though they were? Fleecer, the adroit, had provoked this misgiving by *unguardedly* letting drop a word about an imaginary Major O'Mahony and a visionary Captain O'Callaghan (gallant officers, both of her own creating), who sometimes “looked in.” One or other of these “rascally fortune-hunters,” as Quiddy justly and indignantly considered them, might run off with the prize; or some busy meddler might wickedly suggest to the young lady the expediency of securing to herself her own property before (what he called) the *guardian-knot* was tied—a proceeding which would leave him little more than the possession of the young lady herself.

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“I don't see the need of her going to Brighton,” said Quiddy to Mrs. Fleecer, “for she appears to be perfectly well again. I'm sorry, very sorry for it, for I can't bear to pass a day without seeing her. If, indeed, business would allow me to leave town for a few days, the case would be different; but, unfortunately, you see——And when will she go?”

“Not till the end of the week,” replied Mrs. Fleecer; and with a studied air of indifference she added, “Indeed I don't see how she can well go earlier, for she is expecting the arrival of a gentleman from the country—an old and very confidential friend of her late uncle's—who is coming to advise her as to the safest and prudentest mode of arranging her affairs.”

This “gentleman,” we scarcely need say, was very closely related to the “captain” and the “major.”

Quiddy was dumfounded. But quickly recovering himself, he exclaimed—

“Brighton—well—after all, since Doctor Twicknam recommends it, I think she ought to go; and, in my opinion, she ought to go immediately. And, as *you* say, my dear good lady, she knows nobody there, and you can't go with her, *I'll* go. Now can't you persuade her to go at once—to-morrow, or the next day at the latest—eh, Mrs. F.?”

“I'll try what I can do, Q.—And, mind—do you follow her; there you'll have her all to yourself; play the agreeable; take her to the

libraries, and to walk on the cliffs, and the parade, and the *Steam*; and if you are the man I take you for, you insinuating creature—But hush! here she comes.

CHAP. XLI.

FOR THE ASTONISHING REASON THAT THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER IS LESS IMPORTANT THAN THE PRESENT, THIS IS THE MORE IMPORTANT OF THE TWO.

A SERMON in little, a brief and touching History of Human Life, is that small corner of the newspaper which is devoted to the announcement of Births, Marriages, and Deaths!

Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed when, in the second compartment of that register in the *Morning Post*, there appeared—

“LATELY, AT BRIGHTON, PHINEAS QUIDDY, ESQ., OF MARK-LANE, LONDON, TO MISS HONORIA ST. EGREMONT.”

P.\*

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LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

IF this new volume of Miss Strickland's "*Queens of England*" has less variety than its admirable predecessors—for it comprises two lives only—it is perhaps more full of interest and curiosity, and even of novelty, than any one of them: and we cannot help thinking that more care and time has been bestowed on it than either of the others obtained at the writer's hand. But perhaps this latter circumstance is to be attributed to the strictly *personal* interest which the fair author must have felt in the first and most curious and valuable of the two lives—that of Queen Catharine Parr, with whom, in the preface to her first volume, Miss Strickland claims to be ancestrally connected, and therefore to enjoy peculiar advantages and facilities as her biographer.

Certain it is that the volume is fuller of romantic interest and incident than half-a-dozen romances, and contains more solid and new information than as many of those grave histories which have come before us with tenfold the pretensions put forth by this modest but comprehensive and truly national work.

The volume opens with the life of Queen Catharine Parr, sixth Queen of Henry VIII., who, as the reader may remember, was not merely the first Protestant Queen of England, but was so truly and emphatically Protestant, in the most comprehensive sense of the phrase, that her accession to the throne may safely be considered as having greatly aided in the happy establishment of the reformation in England: and that she lent it this aid at the peril of her life, proves her religious feeling to have been as sincere as it was strongly and ear-

nestly manifested. Even during the first month of her marriage with Henry, long before the king himself had taken a decided part in favour of the new doctrines, she exhibited the strength of her feeling in the good cause; and subsequently the exercise of her growing influence with the king in its behalf, excited the most powerful enemies of the reformation, the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, to conspire nothing less than her downfall and death. In short, the character of this accomplished, virtuous, learned, and dignified woman and queen, affords a scope for Miss Strickland's pen, which it has scarcely obtained in the instance of any other of her regal subjects hitherto; and she has availed herself of it to produce a Life of singular interest, curiosity, and historical value.

As Queen Catharine Parr was the first Protestant Queen of England, and the first and only Queen Regent, so was Mary—whose life occupies the remainder of the present volume—the first Queen Regnant; and her biography unquestionably presents the most difficult and delicate task that Miss Strickland has yet had to encounter. That she has executed it with singular ability, impartiality, and effect, few will deny who read the life with the care and interest it claims; and the reason of her complete success is, that she mingles little or no comments or opinions with her narrative: she places before the reader all the essential *facts* with which a diligent collation of contemporaneous authorities furnish her, and leaves her readers to draw inferences and form opinions for themselves: an example which it will be well if future historians follow more strictly than they are likely to do. It should not, however, be concealed that Miss Strickland evidently takes a less unfavourable view of the character of this Queen than the one which generally prevails; and happily, the time has arrived when historical writers may adopt the motto that above all others it befits them to follow, and may *do justice*, whatever comes of it—even though one of the consequences may be to strip a “bloody Queen Mary,” or a “crookbacked Richard,” of some at least of the popular prestige of cruelty and crime that ages of ignorance, prejudice, and party feeling may have heaped upon them.

In fact, this Life of Mary is still more valuable (if not so attractive and full of interest) than its companion of Catharine Parr; and we can scarcely hope that any one which is to follow will equal it in this respect, except that (of Elizabeth) which will form the opening subject of the next volume—unless indeed its surpassing interest should induce the writer to devote to it the entire space of her sixth volume, and extend her work (as she fairly and safely may) to at least two volumes beyond that number.

As a specimen of the condensed interest belonging to these Lives, and also of the tendency of Miss Strickland's views as to the character of Mary, we give a passage relating to the “whereabout” of this unquestionably high-minded, accomplished, and consistent queen, during the two days following that which made her the first Queen Regnant of England.

It appears that, on the previous day she had received a message from the Lord Protector, which she believed to be a trap laid for her downfall and death, with a view to strengthen the title of Lady Jane Gray to the throne; and that, under the peculiar circumstances in which she

was placed (the young king being at the point of death) she thought it expedient to fly for temporary refuge to her seat of Kenninghall, in Norfolk.

Wearied and worn, the whole party arrived at the gate of Sawston Hall, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and craved the hospitality of Mr. Huddleston, its owner. That gentleman, like his descendant, who watched the royal oak at Boscobel so well, was a zealous Roman Catholic. He knew, though she did not, how inimical his neighbours of the town of Cambridge were to the cause of the lineal heiress. Huddleston was, nevertheless, too true a gentleman to refuse shelter to the way-wearied princess and her harassed retinue, though there can be little doubt that he must have foreseen the perilous consequences which threatened himself, and his Lares and Penates.

Mary lodged that night under the hospitable roof which was never more to shelter a human being. She was astir with her ladies and retinue before sunrise, but commenced not the arduous journey before her till she had offered up her devotions according to the rites of her religion.

Very early in the morning she set out on her journey to Kenninghall; when she and her party gained the rise called Gogmagog-hills, she drew her bridle-rein, and paused to look back on Sawston Hall. At that moment it burst into flames; for a party from Cambridge, adverse to her cause, had heard of her arrival, and had mustered early in the morning to attack the house that harboured her; if they had not amused themselves with plundering and burning Sawston Hall, they might have seized Mary, so close were they on her traces.

She gazed on the flaming pile undauntedly. "Let it blaze," she said, "I will build Huddleston a better."

She kept her word—the present Sawston Hall was built by her order, and at her expense.

Mary was received loyally at Bury St. Edmunds, yet she made no further stay there but for the noon refreshment. The news of the death of Edward VI. had not yet reached that town, and Mary's retinue accounted for their hurried journey by asserting that one of the household at Hunsdon had died suddenly, suspected of the plague; therefore the fear of communicating that disease prevented them from tarrying in populous neighbourhoods, and caused their retreat into the depths of the country.

The same night Mary crossed the river, which separates Suffolk from its sister county, and arrived safely at her seat of Kenninghall, in Norfolk. There was little rest for her either in mind or body. By that time the news of the death of the king her brother was generally known, and it was necessary for her to take immediate steps to assert her title to the throne.

She instantly penned a temperate remonstrance to the privy council, mentioning her brother's death with feeling, and further declaring she was aware of their inimical projects; but she concluded with the offer of amnesty and favour, if they relinquished the same, and proclaimed her in London as their sovereign. This despatch was dated Kenninghall, July 9th. The council proclaimed Lady Jane Gray queen, on the 10th of the same month. Their reply to Mary was peculiarly aggravating; they branded her in gross terms with illegitimacy, and advised her to submit to her sovereign lady, Queen Jane. Mary immediately took prompt measures for maintaining her right; and certainly displayed in the course she pursued an admirable union of courage and prudence. She had neither money, soldiers, nor advisers; Sir Thomas Wharton, the steward of her household, and her ladies, were her only assistants in the first bold step she took; but had she been surrounded by the experienced veterans in arms and council that rallied round her sister Elizabeth at Tilbury, more sagacious measures could scarcely have been adopted; and had Elizabeth been the heroine of the enterprise instead of Mary, it would have been lauded to the skies as one of the grandest efforts of female courage and ability the world had ever known. And so it was; whether it be praised or not.

Sir Henry Jerningham and Sir Henry Bedingfeld brought their Norfolk tenantry to her aid before she left Kenninghall, which she did on the representation that the country was too open, and the house not strong enough to stand a siege. She resolved to fix her head-quarters within an easy ride of the eastern coast, whence she could on emergency embark for the opposite shores of Holland, and seek the protection of her kinsman the Emperor Charles V.

With this intention she left Kenninghall, July 11th, and mounting on horseback, attended by her faithful knights and ladies, she never drew bridle till she reached the town of Framlingham, deep imbosomed in the Suffolk woodlands, and situated about twenty miles from Kenninghall. The treble circle of moats which girdle the hill-side, town, and fortress of Framlingham, were then full and efficient, and the whole defences in complete repair. Mary arrived there after nightfall, at the head of a little cavalry force destined to form the nucleus of a mighty army. The picturesque train of knights in warlike harness, and their men-at-arms, guarding equestrian maids of honour, with the heiress of the English crown at their head, wended their way by torchlight, up the woodland eminence on which the Saxon town of Framlingham is builded. Thus they passed the beautiful church, where the bones of the noble poet Surrey have since found rest, and ascended the mighty causeway, over two deep moats, and paused, at length, beneath the embattled gateway, surmounted then, as now, by the arms of Howard.

Directly Mary stood within the magnificent area formed by the circling towers of Framlingham Castle, she felt herself a sovereign; she immediately defied her enemies by displaying her standard over the gate-tower, and assumed the title of Queen Regnant of England and Ireland.

Two or three more miscellaneous specimens of this new volume cannot fail to be gratifying to the reader.

Dramatic representations were among the entertainments at Mary's coronation festival; these were superintended by Haywood, the comic dramatist, whose attachment to the Roman ritual had caused him to take refuge in France. By an odd coincidence, he returned to his native country on the very same day that Bale, the sarcastic poet of the Reformers, retreated to Geneva. If we may be permitted to judge by the tone of their writings, pure Christianity and moral truth lost little by the absence of either ribald railer, for they were nearer allied in spirit than their polemic hatred would allow. There is something irresistibly absurd in the change of places of these persons, resembling the egress and regress of the figures in a toy barometer, on the sudden alterations of weather to which our island is subject.

The comedian Heywood, it has been shown, had served Queen Mary from her childhood, beginning his theatrical career as manager to one of those dramatic companies of infant performers, which vexed the spirit of Shakspeare into much indignation, and caused him to compare them to "little eyasses."

When Heywood, on his return from banishment, presented himself before his royal mistress,

"What wind has blown you hither?" asked Queen Mary.

"Two special ones," replied the comedian; "one of them, to see your majesty."

"We thank you for that," said Mary; "but, I pray, for what purpose was the other?"

"That your majesty might see *me*."

A first-rate repartee for a player and dramatist, and her majesty appointed an early day for beholding him in his vocation. He was appointed manager of the performances of her theatrical servants; and she often sent for him to stand at the sideboard at supper, and amuse her with his jests, in which it is said the protestant reformation was not spared, though, according to Camden, the arrows of the wit glanced occasionally at his own church, even in these interviews with majesty.

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The storm of civil war, averted from the city, was soon transferred to the door of Mary's own residence. At two in the morning, the palace of Whitehall was awakened by an alarm brought by a deserter from the rebels, declaring that Wyatt had made a detour from the east of the metropolis on the Surrey bank of the Thames, which he had crossed at Kingston Bridge, and would be at Hyde Park Corner in two hours. The hurry and consternation that pervaded the palace that winter's morning may be imagined. Barricades were raised in the points most liable to attack; guards were stationed even at the queen's bedchamber-windows and her withdrawing-rooms. The palace echoed with the wailings of the queen's ladies.

Her royal household had been replenished with a bevy of fair and courtly dames, of a different spirit from those few faithful ladies who belonged to her little circle when she was the persecuted Princess Mary, and who shared her flight to Framlingham. These ladies, Susan Clarencieux, Mary Finch, and Mary Brown, and the granddaughter of Sir Thomas More—were with her still, in places of high trust, but they had been too well inured to the caprice of Mary's fortunes to behave according to Edward Underhill's account of their colleagues.

"The queen's ladies," he said, "made the greatest lamentations that night: they wept and wrung their hands, and from their sayings may be judged the state of the interior of Whitehall. 'Alack, alack,' they said, 'some great mischief is toward! We shall all be destroyed this night! What a sight is this, to see the queen's bedchamber full of armed men—the like was never seen or heard of before!'"

In this night of terror, every one lost their presence of mind but the queen. Her ministers and councillors crowded round her, imploring her to take refuge in the Tower. Bishop Gardiner even fell on his knees, to entreat her to enter a boat he had provided for that purpose at Whitehall Stairs. She answered, "That she would set no example of cowardice; and if Pembroke and Clinton proved true to their posts, she would not desert hers."

In the midst of the confusion at St. James's, the Hot Gospeller, Mr. Edward Underhill, came again, dressed his armour, and was very thankfully admitted by the captain of the queen's guard, who could best appreciate his valour and fidelity to his standard.

The queen sent to Pembroke and Clinton information of the alarm in the palace. They returned the most earnest assurances of their fidelity. At four o'clock in the morning, their drums beat to arms, and they began to station their forces for the most effectual defence of the royal palaces of St. James and Whitehall; the rebels being uncertain in which Queen Mary had sojourned that night. The queen had a very small force of infantry, but was better provided with cavalry, which was under the command of Lord Clinton, the husband of her friend and kinswoman, the fair Geraldine. Bands of soldiers were posted at intervals, from Charing-cross to St. James's Palace, and on the hill opposite to the palace gateway, now so familiarly known by the name of St. James's-street, was planted a battery of cannon, guarded by a strong squadron of horse, headed by Lord Clinton. This force extended from the spot where Crockford's club-house now stands, to Jermyn-street. The antique palace gateway and the hill still remain witnesses of the scene, but no building occupied at that time the vicinity of the palace, excepting a solitary conduit, standing where the centre of St. James's-square is at present. The whole area before the gateway was called St. James's-fields; and where passing thousands now swarm down the streets of Pall-mall and Piccadilly, sylvan lanes then extended, or park walls stretched on each side.

After Clinton and Pembroke had arranged their plan of action, the approach of the enemy was eagerly expected. Day broke on the 7th of February, slowly and suddenly, pouring with rain, a real London wintry morning. The difficulty of bringing up artillery through roads (such as roads were in those days), made still worse by the wet weather, had delayed Wyatt's entry till nine o'clock, when his forces, finding all access to the higher ground strongly



guarded, divided into three : one part, under the command of Captain Cobham, approached Westminster through the park, assaulting the back of St. James's Palace as they went ; the second, led by Captain Knevet, attacked Whitehall ; while the other, led by Sir Thomas Wyatt, made their way down the old St. James's-lane, which seems no other than the site of Piccadilly.

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PERCIVAL KEENE.\*

THOUGH we are not among those who rank Captain Marryat, as a writer of prose fiction, with Smollet or Fielding, we cannot help thinking there is a charm about his best works which the productions of those great masters want. The richness and force of humour, the profound knowledge of character, the astonishing artistical skill (which achieves an absolute concealment of all art), the command of language and of style—in each and all of these Captain Marryat does not approach his two great predecessors in the same line of composition : but in fertility of invention—(no less as regards minute details than leading incidents)—in absolute truth and nature—and above all, in the boldness with which he dares to trust to these latter,—he is at the very least their equal. It is quite impossible to feel, as we read “*Humphrey Clinker*” or “*Joseph Andrews*,” that we are reading actual records of human life : the perpetual recurrence of *admiration for the writer* would prevent this, if nothing else did. But the occasional extravagance and caricature of the delineations does it still more. It is the boast of the unqualifying panegyrists of these writers that they perpetually “set the table in a roar ;” but nature does not do this. Nor does Captain Marryat. His humour, whether of incident or of dialogue, goes no further than we hourly meet with in real life. In a word, he dares to be dull occasionally ; and no one can be a perfectly natural writer who does not. The skill of Captain Marryat is, to preserve the happy medium : and the result is, that his narratives read like pieces cut out of “the mingled yarn” of human life.

Not one of his works of fiction bears out these remarks more entirely than his new naval novel of “*Percival Keene*,” the title of which will probably suggest to the reader, whether intended to do so or not, that it is offered as a companion picture to “*Peter Simple*.” Be this as it may, the work will be read for itself alone, nor will any other be thought of during such reading, if, indeed, any thing be thought of at all ; for it is the delightful effect of books of this nature to merge all thought—that “blight of life” to so many—in that pleasant and wholesome excitement which springs from feeling an interest in the being, well or ill, of our fellow men and women.

It is impossible to imagine any narrative (except a true one) much more inartificial than the history (related by himself) of “*Percival Keene* ;” nor is there a single exaggeration or extravagance in it from beginning to end ; it might, every incident and word of it, have happened as related. Yet it fixes and holds the attention and curiosity with a degree of force and tenacity that a new “*Mysteries of Udolpho*” would fail to effect : and we cannot speak a truth more complimentary to the improved taste of the age. Even the monkey-tricks of the

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\* *Percival Keene* : a Novel. By Captain Marryat. 3 vols.



young middy, which occupy so large (perhaps too large) a portion of the early pages, never grow tiresome or impertinent, because of the air of reality which every where pervades them.

Many of the scenes in the more advanced life of the hero are described with uncommon force and spirit: his adventure with Peggy Pearson in the cast-away boat at night in a gale of wind—the whole of his adventures when attached to the negro pirate—the sea-fight of the little schooner with the two French vessels—the duel by proxy, and the scenes which immediately precede and follow it—in short, all the leading incidents of the novel are quite equal to the best of Captain Marryat's efforts of a similar kind.

As a specimen of the style of the work, we shall give the hero's opening scene on board the negro pirate's ship, by which the reader will perceive that the most perfect nature in the management of details is by no means incompatible with the most intense excitement in the effect produced by them. It should be premised that the hero, at the time of the incident in question, is a devil-may-care, but excessively shrewd and clever middy on board a king's ship, and that he is on the point of being cast away when the negro-pirate picks him up.

As soon as I was alongside of the schooner, they ordered me to go up the side, which I did, with my spy-glass in my hand. I leaped from the gunwale down on the deck, and found myself on board of an armed vessel, with a crew wholly composed of blacks.

I was rudely seized by two of them, who led me aft to where a negro stood apart from the rest. A more fierce, severe, determined-looking countenance I never beheld. He was gigantic in stature, and limbed like the Farnesian Hercules.

"Well, boy, who are you?" said he, "and how came you on board of that vessel?"

I told him in very few words.

"Then you belong to that frigate that chased us the day before yesterday?"

"Yes," replied I.

"What is her name?"

"The Calliope."

"She sails well," said he.

"Yes," replied I; "she is the fastest sailer on this station."

"That's all the information I want of you, boy: now you may go."

"Go where?" replied I.

"Go where?—go overboard, to be sure," replied he with a grin.

My heart died within me; but I mustered courage to say, "Much obliged to you, sir; but I'd rather stay where I am, if it's all the same to you."

The other negroes laughed at this reply, and I felt a little confidence; at all events, their good-humour gave me courage, and I felt that being bold was my only chance.

The negro captain looked at me for a time, as if considering, and at last said to the men, "Overboard with him."

"Good bye, sir, you're very kind," said I; "but this is a capital spy-glass, and I leave it to you as a legacy;" and I went up to him and offered him my spy-glass. Merciful Heaven! How my heart beat against my ribs when I did this.

The negro captain took the glass, and looked through it.

"It is a good glass," said he, as he removed it from his eyes. It was poor Green's spy-glass, which he had given me for showing him the mason's signs.

"Well, white boy, I accept your present, and now good bye."

"Good bye, sir. Do me one kindness in return," said I very gravely, for I felt my hour was come.

"And what is that?" replied the negro.

"Tie a shot to my heels, that I may sink quickly; it won't take them long."

"You don't ask me to spare your life then?" replied the negro.

"He de very first white dat not ask it," said one of the negroes.

"Dat really for true," said another.

"Yes, by gum," replied a third.

Oh, how I wished to know what to say at that moment! The observations of the negroes made me imagine that I had better not *ask* for it; and yet how I clung to life. It was an awful moment—I felt as if I had lived a year in a few minutes. For a second or two I felt faint and giddy—I drew a long breath and revived.

"You don't answer me, boy," said the negro captain.

"Why should I ask when I feel certain to be refused? If you will give me my life, I will thank you: I don't particularly wish to die, I can assure you."

"I have taken an oath never to spare a white man. For once I am sorry that I cannot break my oath."

"If that is all, I am a boy, and not a man," replied I. "Keep me till I grow bigger."

"By golly, captain, that very well said. Keep him, captain," said one of the negroes.

"Yes, captain," replied another; "keep him to tend your cabin. Very proper you have white slave boy."

The negro captain for some time made no reply; he appeared to be in deep thought; at last he said,

"Boy, you have saved your life: you may thank yourself, and not me. Prossa, let him be taken below; give him a frock and trousers, and throw that infernal dress overboard, or I may change my resolution."

The negro who was addressed, and who wore a sort of uniform as an officer—which he was, being second mate—led me below, nothing loth, I can assure my readers.

When I was between decks, I sat down upon a chest, my head swam, and I fainted.

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After an hour or two, I felt quite recovered, and I thought it advisable to go on deck. I did so, and went right aft to the negro captain, and stood before him.

"Well, boy," said he, "why do you come to me?"

"You gave me my life: you're the greatest friend I have here, so I come to you. Can I do any thing?"

"Yes; you may assist in the cabin, if your white blood does not curdle at the idea of attending on a black man."

"Not at all. I will do any thing for them who are kind to me, as you have been."

"And think it no disgrace?"

"Not the least. Is it a disgrace to be grateful?"

The reader will observe how particularly judicious my replies were, although but fifteen years old. My dangerous position had called forth the reflection and caution of manhood.

"Go down into the cabin; you may amuse yourself till I come."

I obeyed this order. The cabin was fitted up equal to most yachts, with Spanish mahogany and gold mouldings; a buffet full of silver (there was no glass) occupied nearly one-half of it; even the plates and dishes were of the same material. Silver candelabras hung down from the middle of the beams; a variety of swords, pistols, and other weapons, were fixed up against the bulkhead; a small bookcase, chiefly of Spanish books, occupied the after-bulkhead

and the portraits of several white females filled up the intervals ; a large table in the centre, a stand full of charts, half-a-dozen boxes of cigars, and two most luxuriant sofas, completed the furniture.

A door from the starboard side led, I presumed, to the state-room, where the captain slept, but I did not venture to open it.

I surveyed all this magnificence, wondering who this personage could be ; and more still, how it was that the whole of the crew were, as well as the captain, of the negro race.

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I had been down in the cabin about half an hour, when the negro captain made his appearance.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you would as soon see the devil as me—eh; boy?"

"No, indeed," replied I, laughing—for I had quite recovered my confidence—"for you were about to send me to the devil, and I feel most happy that I still remain with you."

"You're exactly the cut of boy I like," replied he, smiling. "How I wish that you were black—I detest your colour."

"I've no objection to black my face, if you wish it," replied I : it's all the same to me what colour I am."

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He remains for several weeks with the negro-pirate, and then escapes under circumstances which give occasion to a scene that is described with astonishing force and spirit. Here is the conclusion of it. The pirate has been attacked by a British schooner and overpowered.

The fighting was over ; there was not one man at his gun ; and of those who remained still alive, one or two fell, while I was looking up, from the shot, which continued every minute to pierce the bulwarks. Where was Vincent ? I dare not go aft to see. I dare not venture to meet his eye. I dived down below again, and returned aft to the cabin ; there was no more demand for powder ; not a soul was to be seen abaft. Suddenly the after-hatchway grating was thrown off ; I heard some one descend ; I knew it was the hurried tread of the negro captain. It was so dark, and the cabin so full of smoke, that coming from the light he did not perceive me, although I could distinguish him. He was evidently badly wounded, and tottered in his walk : he came into the cabin, put his hand to his girdle, and felt for his pistol, and then he commenced pulling down the screen, which was between him and the magazine. His intentions were evident ; which were to blow up the vessel.

I felt that I had not a moment to lose. I dashed passed him, ran up the ladder, sprung aft to the taffrail, and dashed over the stern into the sea. I was still beneath the surface, having not yet risen from my plunge, when I heard and felt the explosion—felt it, indeed, so powerfully, that it almost took away my senses ; so great was the shock, even when I was under the water, that I was almost insensible. I have a faint recollection of being drawn down by the vortex of the sinking vessel, and scrambling my way to the surface of the water, amidst fragments of timbers and whirling bodies. When I recovered myself, I found that I was clinging to a portion of the wreck, in a sort of patch, as it were, upon the deep blue water, dark as ink, and strewn with splintered fragments.

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In a few minutes, during which I had quite recovered myself, the boat pulled into the mass of floating fragments, and then the sailors ceased rowing, to look about them. They perceived and pulled towards me—hoisted me in over the gunwale, and laid me at the bottom of the boat. I scrambled on my feet, and would have gone aft, when the midshipman of the boat said to the men,

"Pass that cursed young pirate forward—don't let him come aft here."

Oh, ho, Mr. Lascelles, thinks I—so you don't know me ; you shall know me by and by. I quite forgot that I was stained black, till one of the men, who seized me by the collar to pass me forward, said,

“Hand along the nigger. He's a young one for the gallows, any how.”

They handed me forward, and I did not choose to say who I was. My love of fun returned the moment that I was again with my shipmates. After looking well round, and ascertaining that I was the only one left alive, they pulled back to the frigate ; and the midshipman went up to report. I was handed up the side, and remained at the break of the gangway, while the captain and first lieutenant were talking with Mr. Lascelles ; during which Mr. Tommy Dott came up to me, and, putting his finger to his left ear, gave a cluck with his tongue, as much as to say, “You'll be hanged, my good fellow.”

I could not help giving the first masons' sign which I taught to Mr. Green, in return for Tommy's communication ; to wit, putting my thumb to my nose, and extending my finger out towards him ; at which Tommy Dott expressed much indignation, and called me a precious impudent varmin. The men who were near us laughed, and said that I was game at all events. No one knew me ; for not only was my face well stained, but I was covered from head to foot with a solution of salt-water and gunpowder, which made me still more indistinguishable.

I had remained at the gangway about two minutes, when the first lieutenant said,

“Bring the prisoner here.”

I immediately went aft ; and as soon as I was standing before Captain Delmar and the first lieutenant—(and behind were all the officers, anxious to hear what I had to disclose)—I put my hand to my head, having no hat, as may be supposed, and said, “*Come on board, sir,*” reporting myself, as is usually the custom of officers when they return from leave or duty.

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#### NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1842.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the somewhat rose-coloured pictures and anticipations which mark the general tone of this work, it would be difficult to over-rate its value and importance, both at the present moment, when the spirit of inquiry is so widely spread abroad as to the interesting colony to which it relates, and in that improved “hereafter” which it will greatly assist in bringing about.

At no period since its discovery in 1497, by that most illustrious of early navigators, Sebastian Cabot, has Newfoundland been free from the cabals and calumnies of those, both at home and on the island itself, whose narrow and sordid interests impelled them to belie this interesting and important scene of British enterprise, precisely in proportion to their own belief in the value and virtue of the thing maligned. The inexhaustible riches of the fisheries of Newfoundland, and the enormous profits arising from the working of them under the old system, induced those who were fortunate enough to gain possession of this mine of commercial wealth to unite with one accord in spreading stories of its unknown recesses being haunted with all sorts of evil things,—hoping thereby to deter other adventurers from interfering with their gains. It was admitted on all hands that the island and its fisheries formed a capital nursery and school for our sea-

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\* Newfoundland in 1842 : a Sequel to Canada in 1841. By Sir Richard Bonycastle, Bart., Lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Engineers. 2 vols.

men, and that the place was worth preserving on this account;—but that, as a place of permanent settlement, even for the labourers themselves who worked the mine, much less for the general purposes of colonization, it was a toss up between Newfoundland and the North Pole. It is the object and effect of this work to dispel this injurious prejudice, and to prove beyond question, that all things considered, both for and against the various scenes to which the spirit of British enterprise has extended, there is no one more fitted for the purposes of those who seek to transfer their labour to a distant soil, than that of the healthy, prosperous, and rapidly-improving island which is at the same time the key to our Canadian possessions. And if this inference is perhaps rather too strongly and perseveringly enforced in the mere opinions and conclusions of the writer, these are so amply borne out by the array of facts and statistical data which he brings to bear upon them—or rather, from which he deduces them—that the error we have referred to (if error it be) is one of taste and tact rather than of principle.

Sir Richard Bonnycastle brings to the task of delineating the various features of this our oldest yet least known colony, the same advantages and facilities which attended him in his work of last year on Canada: he holds a military appointment in the island of precisely that nature which at once calls upon and qualifies him to obtain the species of knowledge which he now takes upon himself to disseminate. There is no class of men who make better travellers, and writers of their travels, than the engineer officers of the British army,—chiefly in virtue of that scientific knowledge which to a certain extent they are bound to possess. added to that energy and spirit of enterprise which so favourably distinguish them. But in addition to these, the present writer possesses a shrewdness of observation, a strong and plain good sense, and a practical knowledge of other countries, in the absence of any one of which little faith can be placed in the accounts of any one writing of a land regarding which the large majority of his readers are ignorant, except through books.

The result in the present instance, is a work from the perusal of which the intended emigrant may gain, we are satisfied, a much more clear and specific notion of the country to which it relates, and of the degree in which that country is adapted or not adapted, to his plans and purposes, than he could possibly do even by a limited and superficial examination of that country for himself. And in this light it is that the work before us will be found chiefly valuable—as a complete picture of “*Newfoundland in 1842*”—its physical, social, and political position, its productions in every department of Natural History, its capabilities, its prospects, and its various relations with distant and with neighbouring countries. To this end no pains have been spared, and no facilities have been wanting; and there can be little doubt that the result, though taking the unassuming form of two small volumes that the reader may use as guides and pocket companions, will at once take their place, both at home and in the colony itself, as presenting at one view all that is or need be known about a country of which hitherto its own inhabitants have been for the most part both ignorant and indifferent.

## RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS IN 1842.

THIS book is quite a curiosity in its way,—at least so far as it proceeds: for it is the first volume alone that is before us, comprising “*St. Petersburg*”—the remainder of “Russia” being to come. But in the mean time, St. Petersburg is Russia, much more truly and emphatically than Paris is France,—as it is said to be: and of all the “pictures” extant of any great modern capital (and there are as many score as there are great capitals), there is none that can for a moment compare with this one of M. Kohl, either for the comprehensiveness of its outline, or the minute precision of its details—either for the spirit and vivacity of its various groupings, or the accuracy and truth of its individual figures—either for the amount of actual knowledge and information conveyed, or the effective and artist-like manner of conveying it. And we verily believe that the reason why this “picture in little” of the great northern capital is superior to any one that has ever before been drawn of a similar kind is, that the task of drawing such pictures is usually assigned to *native* artists, on the principle that *they* must necessarily know more of their own habits and customs, their own “ways and means,” and their own “whereabout,” than a foreigner can possibly do: whereas the direct reverse is the case. The looker-on sees more of the game than its players do; and M. Kohl, who is an industrious and clear-headed German looker-on upon Russia, has contrived to see and say more of the country and the people, during the period he has resided among them, than any one of themselves, or all of them together, have hitherto *said* at least, whatever they may have seen. Indeed we know of no other work of its kind that is at once so complete and satisfactory, both as regards design and execution: about London or Paris we have certainly nothing to compare with it. And by the vivid and picturesque method of putting every thing before us, the writer avoids that dryness which is the ordinary result of mere descriptive detail.

As nothing but examples can convey a fair impression of the quality of this extremely useful and entertaining work, we shall give a few brief ones,—though their necessary brevity must impair the completeness of their effect as parts merely of a complete whole respectively.

*The Lower Classes of St. Petersburg.*—In London and Paris, and likewise in some of the German cities, there are quarters which seem to be the real residence of hunger and misery, the haunts of a filthy, ragged, immoral race, where the houses present the same squalid and wretched appearance as their inmates, and poverty, want, and wickedness steal along the dirty streets in a thousand hideous shapes. This is not the case in Petersburg. Rag-collectors, daring pickpockets, half-naked cripples, importunate beggars, are unknown in this stately capital. Nay, there is not a town in Russia where the streets are infested by such persons. For this advantage Russia is indebted to the villanage of the lower classes of the people. As all the little support themselves upon the great, none of them can sink so low as among us, where every one wants to stand upon his own legs. The notions current among us, that in Russian cities magnificent palaces and wretched huts are huddled together, are founded on falsehood or misconception. In no Russian towns



whatever are there such glaring contrasts between indigence and luxury, as in almost every one of Western Europe ; though, it is true, the difference between the rude simplicity of the one and the superabundance of the other is striking enough. That evil spirit which prompts men to covet the goods possessed by others has not yet awoke in the common people of Russia. They have wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of hunger, though it be but humble cabbage and coarse bread ; and they dress decently, if only in sackcloth and sheepskins.

*Private Residences of St. Petersburg.*—Among the private houses there are many which, for the number and extent of the courtyards and the magnitude of the different wings, are little inferior to the Imperial Palace in Vienna. Among many hundred others, I was acquainted with one, for example, the *rez-de-chaussé* of which formed on one side a bazaar, where the thousand wants of this earthly life might be supplied, while on the other a row of German, English, and French artists and artisans had hung out their show-boards. In the *bel étage* resided two senators, and the families of several wealthy private individuals. In the second story there was a school, which had a high reputation throughout the whole house, and a tolerable number of academicians, teachers, and professors ; and in several buildings in the rear dwelt, besides many nameless and obscure people, several majors and colonels, some retired generals, an Armenian priest, and a German minister. All Petersburg around it might have perished, and the inmates of this house could still have formed a complete political community, in which every rank, from the chief consul to the lowest lictor might have been represented. When such a building is burned, two hundred houses become bankrupt at once. To have to seek a family in such a house is a trial of patience not to be equalled. If you ask a *butchnik* (a policeman stationed in the street) at one end, about an address, he assures you that his knowledge extends no further than the corner of the house next to him, and that he knows nothing whatever of the other side. In these buildings there are dwellings so remote, that all who live under one roof are not disposed to acknowledge one another as neighbours ; so that there is not much exaggeration in the statement of a traveller who asserts that every house in Petersburg is a town in itself. Many, it is true, do not appear so considerable from the street, because the smallest front is mostly turned towards it. But on entering the *podjāsde* (the gateway), the extent of the courts, in each of which a cavalry regiment might exercise, and the multitude of buildings, attached and detached, fill you with astonishment.

*Breaking up of the Ice on the Newa.*—This moment is awaited with anxiety ; and no sooner have the dirty flakes of ice so far cleared away as to allow a free passage for a boat to cross, than the thunder of the guns of the fortress proclaim the wished-for moment to the inhabitants. At the same time, whether it be day or night, the governor of the fortress, wearing the insignia of his rank and accompanied by his officers goes on board a splendidly-decorated boat, to cross over to the emperor's palace on the opposite side. He takes up some of the clear Newa water in a large handsome crystal goblet, to present it in the name of Spring to the emperor, as the first and fairest gift of the river. He informs his master that the power of Winter is broken, that the waters are once more free, and that a prosperous voyage may be hoped for ; he points out the boat that has brought him safely over, the first that has ventured to cross, and hands to him the goblet which the sovereign drains to the health of his capital. Nowhere on the face of the earth is a glass of water so liberally paid for. According to custom, the emperor returns it to the commandant filled with gold. Formerly it was filled to the brim with ducats ; but the goblet kept increasing in size, so that the emperors had more and more water to drink and more and more gold to pay : the sum was therefore fixed at 200 ducats, which are given to the commandant.

The unveiling of the Newa is a remarkable moment. All are impatient for



it, as all are interested in it. The merchants await it with anxiety, as the success of many a speculation depends on its earlier or later occurrence; the labourers or carpenters, because it enables them to earn something at bridge-building; the ladies of distinction, because, when the Newa and the gulf of Cronstadt are cleared from ice, the Lübeck steamer, with *nouveautés* and new fashions from Paris, is not long before it arrives; booksellers and literary men, because the intellectual intercourse with Europe is renewed, and they then learn what works the winter quarter has produced; native invalids and foreigners suffering from home-sickness, because the routes to the baths and to Europe are reopened. At this period, only one subject is talked of at Petersburg, whether the Newa will break up on Easter Sunday or Monday, and very large sums are betted on both contingencies. In 1836 there was at Petersburg a man who betted upon every day from the 1st to the 17th of April, and one of these bets amounted to 8000 rubles. As the ice continued till rather late, his cashier had enough to do to provide for all the lost bets.

The clearing of the river, which has been buried all the winter beneath the ice, affords an extremely fine sight, when it takes place in clear serene weather. Attracted by the report of the guns, pedestrians throng to the beautiful quays of the Newa to see the gilded barge of the commandant arrive, and no sooner has it landed safely at the quay of the Winter Palace, than the river is covered with hundreds of boats to renew the interrupted communication with the different islands.

*Use of Ice in Russia.*—The Russians have accustomed themselves to use a prodigious quantity of ice for domestic purposes. They are fond of cooling all their beverages with ice; indulge themselves freely in the frozen juices, which are sold all the summer in the streets of all their towns; and drink not only ice-water, ice-wine, ice-beer, but even ice-tea, throwing into a cup of tea a lump of ice instead of sugar. Their short, but amazingly hot summer, would render it difficult to keep all those kinds of provisions which are liable to spoil, if their winter did not afford them the means of preventing the decomposition accelerated by heat. An ice-cellar is therefore an indispensable requisite in every family, and is to be met with not merely in towns, but very generally among the peasants in the country. In Petersburg the number of ice-cellars is nearly 10,000. It may be conceived that the supply of these cellars is no unimportant branch of business. It is certainly not too high a calculation, if we assume that each of those 10,000 cellars requires 50 sledge-loads for its share. Many of the fishmongers, butchers, kwas-dealers, &c., have such large cellars as to hold several hundred loads. The breweries, distilleries, &c., consume enormous quantities of ice. Accordingly, 500,000 loads must be annually obtained from the Newa, and this amount can only be considered as the minimum, for every inhabitant of the city may fairly be reckoned to consume one sledge-load in the course of the year. Ice is the commodity with which most traffic is carried on in the middle of winter. Long trains of sledges laden with ice are then seen coming from the Newa, and thousands of men are engaged on all the arms of the river in collecting the cooling production. The Russians are so accustomed to these ice-cellars, that they cannot conceive how it is possible to keep house without them; and their wives are in the greatest distress when they perceive that they have not laid in a sufficient stock of this necessary during the winter, and that it is likely to run short. It may be assumed that the consumption of ice in Petersburg, the packing in the cellars included, costs the inhabitants from two to three million rubles a year.

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THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MORE HULLAHBALOO.

BY THE EDITOR.

Loud as from numbers without number.

MILTON.

You may do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring.

QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,  
Which ev'ry other century surpasses,  
Is one,—just now the rage,—  
Call'd "Singing for all Classes"—  
That is, for all the British millions,  
And billions,  
And quadrillions,  
Not to name *Quintilians*,  
That now, alas ! have no more ear than asses,  
To learn to warble like the birds in June,  
In time and tune,  
Correct as clocks and musical as glasses !

In fact, a sort of plan,  
Including gentleman as well as yokel,  
Public or private man,  
To call out a Militia,—only Vocal  
Instead of Local,  
And not design'd for military follies,  
But keeping still within the civil border,  
To form with mouths in open order,  
And sing in volleys.



Whether this grand Harmonic scheme  
 Will ever get beyond a dream,  
     And tend to British happiness and glory,  
     Maybe no, and maybe yes,  
     Is more than I pretend to guess—  
 However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,  
     Where Business retreats,  
 To shun the daily bustle and the noise  
     The shoppy Strand enjoys,  
 But Law, Joint-Companies, and Life Assurance  
     Find past endurance—  
 In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,  
     The other day, a ragged wight  
     Began to sing with all his might,  
 “ *I have a silent sorrow here .”*

The place was lonely; not a creature stirr'd,  
 Except some little dingy bird;  
 Or vagrant cur that sniff'd along,  
 Indifferent to the Son of Song;  
 No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,  
 No idle Filch, or lounging cad,  
     No Pots encumber'd with diurnal beer,  
 No printer's devil with an author's proof,  
 Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,  
     Linger'd the tatter'd Melodist to hear—  
 Who yet, confound him! bawl'd as loud  
 As if he had to charm a London crowd,  
     Singing beside the public way,  
 Accompanied—instead of violin,  
 Flute, or piano, chiming in—  
     By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,  
 A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,  
     Or engine *obligato*—  
 In short, without one instrument vehicular  
 (Not ev'n a truck, to be particular),  
     There stood the rogue and roar'd,  
     Unmasked and unencored,  
 Enough to split the organs call'd auricular!

Heard in that quiet place,  
 Devoted to a still and studious race,

The noise was quite appalling !  
To seek a fitting simile and spin it,  
Appropriate to his calling,  
His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it ;  
But oh ! the scientific tone it lack'd,  
And was in fact,  
Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling !

'Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,  
The stage had banish'd him, when he attempted it,  
For tho' his voice completely fill'd the house,  
It also emptied it.  
However, there he stood  
Vociferous—a ragged don !  
And with his iron pipes laid on  
A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed,  
And doors against the persevering Stentor,  
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed  
Th' intruding voice would enter,  
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,  
Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum ;  
Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,  
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,  
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,  
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,  
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—  
How it did bore 'em !

Louder, and louder still,  
The fellow sang with horrible goodwill,  
Curses both loud and deep, his sole gratuities,  
From scribes bewilder'd making many a flaw,  
In deeds of law  
They had to draw ;  
With dreadful incongruities  
In posting ledgers, making up accounts  
To large amounts,  
Or casting up annuities—  
Stunn'd by that voice, so loud and hoarse,  
Against whose overwhelming force,  
No invoice stood a chance, of course !

The Actuary pshaw'd and "pish'd,"  
 And knit his calculating brows, and wish'd  
 The singer "a bad life"—a mental murther!  
 The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,  
     Wish'd the musician further,  
     Poles distant—and no wonder!  
 For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—  
 The lady could not keep her temper calm,  
 Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—  
 The Fiddler in the very same position  
     As Hogarth's chafed musician  
 (Such prints require but cursory reminders)  
 Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,  
 And wishing for his foe between his teeth,  
     (Like all impatient elves  
     That spite themselves)  
 Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,  
     Though not a copper came of it, in verity,  
 The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,  
     And iron throat,  
     Heedless of present honour and prosperity,  
 Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,  
     In penniless reliance—  
 And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme  
     Never set Time  
     More thoroughly at defiance!

From room to room, from floor to floor,  
 From Number One to Twenty-four  
 The Nuisance bellow'd, till all patience lost,  
     Down came Miss Frost,  
 Expostulating at her open door—  
     "Peace, monster, peace!  
     Where is the New Police!  
 I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,  
     Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!  
 You really send my serious thoughts astray,  
 Do—there's a dear good man—do, go away."  
     Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pull'd her door to with a slam,  
That sounded like a wooden d—n,  
For so some moral people, strictly loth  
To swear in words, however up,  
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,  
Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath—  
In fact, this sort of physical transgression  
Is really no more difficult to trace  
Than in a given face  
*A very bad expression.*

However, in she went,  
Leaving the subject of her discontent  
To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten ;  
Who, throwing up the sash,  
With accents rash,  
Thus hail'd the most vociferous of men :  
“ Come, come, I say old fellow, stop your chant !  
I cannot write a sentence—no one can't !  
So just pack up your trumps,  
And stir your stumps—”  
Says he, “ I shan't !”

Down went the sash  
As if devoted to “ eternal smash”  
(Another illustration  
Of acted imprecation),  
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,  
The independent voice, so loud and strong,  
And clanging like a gong,  
Roar'd out again the everlasting song,  
“ I have a silent sorrow here !”

The thing was hard to stand !  
The Music-master could not stand it—  
But rushing forth with fiddlestick in hand,  
As savage as a bandit,  
Made up directly to the tatter'd man,  
And thus in broken sentences began—  
But playing first a prelude of grimaces,  
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,  
So that to guess his subject from his faces,  
He meant to give a lecture upon apes—

" Com—com—I say !  
 You go away !  
 Into two parts my head you split—  
 My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,  
 When I do play—  
 You have no bis'ness in a place so still !  
 Can you not come another day ?"  
 Says he—" I will."

" No—no—you scream and bawl !  
 You must not come at all !  
 You have no rights, by rights, to beg—  
 You have not one off leg—  
 You ought to work—you have not some complaint—  
 You are not cripple in your back or bones—  
 Your voice is strong enough to break some stones"—  
 Says he—" It aint !"

" I say you ought to labour !  
 You are in a young case,  
 You have not sixty years upon your face,  
 To come and beg your neighbour !  
 And discompose his music with a noise,  
 More worse than twenty boys—  
 Look what a street it is for quiet !  
 No cart to make a riot,  
 No coach, no horses, no postilion,  
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just  
 To sing so loud."—" Says he, " I MUST !  
 I'm SINGING FOR THE MILLION !"

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## EPIGRAM

### ON A LATE CATTLE-SHOW IN SMITHFIELD.

OLD Farmer Bull is taken sick,  
 Yet not with any sudden trick  
 Of fever, or his old dyspepsy ;  
 But having seen the foreign stock,  
 It gave his system such a shock  
 He's had a fit of *Cattle-epsy* !

T. H.



## SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

## GOOD LATIN NEED NOT BE BAD LOYALTY.

WOLSEY certainly seemed disposed to arrogate to himself all the cardinal privileges to the neglect of the virtues, but he was not altogether so presumptuous as he was painted by his enemies; and the supposed haughtiness, if not high treason, of his writing.

"Ego et rex meus"—(I and my king) only shows the ignorance of his accusers, and his own critical knowledge of the Latin language, which would not admit any other collocation of the words.

Thus when Apuleius exclaims in his "Apologia,"—"Hoc in me accusas quod ego et Maximus in Aristotele miramur?" The Scholiast explains, "Non est arrogantiae tribuendum, quod se ante Claudium Maximum Proconsulem nominet: ita enim et ratio et consuetudo Latini sermones postulabat."—(His thus naming himself before the Proconsul Claudius Maximus is not to be attributed to arrogance, for it was required by the form and custom of the Latin tongue.)

So when the elder Vestris made use of the words, "Moi et le Roi de France," there was not the smallest arrogance or impropriety in the phrase, for he viewed himself as the recognised *Dieu de la Danse*, and reverentially placed the celestial before the earthly potentate.

## PUFFING.

SOME may have imagined, in their simplicity, that Sheridan in the "Critic," had exhausted all the varieties of this multiform art, but experience shows that we had formerly much more imaginative puffers than the modern dramatists. Richard Brinsley never dreamed of a paragraph like the following extract from the bookseller's address to the reader, prefixed to the second part of Dr. Echard's Works, published in 1697, and dedicated to the then Archbishop of Canterbury.

"And now, reader, tell me, art thou so void of all conscience, reason, and thy own benefit, as not to carry home this book? Read but five pages of it, spring and fall, and for that year thou art certainly secured from all fevers, agues, coughs, catarrhs, &c. Champ three or four lines of it in a morning, it scours and clarifies the teeth, it settles and confirms the jaws, and brings a brisk and florid colour into the cheeks. The very sight of the book does so scare all cramps, bone-aches, running gouts, and the like, that they wont come within a stone's cast of your house.

"Hast thou a wife and children, and are they dear to thee? Here's a book for that dear wife and for those dear children, for it does not only sing, dance, play on the lute, and speak French, ride the great horse, &c.; but it performs all family duties. It runs for a midwife, it rocks the cradle, combs the child's head, sweeps the house, milks the cows, turns the hogs out of the corn, whets knives, lays the cloth, grinds corn, beats hemp, winds up the jack, brews, bakes, washes, and pays off servants their wages exactly at quarter-day; and all this it does at the same day, and is never out of breath."

Were such an omnifarious work to be published in these days of

comprehensive compendiums, it ought to be entitled, "Every Body's every-thing Book."

#### THE TU QUOQUE ARGUMENT.

IN a certain senatorial house,  
     If you mention fee or bribe,  
     'Tis so pat to all the tribe,  
     Each swears that was levell'd at me ;  
 and each never dreaming of any other defence than recrimination, rests satisfied with retaliating the charge until he feels it impossible to deny.

"I accuse the honourable member for Goldborough," exclaims an indignant patriot, "of corruption and bribery, so notorious, that if he have the least sense of decency he will walk out of the house."

"And I," returns the party inculpated, "accuse my accuser of mal-practices so much more flagrant, that if he have the least sense of decency *he* will walk out of the house !"

What a happy illustration do they afford of the following little tale from Maitre Jean Picard !

A Norman peasant having been all day employed at ditch-digging, arrived during a pouring rain at his own door, weary, drenched, and bedraggled ; when instead of the ready dinner and blazing fire, which he had anticipated, his wife exclaimed,

"Good Heavens, Pierre !" what a filthy plight you are in ! It rains cats and dogs ; but as you can't be any dirtier or wetter than you are, you may as well step down to the village pump, and bring home a bucket of water."

Without saying a word, Pierre took the bucket, filled it from an offensive standing pool at a little distance, returned to the cottage, and threw the whole contents over his wife, crying out, as he leisurely sat himself down,

"Mercy on us, Marguerite ! what a muck *you* are in ! You can't be any dirtier or wetter than you are, so *you* may as well step down to the village pump."

#### TRIMMERS.

What literary and clever Parisian could have made the same declaration as Fontenelle.

"I am a Frenchman—I am eighty years of age—and yet I have never ridiculed the smallest virtue."

His conscientious and laudable scruples, did not, however, preserve him from censure and even punishment, for certain opinions which were decried heterodox. Having attributed, in one of his works, all belief in oracles to superstition and ignorance, the pious Madame de Maintenon made Louis XIV. withdraw his pension from him, a privation which the author considered a much more serious evil than his imputed want of orthodoxy. Reflecting, however, that a confession wrung by torture, whether corporeal or financial, is, in fact, no confession at all ; that a man convinced upon compulsion, "is of the same opinion still ;" and that Galileo, while he publicly abjured his solar theory, retained the conviction of its truth more firmly than ever, Fontenelle consented to write a sort of Palinode or recantation, on the condition of his pension being restored to him.

Desdemona saw the Moor's complexion in his mind; and a dark or dirty deed may assume a very fair aspect when we look at it through the purse. That man must be a sturdy moralist who does not prefer his cash to his conscience, and what casuist ever wanted an excuse for a profitable transgression?

"I may have sold justice," said Bacon, when accused of judicial corruption; "but I was never base enough to sell injustice."

For stopping a man's mouth, when he is in the habit of uttering disagreeable truths, there is no gag like gold. Complaint having been made to a certain bishop that a vicar in his diocese was always preaching against pluralities, in spite of repeated admonitions to the contrary.

"Tush!" exclaimed the right reverend dignitary. "I will silence him for ever in less than a week"—and so he did, by giving an additional benefice.

#### PARCHMENT AND ISINGLASS.

As the intelligent reader must already be perfectly well aware of the fact, we make that our reason (*more dramatico*) for informing him that parchment derives its name from Pergamus, a town of Mysia, where prepared sheepskins were first used for the transcription of books; Ptolemy, the King of Egypt, having forbidden the exportation of Papyrus, in order to prevent the formation of a library at Pergamus, which might rival that of Alexandria. The Pergameneans, however, with the assistance of their newly-discovered parchment, managed to collect two hundred thousand volumes, which Cleopatra, with the permission of Antony, transported to Egypt, and added to the Alexandrian library, where they remained until the whole were destroyed by the Saracens.

It is equally well known to the ingenious reader,—which is our sole reason for telling him that isinglass, or *ichthyocolla* is, as its Latin name imports, a species of glue, prepared from a cartilaginous fish; but it may not be known to him, that as the genuine commodity is always dear, a spurious isinglass is manufactured from old Parchment, of which a startling confirmation is afforded by the following extract from the preface to the fourth volume of Miss Strickland's admirable work, "The Lives of the Queens of England."

"It is a national disgrace most deeply to be lamented, that so many of the muniments of our history, more especially those connected with the personal expenditure of royalty, should have perished among the ill-treated records of the exchequer. It has been reported, whether in jest or sober sadness we cannot say, that some tons of those precious parchments were converted into isinglass."—p. xiv.

"Think of that, Master Brooke!" Think of rolls, records, acts of parliament, marriage contracts, public and private treaties, all going literally to pot, and being melted down; all being literally dished and served up to a voracious public in the form of jellies and blanc-mange!

"To what bare uses may we not return?" This beats "imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay"—by the whole difference between an argillaceous and a gelatinous residuum. An ancient legislator said that he had rather write his laws upon the hearts of men than on the skins of beasts; and he had good reason, for hearts, however soft,

cannot be "distilled to jelly by the effect of fear," nor boiled down to a pulp in a Papin's Digester. The Glendoveer, in the "Rejected Addresses," informs us that "parchment won't burn;" but what avails this security against fire by itself, when, by means of fire and water, it may be simmered and seethed down to a glutinous paste?

"Is not this a lamentable thing?" asks Jack Cade—"that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man?"

But is it not infinitely more lamentable that parchment itself should be undone—that acts of parliament and title-deeds melted into a mould, should be gulped down at the second course of a dinner-party? Men, before now, have been obliged to eat their own words, but this is compelling them to eat their own acts and deeds. This is a new *digest* of the laws that may well compete with the Justinian Pandects, for it will reconcile public taste to the most tyrannical enactment, and make it go down without grumbling or eructation. If we cannot always stick to the law, the law in this glutinous state will stick to us. And whereas acts of parliament often bring men into hot water, may not the victims warrantably rejoice when they behold the oppressor seething in the pot, and suffering what he has inflicted? What a blessing would it prove to many of us if we could *liquidate* our private *bills* after the same fashion as these public ones! For my own part I have taken an additional fancy to jelly and blancmange since I have thus been enabled to trace their pedigree, especially when I reflect that they form an economical food for the same parliament that condemns us to eat dear bread, but is thus giving us its *rolls* for nothing.

But with respect to grants, charters, and leases,

Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,

and presented to me for the purpose of deglutition, I plead guilty to certain compunctious visitings of nature. It is recorded of the Dragon of Wantley, that

Houses and churches,  
To him were geese and turkies.

This was doubtless a miserable degradation, a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, to fall off from the dignity of mansions and cathedrals to the insignificance of poultry and the maw of a dragon; but what was it after all compared to the downfall of religious edifices, manor houses, and parks, quintessenced into spoon-meat for the gullet of a dandy, or a damsel at a *soirée dansante*? What sufficiently opprobrious title shall we give to the deed of thus devouring title-deeds? Who would think of bolting down lands, tenements, and hereditaments at one fell gulp, unless he were an earthquake? and even earthquakes nowadays, though invited to ope their ponderous jaws by special prophesy, leave the task of taking in a whole city to Dr. Dee and his brother prognosticators.

But the most melancholy consideration connected with the manufacture of this spurious isinglass, is the possibility that the medi-æval pastrycooks of Italy, purchasing from the monasteries and libraries whole cartloads of parchment scribbled over with the obsolete controversial divinity of the early monks, and therefore justly condemned as useless rubbish, may thus have jellified some of those precious palimp-

sests, or twice prepared skins, which, having originally been used by the classical writers of antiquity, had been rubbed with pumice-stone, and scrawled over a second time with the wranglings and ravings of polemical antagonists.

Ex pede Herculem.

By what Professor Mai has recovered from these twice-written skins, we may judge of what has been lost. Only imagine the remaining orations of Cicero, the missing books of Livy, the perished tragedies and comedies of the Greek and Roman stage, to have been filtered through a jelly-bag, and unceremoniously swallowed by the revellers of some bygone carnival! We now know what has become of them all.

In a singular appendix to the song of the Nibelungen, called "The Lament," the poet expresses his wish to be able to give an account of his hero's ultimate fate, but, says he,

"Some say he was killed in battle, which others deny. I have never been able to ascertain whether he suddenly disappeared, or was taken up into the air: whether he was buried alive, or was taken up into heaven; or *fell out of his skin*, or shut himself up in caves among the rocks, or fell into an abyss, or finally, if he was swallowed up by the devil."\*

Now we are not left in any such uncertainty as to the fate of each classical writer whose works have perished; *one* of these alternatives will satisfactorily account for him; he has *fallen out of his skin—videlicet*, his *parchment*; has been converted into jelly or *blanc mange*; and has been eventually swallowed up, though not perhaps by the devil.

#### SKULLS—HEROICAL AND AUCTORIAL.

MR. D'ISRAELI in his "Amenities of Literature," under the *head* of "Anglo-Saxon Poetry," records the following mis-translation of a metaphorical image in the death-song of Regner Lodbrog.

"The warlike barbarians were long reproached, that even their religion furnished an implacable hatred of their enemies; for in their future state and Paridisaical Valhalla their deceased heroes rejoiced to *drink out of the skulls of their enemies*. A passage in the death-song of Lodbrog *literally* translated is, 'Soon shall we drink out of the curved trees of the head,'—which Percy translates, 'Soon in the splendid hall of Odin we shall drink beer out of the skulls of our enemies.'"

The original blunder, it seems, rests with Olaus Wormius, the great Danish antiquary, who, not understanding the exaggerated stile of the ancient Scalds, translated the original words into—*ex concavis crateribus craniorum*, thus turning the trees of the head into a skull, and a skull into a hollow cup. The Scald, however, merely alluded, in his bold figurative language, to the branching horns growing as trees from the heads of animals, or the curved horns which formed their drinking-cups. This grave blunder has been long and currently received—and every one recollects Peter Pindar's joke, that the book-sellers, like the heroes of Valhalla, drank their wine out of the skulls of authors. It is hard upon us poor scribblers to give up any joke at

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\* Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 212.

the expense of the publishers, and if we are compelled to abandon the heroes in the hall of Odin, let us never forget Campbell's *bon-mot*, who, when he was challenged to mention a single great and good action, which would entitle Napoleon to be called a hero, quietly replied, in allusion to the execution of Palm, the biblioplist, "He once shot a bookseller!"

#### WHO ARE THE TRUTH LOVERS?

IN Hartley's "Theory of the Human Mind," abridged by Doctor Priestley, there occurs the following passage:

"Persons who give themselves much to mirth, wit, and humour, must thereby greatly disqualify their understandings for the search after truth; inasmuch as by the perpetual hunting after apparent and partial agreements and disagreements, that are very different or quite opposite, a man must by degrees pervert all his notions of things themselves, and become unable to see them as they really are, and as they appear to considerate sober-minded inquirers. He must lose all his associations of the visible ideas of things, their names, symbols, &c., and get in their stead accidental, indirect, and unnatural conjunctions of circumstances, that are really foreign to each other, or oppositions of those that are united; and after some time habit and custom will fix these upon him."—(p. 274.)

This strange and untenable assertion may be met by the question of the best laughing philosopher among the ancients, "*Ridendo, quid vetat dicere verum?*" You may well assert that a man cannot speak truth with false teeth in his head, as maintain that he cannot afterwards see an object faithfully if he have once gazed upon a ludicrous or distorted representation of it. Surely there is no natural alliance between merriment and mendacity. We may laugh and grow fat without growing false at the same time. Because my risible propensities have been once excited by a caricature, or unfaithful likeness of my friend, are all my notions to become so perverted that I shall not recognise my old acquaintance when I meet him in the streets? Because I laughed at him when he was acting a false part, am I not to know him again in his true character?

No, no; "the persons who give themselves much to merry discourse are apt to blurt out whatever comes uppermost, and that is, generally—the truth." "*In vino veritas*," says the adage, and what are mirth, wit, and humour, but the wine of life, and consequently the parents of truth; whereas gravity is the invariable cloak of conventional fraud and imposture. If you want to find the parties who have become really indifferent to truth, "by accidental, indirect, and unnatural circumstances," you must seek them among "potent, grave, and reverend signors,"—among those whose opinion is the slave of their profession—who believe according to any body's and every body's convictions but their own—or among the forensic and recognised dealers in falsehood, who for a fee will consciously (but, Heaven knows, not *conscientiously*) maintain that right is wrong, that black is white, and *vice versâ*. These, with many others of the "considerate, sober-minded" class, are quite aware that a blind, uninquiring acquiescence is much more pleasant and profitable than a sharp-sighted inquisitiveness; and having heard from their infancy that truth lies at the bottom of a well, they are very prudently determined—to leave well alone!



## HORSE AND FOOT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Fain would I climbe  
But that I fear to fall.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It requires some degree of moral courage to make such a confession, for a horselaugh will assuredly take place at my expence, but I never could sit on any thing with four legs, except a chair, a table, or a sofa. Possibly my birthplace was adverse, not being raised in Yorkshire, with its three Ridings—perhaps my education was in fault, for of course I was put to my feet like other children, but I do not remember being ever properly taken off them in the riding-school. It is not unlikely that my passion for sailing has been inimical to the accomplishment; there is a roll about a vessel so different from the pitch of a horse, that a person accompanied to a fore and aft see-saw, or side lurch, is utterly disconcerted by a regular up-and-down motion—at any rate, seamen are notorious for riding at anchor better than at any thing else. Finally, the Turk's principle Predestination may be accountable for my inaptitude. One man is evidently born under what Milton calls a "a mounted sign," whilst another comes into the world under the influence of Aries, predoomed to perform on no saddle, but one of mutton. Thus we see one gentleman who can hardly keep his seat upon a pony, or a donkey; when another shall turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, or back a Bucephalus; to say nothing of those professional equestrians, who tumble *on* a horse instead of *off*. It has always seemed to me, therefore, that our Astleys and Ducrows, whether they realized fortunes or not, deserved to do so, besides obtaining more honorary rewards. It would not, perhaps, have been out of character, if they had been made Knights of, or Cavaliers; especially considering that many Mayors, Aldermen, and Sheriffs have been so dubbed, whose pretensions never stood on more than two legs, and sometimes scarcely on one.

The truth is, I have always regarded horsemen with something of the veneration with which the savages beheld, for the first time, the Spanish chivalry—namely, as superior beings. With all respect then to our gallant Infantry, I have always looked on our Cavalry as a grade above them—indeed, the feat of Widdrington, who "fought upon his stumps," and so far, on his own legs, has always appeared to me comparatively easy: whereas for a charge of cavalry,

Charge, Chester, charge,  
*Off*, Stanley, *off*,

has always seemed to me the most natural reading.

The chase of course excites my admiration and wonder, and like Lord Chesterfield I unfeignedly marvel—but for a different reason—that any gentleman ever goes to it a second time. A chapter of Nim-



made him regard their galled withers with indifference: a sore at his heart which has made him callous to their sufferings. They deserve all they get. The Dog is man's best friend, he says, and the horse his worst.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since writing the above, word has been brought to me that poor W. is no more. He deceased suddenly, and the report says, of apoplexy; but I know better. His death was caused, indeed, by *a full habit*—but it was *a blue one*.

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### THE SEASON.

SUMMER's gone and over!

Fogs are falling down;  
And with russet tinges  
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the Book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,  
Swallows, as they flit,  
Give, like yearly tenants,  
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,  
Weep by turns, and laugh—  
Night and Day together  
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—  
Cold, and most perverse—  
But the Month that follows,  
Sure will pinch us worse!

T. H.

## THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXV.

ALL preliminaries being thus far settled, Mrs. Allen Barnaby very gracefully gave Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp to understand that her anxiety to find herself at Big-Gang Bank, would admit of no further delay, her notes having, in fact, exactly reached the point at which the sight of that "magnificent piece of social machinery, an actively organized slave plantation" (as Judge Johnson had elegantly described it in Congress), was become absolutely necessary.

This was quite enough to set the active mind and body of Mrs. Beauchamp into such a state of excitement, as very speedily brought all preparations depending on her to a conclusion; and even the soporific colonel himself was sufficiently awakened by the intelligence to make him, on hearing of it, pronounce in a very decided tone, "My dear, the sooner we set off, the better."

But the most remarkable phenomenon produced by these new arrangements, was the manner in which they were received by Annie; for though disappointed in her hopes of an expedition up the Mississippi, and doomed moreover to endure at her own home the presence of the whole Barnaby, *plus* Tornorino party, in the oppressive character of guests, it did not appear to vex her at all. It was, indeed, quite astonishing to see how well she bore it.

The business of departure therefore was both rapidly and smoothly brought to a conclusion. Mrs. Carmichael wheezed forth her hopes of seeing them all again, and Patty's elegant and pious friend, Mrs. General Gregory, declared that nothing should prevent their forthwith repairing to their plantation mansion, in order to receive the whole party on their leaving Big-Gang Bank.

The journey produced no events particularly interesting, which might partly be owing to the lassitude produced by the heat of the weather; for though it was certainly a great relief to quit the glare of New Orleans for scenes in which they had trees instead of houses to look at, the exertion of travelling equalized the matter, and the Europeans of the party had little energy for any thing beyond fanning themselves, and sipping iced lemonade from stage to stage as they proceeded.

At length, however, this unavoidable martyrdom was over, the melting journey at an end, and all the luxuries of a rich planter's establishment around them.

In point of picturesque beauty, Big-Gang Bank had little to boast of, being a wide-spreading brick edifice, situated in a large square enclosure of coarse, ill-kept grass, surrounded by a zigzag fence, and with nothing in sight but a considerable expanse of flat country, covered with sugar-canes, cotton-bushes, and rice-grounds, diversified at intervals by clusters of negro huts. The mansion itself consisted of a lofty centre, and two low wings, the former surmounted by a sort of

pointed pediment, in the middle of which yawned a huge round aperture, containing the enormous dinner-bell. The wings which had no second story, displayed a row of at least a dozen windows in each, and not only along this lengthy front, but round the whole building ran a deep portico, which being lined with orange-trees and pomegranates, redeemed it in some degree from the scorched-up aspect produced by the ill-complexioned material of the building, and the defective verdure of the lawn which surrounded it.

But it was not on the expanse of her mansion, or on the beauty of the flowering shrubs which adorned it, that Mrs. Beauchamp chiefly prided herself, though well aware that it was all very first-rate elegant. But her eye sparkled as the carriages containing her numerous guests drove up to the portico, and she perceived the centre door that was thrown open to receive them, crowded with gaily-clad negroes. About a dozen of these, male and female, ran forward as the equipages approached, ready to perform all offices, necessary and unnecessary, that might be required of them.

Their light summer garb, more picturesque than abundant, was for the most part white, perfectly clean, and set off to great advantage by the mixture of bright-coloured calico introduced into their girdles and turban-like head gear.

"You did not look, I expect, for such an elegant gang of domestic niggers in any private gentleman's dwelling, did you, my dear lady?" said the smiling Mrs. Beauchamp, addressing her most important guest. "But these are not the one-half of the household gang, and not any single one of them have any more to do with the canes, or the cotton, or the rice, than you have."

"It is indeed a most splendid establishment!" replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, raising her hand as in admiration.

"It is a great loss as to labour, in course," resumed Mrs. Beauchamp; "but my colonel is a very liberal, high-minded gentleman, and chooses that his wife and his daughter should live in all luxury, according as they have a right to do. Doubtless, dear lady," she continued, with a pitying shake of the head, "you have heard and read enough about the want of helps among the American ladies; and it serves them right, too, there is no denying it, for thinking of such a thing as turning a free-born American into a drudge, to come and go at any body's bidding. True it is, no doubt of it, and very fitting too, that they should want helps; but now Mrs. Allen Barnaby, ma'am, I flatter myself you will have an opportunity of making your own observations, and finding out for yourself the alone reason why so many of the finest ladies in the world is often forced to do their own dirty work, and will be able to do justice to the real gentility of those who know better what is due to themselves. Walk in, dear ladies, walk in, and pray remember that you may all of you just ring and call as much as you like. Indeed, you'll only have to clap your hands, ladies, in order to bring as many domestic blacks about you as you can want or wish for. Pray make no scruples, and don't fear that you are taking them from out-door work, for they are never sent into the grounds from year's end to year's end, except just for punishment, and then they get their flogging in the fields, which is a deal better, you know, than having it to do in the house."

This speech, which was begun as they left the carriage, lasted the whole length of an enormous hall which traversed the building from front to back, affording by its perfect shade, and the current of air which passed through it, a very agreeable contrast to the heat which the travellers had been enduring.

"Oh, goodness! What a delightful place!" exclaimed Madame Tornorino. "I hope, ma'am, you mean to sit down here a little?"

"This is beautiful, to be sure!" chimed in the greatly comforted Matilda, beginning to fan herself anew with refreshed strength and violence.

"Beautiful?" repeated Mrs. Allen Barnaby, in an accent that seemed to scorn the insufficient epithet. "It is noble! It is magnificent!"

Mrs. Beauchamp, with patriotic and domestic pride, both busy at her heart, looked round upon the admiring guests, as if she could have kissed them all.

"Oh, my!" she gaily exclaimed, "you mustn't talk about this being beautiful. It is just large, and lofty, and fresh, that's all. But you, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, have taught your own clear-sighted way of seeing every thing to your whole party, and I'm sure it's a glory and a pleasure to show you any thing. But now please to walk in here, ladies. This is what we call number one, because it is our littlest drawing-room. But that's the proper way to begin, you know. We ought always to begin with the beginning, and so I always bring new visitors in here first. Now do please to sit down, all of you, and refresh yourselves. Major Allen Barnaby and monsieur must be so kind, I expect, to excuse Pa's stealing off so. It has always been his way, gentlemen, and we mustn't look for his changing it now. If it's twenty times in a year that he goes from home, the first thing he does upon coming back to it is, to go into a little dark room of his own picking and choosing, and then he lights a cigar, and gets a nigger or two to bring him a mint julap, with a nice bit of ice in it; and then, gentlemen, he sends off for his confidential looker, who presently puts him up to every thing that has happened the estate since he went; and I don't believe he'd lay down in his bed till he had heard all this, if it was ever so."

The major and his son-in-law hastened to assure their amiable hostess that they should be immeasurably sorry if their being at Big-Gang Bank should in any degree interfere with the habits of Colonel Beauchamp; all of which having been said with the most perfect politeness on all sides, the whole party sat down on the various couches and sofas that seemed to invite them, and then Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp clapped her hands. Upon this two handsome negro-girls made their appearance, side by side, at the door, and with a movement so similar and simultaneous, that they rather looked like one piece of machinery than two self-moving human beings.

"Sangaree, whiskey, melons, ice, and cakes," said Mrs. Beauchamp, in a voice of authority that sounded a little like the word of command given on parade, and ere the eye could wink, the two figures became invisible.

"And this is the country," exclaimed Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with

emotion, "which the audacity of English travellers has dared to libel as inferior to their own! I blush to think that I am an English-woman."

"Never mind that, dearest Mrs. Allen Barnaby!" replied her amiable hostess, in a tone expressive of the most friendly spirit of consolation. "That is a sort of misfortune, you know, that nobody can help, let them wish it ever so much. But this I will say, that if ever a lady deserved to be a free-born American female, it is you, yourself!"

"Dear, kind Mrs. Beauchamp!" returned the travelling lady. "How sweet it is to hear you say so! I would not exchange such praise as those words contain for the richest diadem that ever encircled the tyrannical head of a European monarch!"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby in uttering these words, appeared to be overpowered by her feelings, and drew forth her pocket-handkerchief to catch the drops that emotion forced to flow. Fortunately, the black automatons reappeared at this moment, each bearing a tray, the twin of which was in the hands of the other.

Those who have never partaken of iced sangaree when the thermometer stands at a hundred, cannot be trusted to calculate its power of soothing the spirits. Mrs. Allen Barnaby tasted, and was revived—drank freely—for it is a mixture that like Cowper's tea, "cheers, but not inebriates," and was herself again—gay, animated, inspired, and eloquent.

"Well now!" said Mrs. Beauchamp, looking cheerfully round her, "I do think we shall be as pleasant a party as ever was got together. I wonder what has become of the young English gentleman, Mr. Egerton? I heard him say positively that he would be here to-day, and unless he has right-down lost himself some way or another, I expect he ought to be here by this time; for I calculate he must have come to the same point by steam as we did, only setting off by the next turn. What's that, Annie?" she continued, looking out of the window as conveniently as she could without approaching it. "Is not that a gentleman on horseback?"

"I don't know, mamma," said the young lady, suddenly passing through a pair of folding doors into an inner room. I grieve that she should so have said, because next to Mrs. Allen Barnaby herself, Annie Beauchamp is the heroine of the present narrative; and as the words thus uttered were not true, I feel compelled to acknowledge that she does not altogether deserve the dignified position in which my partiality has induced me to place her.

Annie Beauchamp said that she did not know whether the approaching figure were that of a gentleman on horseback; whereas she did know perfectly well, not only that it was a gentleman on horseback, but that, moreover, the gentleman was Mr. Frederic Egerton. Whatever might have been the motive for such falsification, it was, of course, indefensible, and I must leave her to the mercy of those to whom I have been compelled by my love of historic truth to make this disclosure.

A few minutes more, and the fact became evident to all, and Mrs. Beauchamp prepared herself again to do the honours of her mansion,

her sangaree, and her slaves, in such a manner as to elevate her country in the eyes of another European, to the highest pitch that it was possible for her to reach.

The young man paid his compliments to the circle assembled, with his usual graceful ease, although it did not appear to consist exactly of the party he expected to find there. Perhaps he was disappointed because Colonel Beauchamp was not himself present to welcome him.

Neither the colonel nor his daughter, however, made their appearance till the hour of dinner; the former being engaged exactly in the manner his lady had described, and the latter choosing for some reason or other to pass the interval in her own room.

It was really a pretty room, that allotted to the heiress of Big-Gang Bank, for it was decorated according to her own fancy. It was on the ground-floor, at the north-east corner of one of the wings, and opened by two large French windows upon a very small, but bright and fragrant flower-garden, enclosed for, and kept sacred to, her own especial use and benefit.

And here all Annie's private hours were passed, and all her private studies carried on; and, considering that she did not deal in necromancy, or any other branch of the art usually denominated black, a very remarkable degree of mystery attended the prosecution of these studies.

Annie Beauchamp had for the last year of her life been very busily engaged in educating herself; having with a good deal of acuteness discovered, that during the time others had been engaged in teaching her, she had learnt nothing. But in order to perform this double part of tutor and pupil, it was absolutely necessary that she should not be watched; for as every body excepting herself considered her education not only completed, but completed on the most liberal and extended scale, her own exertions would have been treated as a work of supererogation, which it would be quite as well to leave alone. Moreover, this self-education was carried on in a style that would indisputably have brought upon her as many reproofs for neglecting her studies in one line, as for prosecuting them unnecessarily in another.

Annie had cost her adoring parents a vast number of "quarters" in all the most approved branches of American female accomplishments, to no single one of which she had ever devoted an hour since she left "college." Algebra and mathematics she wholly neglected; her plane trigonometry she tore into fragments, and made her own little slave, Nina, sweep it all away; astronomy fared not much better; and all the elements of all the ologies were crammed into a basket together, and carried off in company with the trigonometry. From both music and painting, which had of course been "quartered" upon her as long as she remained in other hands than her own, she also turned resolutely away, not in distaste, but despair. In short, Annie Beauchamp did nothing but read, and that she did with an avidity and perseverance for which nothing but her unlimited credit with a New York bookseller could have supplied materials.

To the scene of all this quiet study, the eccentric little girl now repaired; but instead of taking a book, she placed herself at the greatest possible distance from her reading corner; and seating herself

in a low chair, with her fairy feet upon a somewhat high footstool, her crossed arms resting on her lap, and her absent eyes fixed upon the floor, she would have made as pretty a study for the attitude commonly described by the words "nose and knees," as ever was seen. Ere she had indulged many minutes in this half-sulky, half-happy position, which at that moment was particularly well suited to her state of mind, her enjoyment of it was disturbed by the entrance of Nina.

This Nina was a negro-girl exactly of her own age, who had been commanded to play with her in infancy, and elected to the especial honour of being the young heiress's personal attendant from the time of her return from school. She was not suffered, however, to leave the plantation when her young mistress went from home; because, as the confidential manager of the household gang informed his master, she was so "darnation 'cute," that she'd be sure to bring home mischief if she did.

The black and white girls, therefore, had been separated for two months, and despite the tremendous interval between the heiress and the slave, the pleasure of meeting was mutual, though perhaps not quite equal in degree. Annie had many things to think about; Nina had but one, and that one was her young mistress.

The black girl entered through the open window with the light spring of an antelope, and dropping upon her knees before Annie's footstool, seized first upon one delicate hand, and then upon the other, to kiss and fondle them, while she exclaimed in English as pure as that spoken by her well-read young mistress,

"It is like shade in midst of the rice-ground."

"What is like shade, Nina?" said Annie, smiling kindly on her.

The girl sighed deeply, and did not answer.

"What is like shade, Nina?" repeated her mistress.

"The sight of something very dear and long unseen," replied the girl. "But it is not like the shade of the free forest," she continued, looking up to the face of Annie with an expression of great suffering.

"What is the matter with you, Nina?" said the young lady, looking with much surprise at the troubled countenance of her pretty slave. "Do you mean to say that you want me to give you your freedom?"

"*My* freedom? Do you think, Miss Annie, that it is possible I could ever wish to be free whilst I belong to you? Oh! do not think it! Such a wish never crossed my mind for a single instant since I have been old enough to know what wishing meant."

"Then what *do* you mean, my dear girl? And what does that tear mean, Nina? Why do you look upon me so very sadly? I never saw you in this humour before," said Annie, looking earnestly at the dark face that rested on her knees.

"How should I be able to tell you?" replied the girl, evasively. "Even you, Miss Annie, sometimes seem hardly to know what is passing in your own mind; and do you wonder that with all my ignorance, I should not know more than you do?"

"What have you been reading, Nina, since I went away?" demanded Annie, looking grave. I think you have been wasting your time with some of those foolish novels. Foolish for you, they cer-



tainly are, for they cannot by possibility convey to you a single useful idea."

"I have not—But never mind now, dearest Miss Annie, about my reading. It matters little what a negro-girl reads, so that she leave not her work undone."

"But why do you look so sad, Nina? You have not told me that, you know," said her young mistress, looking curiously in the large eyes that had not yet been able to wink away their superfluous moisture. Why are your eyes full of tears, my poor girl?"

"Why, the truth is, Miss Annie," said the young slave, "I am sorry you are come home, though I love to see you. I was so glad when I heard you were going to be very happy, and to travel about; and that is a reason, you know, why I may be sorry you are come home again so soon."

"I should scarcely have thought you would have cried about it either," said Annie, looking puzzled for a moment. "But you were always an odd girl, Nina, though a good one too, as times go. But there—go now, I can't talk to you any longer, for I am thinking of something else. You may go into my bedroom, Nina, and unpack all my things, and bring all the books you find into this room. There—go."

At first hearing the word "go," the girl had sprung upon her feet, but even after hearing it a second time, she still lingered.

"I will go," she said, but without moving.

"What ails you, Nina?" said Annie, laughing; "I think you are bewitched. Why do you not go where I bid you? What a spoilt girl you are, Nina! Tell me now, naughty blacky, ought I not to send you to the rice-ground?"

"If you did, Miss Annie," she replied, shaking her head, "perhaps I should go more quickly."

She now moved a step or two towards the door, but before she reached it, turned round, and said,

"Will you not go, Miss Annie, and pay a visit to the good lady at Portico Lodge?"

"To be sure I shall go and pay a visit to the good lady at Portico Lodge," replied Annie. "Did you ever know me neglect my kind old friend? But you do not want me to go this very moment, Nina, do you?"

Again the young slave stood silent for a while before she answered, and looked irresolute and embarrassed, as if she had something on her mind that she wished to express, but for some reason or other did not choose to utter it.

"What are you dreaming about, Nina?" said Annie, laughing. "I do believe, girl, that you are in love."

Nina shook her head, sighing, however, at the same time so very deeply, that her mistress laughed again, saying,

"Nay, then, it is so, is it, my pretty blacky? Well, Nina, I hope the beloved loves again, and there is no great doubt of that, seeing that you are acknowledged on all hands, you know, to be the beauty of the whole plantation. But he must be a very nice fellow, Nina, or I shall not give my consent."

"Oh! my, Miss Annie!" returned the girl, "tears again starting

to her eyes, "I wish you would not talk so idly! Go and see good Madam Whitlaw as soon as ever you can. She is a kind lady, and she loves you dearly, Miss Annie; and besides, she knows every thing, and every body, and will be likely, if any one can, to—"

Here Nina suddenly stopped short, rapidly turning her eyes away as if to avoid meeting those of her mistress, which were fixed upon her.

"If you are not in love, Nina, you are most certainly gone, or going out of your wits," said Miss Beauchamp, waving her off. "And if you don't go away directly, it is very likely that I shall lose mine; for all you do say, is as unintelligible as all you do not say. Besides, Nina, I tell you I am thinking of something else."

Once again the black girl heaved a very heavy sigh, and then retreated, leaving her mistress less disposed to meditate upon her mystery and her melancholy, than she probably would have been, had she not been, as she said, thinking of something else.

## CHAP. XXVI.

THE day following this large influx of visitors at Big-Gang Bank, witnessed the sending off of half a dozen notes containing dinner invitations to the six principal proprietors in the neighbourhood. There was a seventh, concerning whom Mrs. Beauchamp and the colonel differed in opinion.

This seventh great proprietor, within a circle of five miles round Big-Gang Bank, was a certain maiden lady of the name of Whitlaw, the same whom the young slave, Nina, was so anxious her mistress should visit. For many years she had been known in the neighbourhood as Mrs. Clio Whitlaw; but this singular christian-name had been dropped on the death of a widowed sister-in-law, and the greatest female landowner in America had now become simply Mrs. Whitlaw.

She was a person of rather eccentric habits, but universally beloved and respected throughout the neighbourhood. Of her origin but little was known, her immense fortune having been left her by a young nephew, who had himself died almost immediately after he had come into possession of it. Some circumstances relating to this nephew, and to the manner in which he both obtained and bequeathed his fortune, became the subject of a narrative published in England some few years ago; but of this notoriety Mrs. Clio Whitlaw was herself wholly unconscious; and so great was the humble simplicity of her character, that she would have thought it greatly more probable that her dog Watch should have been put into a book than herself.

It was on the question of inviting or not inviting this lady, that the colonel and Mrs. Beauchamp now differed; the former being strongly in favour of the measure, and the latter as strongly against it. A good many *pro* and *con* arguments were uttered on the occasion, which it is unnecessary to repeat, the whole strength of Mrs. Beauchamp's objections resting in the words, "she is too vulgar, colonel, she is indeed, a great deal too vulgar to be introduced to such company as we have got here. Only just think what it would be if Mrs.

Allen Barnaby was to describe Miss Clio Whitlaw in her book as a first-rate American lady?"

"Mrs. Allen Barnaby is much too superior-minded a lady to do any such thing, my dear," replied the colonel. "Her thoughts are altogether fixed on the great national question of slaves, or no slaves, and that being the case, there is small chance that she should turn aside from her wise and enlightened reasonings upon this important subject for the sake of writing down the queer ways of Miss Clio."

"That is true, too, colonel, I can't say but what it is," rejoined the lady; "but do only remember the look of her cap, and the make of her gown! and then think of the beautiful dresses of Mrs. Allen Barnaby!"

"And do you, my dear, just think of the mischief our queer old neighbour is for ever doing by upholding the Christian privileges of the slaves, as she calls them, and of the good chance there may be that the great cleverness that this writing lady always brings forward on the subject may work a change in her foolish notions;—and then you may just as well remember at the same time, if you please, that nobody ever heard who Mrs. Whitlaw's heirs are to be; and then it may come into your head perhaps that it may be best not to affront her by leaving her out."

"Have your own way then, colonel," was hereupon the conclusion of the dialogue, and the invitation to Mrs. Whitlaw was despatched with the rest. During the three days which intervened before the arrival of this first great inaugural dinner-party, the company assembled at Big-Gang Bank amused themselves in various ways, according to their respective inclinations. Mrs. Allen Barnaby walked forth in the cool of the evening with the observant Colonel Beauchamp at her side, and her note-book open in her hand, taking notes upon every object that he pointed out to her especial attention.

"*Perfection of agricultural science*," were the words inscribed after his showing her how carefully the rice-grounds were kept in order, that the crop, as he coaxingly observed, might be as perfect as it ought be for the London market; and when they reached the negro village in which the largest portion of his slaves dwelt, and found them all dressed out in their best attire, and dancing away to the squeaking of one of their own fiddles, while all the teeth of all the tribe were displayed by one broad universal grin, he did not think it necessary to mention that this exhibition of excessive gaiety was got up for her especial benefit,—but permitted her to write, "none but those who have witnessed the blissful scene with their own eyes can form an idea of that unequalled moral felicity which is enjoyed by the negro slaves of the United States of America. Their lives are passed in the enjoyment of every blessing that the heart of man can desire." As sentences such as these became multiplied on her pages, the devotion of the colonel and his lady increased to such a degree, that Major Allen Barnaby, who thought that as a looker-on he saw the very pith and marrow of the game, began to hint to his lady that it would be a pity not to put the affection of their wealthy hosts to the proof at once, by simply requesting a loan of a couple of thousand pounds or so. The answer he received from his wife upon making this proposal, speaks

volumes in honour of the acute nature of feminine observation, when stimulated by the lively light of genius. This answer was preceded by a little laugh, and then followed these words,

"And you really think that the old gentleman would come down with his cash, Donny, do you? Ask him, if you have a mind that the beautiful bubble should burst about your ears at once, and besprinkle you with something more disagreeable than soap-suds; but if you think it as well to let me go on my own way, just let it alone, and take my word for it that as the love of his dear dollars is the beginning and end of his love of me, the asking him to part with them would cure the tender passion at once. I have never seen any body, either at home or abroad, Donny, your own handsome self not excepted, my dear, who seemed to me to dote upon the needful so heartily as this sleepy colonel. Will you believe me, major? or will you not?"

"I should be a precious great fool, my dear," he replied, "after all that I have seen of you already, should I begin to doubt you now. Have it your own way, my Barnaby, and I will just go quietly on with the piquet. I suspect you are right about his affection for his dollars, for I see he hates losing. But we can't help that, you know; it won't do for us to be here for nothing."

"Oh no! certainly not. I leave that all in your own hands. Of course you don't let luck run against him the whole night. Winning one game is like mixing one little bit of leaven into a whole bushel of dough. He begins every game afterwards under the effects of it, and you must just give him enough to prevent him turning short round upon you, and saying that he had rather not play any more."

The major chucked his wife under the chin, gave her a very satisfactory nod, and so the discussion ended.

The rest of the party managed very tolerably well; what with the novelty of the scene, the prodigious quantity of eating and drinking, and the extreme hospitality of their entertainers, they contrived to pass those days pleasantly enough. Miss Matilda Perkins was perhaps the only one of the party not exactly satisfied with the change from New Orleans. *There* a vast many gentlemen had felt it was advantageous to be decidedly among the popular English party, even though a little flirtation with Miss Matilda was the price they were obliged to pay for it; but *here* the only single gentleman of the company had most decidedly devoted all his Perkins partiality to the elder sister, appearing to forget altogether that any such person as the interesting Matilda existed. Tornorino, excepting during the hours in which by special agreement he was in attendance upon his father-in-law, appeared wholly devoted to the pleasant occupations of making himself comfortable, and keeping his wife in good humour; while his lady amused herself much to her heart's content, in demonstrating her conjugal affection, dressing herself in orange blossoms, and watching the odd ways of the blackamoors. And Egerton, how did he amuse himself? Did he philosophize with Mrs. Allen Barnaby on the admirable effects of slavery? or did he recreate his spirits by playing piquet with the major? No! He was as little inclined for the one occupation as for the other, and actually wasted the time that he might have spent in becoming acquainted with their strongly-marked and peculiarly interesting charac-

ters, in silently watching the domestic arrangements of a slave plantation, in conversing on terms a little less hostile than heretofore with Annie, and in making acquaintance with her young slave Nina.

It is impossible to deny that during this process his dislike of the American heiress became considerably less inveterate than it had been during the early part of their acquaintance; but the most important step made towards the removal of this very unamiable feeling was by the lucky discovery that the young lady was not endowed with any accomplishments whatever. She never even hinted at having the slightest intention of taking a degree; and this species of extraordinary humility, together with the discovery of a few other qualities and peculiarities that he certainly rather liked than not, induced him to talk to her a good deal, and to pay her altogether a good deal of attention. The terms too, on which she seemed to be living with the interesting young girl, whose personal attendance upon her was, as may be observed in all plantation families, greatly more close and intimate than can be found in the same relation elsewhere, the tone of this, and the mutual affection which so evidently existed between them, tended very greatly to remove the feeling of dislike which he had conceived for all slaveholding individuals whatever. One consequence of this was, that he not only talked a good deal to Annie, but to Nina too. This delicately-formed young girl, with her large soft eyes, and beautiful teeth, was certainly as pretty a creature as it was possible for a black girl to be; and if an individual instance might be taken as proof, her intelligence might have gone far towards settling the disputed question on the power and extent of negro intellect. It is true, indeed, that her mistress's remarkable neglect of all the higher branches of abstract science, had prevented this touchstone from being applied to her powers of mind; but all that it had been in her power to acquire she had acquired rapidly, and Egerton's carefully cultivated acquaintance with her, while it went far towards exonerating Annie herself from the odious stigma which his heart attached to the holding a slave, convinced him more strongly than ever that there was nothing to be found in the nature of the negro race to justify in the slightest degree the atrocious tyranny by which they have been separated from their fellow-creatures, and branded as beings of an inferior race. Nothing is more interesting, when such thoughts and speculations occupy the mind, than a personal investigation of the subject by means of conversing with some individual specimen of this stranger race, whenever accident gives an opportunity, and it was for this reason, as well as for a slight latent wish to know a little more about the mistress, that Frederic Egerton bestowed so large a portion of his attention upon the maid.

The first two or three days of this rather singular *reunion* at Big-Gang Bank were thus passed by the different individuals of which it was composed, all of them perhaps looking forward with more or less curiosity to the enlargement of the circle by the grand dinner-party of which they had pretty constantly heard mention. It was on the evening of the third day, which had been one of extreme heat, but which, as the sun went down, became delightful by the aid of a gentle breeze that Annie, either moved thereto by the repeated suggestions of her sable monitor, or by her own kind-hearted inclination to be civil to her queer old

friend, proposed to the ladies that they should take a walk on the extensive light brown esplanade before the house, which it was the custom of the country to denominate the "lawn." All the party, gentlemen as well as ladies, seemed to relish the proposal exceedingly, and in truth the air at that moment blowing through the open blinds, was such as to tempt the laziest of mortals to a stroll. Not, however, that either the major or his son-in-law would have yielded to the temptation had not Colonel Beauchamp been still fast asleep; but that being the case, they too obeyed the summons of the young lady, and sallied forth with the rest into the portico, rambling onward over the almost crackling surface of the much-scorched lawn.

At the end of the enclosure they reached a gate, upon the latch of which Annie placed her hand, saying to her mother as she did so,

"I will just step over, mamma, if you please, and inquire for Mrs. Whitlaw. I should not like to meet her at dinner till I had called upon her. I will be back again in time to make tea."

"Why should we not all go, Annie?" returned her mother. "You know the old lady is very fond of being visited by strangers, and I think our friends may like to see the place; it is quite a curiosity in some ways. What say you, gentlemen and ladies?"

"Why as for me, my dear lady," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, to whom Mrs. Beauchamp had seemed chiefly to address herself, I must confess that in this hot climate I do not feel equal to a great deal of walking. But don't mind me. I can return alone."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, perfectly frightened at the proposal. "Fancy me letting you walk back alone! I will go back with you, with the very greatest of pleasures; and indeed I never should have thought of your risking your most precious health by a long walk, but Mrs. Whitlaw's beautiful place isn't more than ten minutes from this."

"Oh! well then we won't part company," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, obligingly; and thus Annie, considerably to her surprise, and perhaps not very much to her satisfaction, found herself at the head of an invading army of nine persons, preparing to make their way into the territory of her old friend, who she well knew was not in the habit, notwithstanding her enormous wealth, of being at all times ready to receive company. But this little embarrassment served the young lady rightly; for she had been plotting, and plotting feebly,—a weakness which generally ensures, and always merits, failure. Had she, when the wish for making this visit seized her, quietly invited her still favoured protégée, Miss Louisa, to accompany her, and only contrived to make the request in the hearing of Mr. Frederic Egerton, there is every reason to suppose that she would have been accompanied to the house of her friend exactly in the manner she wished; but as it was, she had no choice left her but to proceed with her mamma's cortège to penetrate into the peaceful precincts of Portico Lodge.

"We are rather a large party, to be sure," observed Mrs. Beauchamp as they proceeded; "but our Annie is such a favourite that she may do any thing, the odd old lady would never be angry with her. Indeed, the people in the neighbourhood do say," continued Mrs. Beauchamp, with a smile, "that Annie has got a very tolerably good chance of coming



in for a share of the great fortune she will leave behind her, for she has not a relation in the world, and it is quite certain that she takes more pleasure in our Annie's company than in that of any body else. Our girl will be a fine fortune altogether if that should happen."

Miss Beauchamp was, at the moment when this was spoken, in rather earnest conversation with Mr. Egerton; but she suddenly stopped, and turning to her mother said, with a good deal of eagerness, "I wish, mamma, you would never say that again, and likewise that you would never think it. I *know*, as I have often told you before, mamma, that you are mistaken. Mrs. Whitlaw has no relations, but she has friends as dear to her as the very nearest."

"Well, Annie, you always scold me about it, I know," replied her mother, laughing; "but it is not my notion only, but that of every body in the country besides."

"It is rather hard upon her," replied her daughter, colouring, "that she should run the risk of being abused when she dies, for not doing what she never gave the slightest reason to suppose she intended to do while she lived. But do not let us talk any more about such nonsense. Here we are, and there she is, dear good old soul, busy as usual, tying up her darling Virginian creeper to the pillars of the portico."

As strange a figure, perhaps, as was ever looked upon was, in effect, now visible, employed as Annie described, with a huge basket of shreds and nails beside her, a hammer in her hand, and her lanky person stretching itself from the top step of a ladder, which rested against a part of the building. Her head was totally uncovered, save by her own gray hair, and her dress, which was of the richest crimson satin, was tucked up through a pair of pocket holes, leaving distinctly visible two very slender legs, terminated by feet nearly as long as themselves.

Patty, the moment she descried this remarkable figure, burst into a shout of unmitigated laughter; upon which Mrs. Beauchamp looked vexed, and the eyes of Annie expressed a degree of indignation which immediately suggested to the acute mind of Mrs. Allen Barnaby the necessity of putting some restraint upon their fashionable feelings, in order to conceal the ridicule which must naturally arise in the lively minds of herself and her daughter, upon the sight of such remote specimens of the natives.

"Do be quiet, Patty!" she exclaimed, in an accent of chiding. "I know very well that you are only laughing at me, just because my foot slipped, I suppose; but because I know it, that is no rule that every body else should, and therefore I beg you'll be quiet, and not expose yourself by your wild spirits so."

As Madame Tornorino had fortunately remarked the heightened colour of Mrs. Beauchamp, and understood thereby something of the effect which her vivacity had produced, her mamma escaped the sharp rejoinder she would otherwise have received in return for her admonition; but Patty, who had a large portion of her female [parent's] admirable abilities, not only read in the eyes of Annie, and the cheeks of her mother that they were waxing wrath, but remembered with a degree of wisdom almost beyond her years, that she and her Don were just at present living upon the fat of the land, without hearing a word about the costliness of it from her papa and mamma, a variety in their



môde of existence that was extremely agreeable ; she therefore immediately ceased laughing, and said,

"My goodness, mamma, I wish you wouldn't tumble about so, it is enough to make the dog laugh. But it is just like you, isn't it? You are so uncommonly fat and clumsy."

This lively little dialogue brought them to a spot sufficiently near for the sound of their approach to be audible to the lady on the ladder, who turning her head uttered the national "Oh my!" and began to descend as rapidly as her declining strength permitted.

"Now this is kind and neighbour-like," she said, extending both her thin brown hands, one of which was very cordially taken by Mrs. Beauchamp, and the other by Annie.

"I did want to see you again, my pretty dear," she added, smiling kindly upon the latter, "I always think that the place begins to look dismal when you have been a good spell away. And who are all these ladies and gentlemen, Madam Beauchamp? Company from the east I calculate."

"These friends of ours are foreigners, my dear Mrs. Whitlaw," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, "and I have great pleasure in bringing them here, both to show them your beautiful place, and to make you acquainted with them, because I know that you are so partial to foreigners."

"I am very glad to see your friends, Mrs. Beauchamp," replied the old lady with great civility; "but I expect the foreigners that you mean were my dear far-away German friends, for I don't much recollect being greatly taken with any other. But now you'll all be pleased to walk in, I hope, and will take some sangaree and cake; and there is whisky and cigars for the gentlemen. And my dear Miss Annie looks prettier than ever, and that's well, and just as it should be."

The party followed her in through the open French window as she spoke, and seated themselves according to their respective fancies in different parts of the fine large room in which they found themselves, a running accompaniment of welcome from the good lady going on as they did so.

"Pray make yourselves comfortable; take off your bonnets, ladies, if you please, and your caps too, like me, if you wear 'em. There is nothing so nice as the sweet air blowing about overhead. Perhaps that fat lady (pointing to Mrs. Allen Barnaby) would like this very large chair the best?—Oh my! ma'am! I am afraid you are very hot," she added, looking towards Miss Matilda Perkins, who, as usual, was fanning herself without intermission; "but that is not the way to be cool, ma'am, I can tell you," she continued; "you are working a deal too hard, I expect."

And then she clapped her hands, and two full-grown, and three half-grown negro-girls instantly entered the room.

"Fan the ladies," said Mrs. Whitlaw, whereupon the little girls and the great girls, placed themselves before the lady visitors, and obeyed the orders they had received with a steady measured movement of the solace-giving instrument, which was exceedingly delightful to those to whom it was applied.

"How zealously they perform the task," said Egerton, in a half

whisper to Miss Beauchamp. "Is it not a pity that the instrument which their masters apply to their persons in return, should be one productive of as much pain as this of pleasure?"

This was said without any fear of giving offence to the fair listener, for the improving acquaintance between the parties had already permitted the subject of negro slavery to be freely discussed.

"The idea of so painful a contrast would not arise here," replied Annie, in the same low tone, "if you knew a little more of Mrs. Whitlaw. That odd exterior conceals the gentlest, kindest heart that was ever given to mortal. She would be much more likely to let her slaves flog her, than suffer any one else to flog them."

"And this is the reason why you love her," said Egerton.

Annie coloured a little, for she knew that he alluded to a discussion in which she had thought proper to utter a few sentences in mitigation of the unqualified reprobation he had expressed against the hateful institution; but she smiled too, as she answered,

"I love her for every thing she does, for every thing has so much self-forgetting kindness in it, that I sometimes think she is sent on earth with that uncaptivating exterior on purpose to show us that we are compound animals, and that beauty and ugliness may both be met in perfection, in the same individual."

"And beauty and goodness in another," he was tempted to reply, as his eye rested upon her; but he did not, and only said, in an accent of very philosophical composure,

"You really make me long to know her, Miss Beauchamp. How can I begin a conversation with her?"

"Talk to her about that beautiful plant that you saw her nailing up," replied Annie. The obedient young man immediately left her side, and approaching the lady of the mansion, said to her with the air of taking much interest in the subject,

"Will you be so kind, Mrs. Whitlaw, as to tell me the name of the beautiful plant you were so carefully leading in the way it ought to go? It is the most elegant creeper I ever saw."

"Yes, indeed sir, it is a beauty of a plant," replied the old lady, following him into the portico; "but it is only what we call the Virginian trumpet. It is not only its beauty, you must know, that makes me forbid any of my poor nigger creatures to touch it, and that I always do every thing to it with my own hands. There is a story, sir, belonging to this plant, that makes every bell that hangs upon it something precious to me."

"I wish you would tell me the story," said Egerton, with a good-humoured smile.

"It might be made a long one," replied Mrs. Whitlaw with a sigh, "but I'll make it short for you, sir. The root of this very 'dential plant that you see growing here, sir, I grubbed up years ago from the smouldering walls of a house that was wickedly burnt to the ground, but that had seen some of my very happiest hours within its walls. I used then to think it a perfect wonder of a place in the way of handsomeness,—though I have found out now that it was just nothing of all that; but this makes no difference in my love, as I look back to it, for it wasn't the place, but the people. They were a set of angels, that's a fact, and the one of them that I loved the dearest, and that used to

tend the parent of this tree with her own pretty hands, was as beautiful as the young lady as you came here with, sir, and I don't need to say any thing more about her beauty, did I, sir?" concluded the narrator with a smile.

"And do you trace any resemblance between the two young ladies in the qualities of their minds, as well as in the beauty of their persons?" demanded Egerton, but without however looking very steadily in the face of the person he addressed.

"Resemblance in their minds?" repeated Mrs. Whitlaw, "meaning likeness in their goodness, and kindness, and all that? Oh my! one might think you knew 'em both, sir, by having such a thought in your head. Yet they are not just that alike in all ways neither; for my Lotte was the merriest, happiest-hearted little beauty that ever my eyes looked upon, and this pretty dear is often quite the other way as to merriness, being very often altogether the contrary. She never said as much to me, but I've often jealoused that she didn't like having all the poor, harmless, black niggers made slaves of. But this I should never have found out, to understand it rightly, if I had not been used to listen so, as I did, to my dear kind friends, the Steinmarks, and Madam Mary, who was an Englisher, sir, like yourself."

"Indeed?" said Frederic Egerton, almost starting; "you think, madam, that Miss Beauchamp is unhappy, is melancholy, because she is surrounded by slaves?"

"Yes, I do, sir," replied the old lady, looking up in his face with a good-humoured twinkle of the eye, that seemed to indicate that she knew he liked to hear as much. "And I can tell you, easy, why that makes a difference between her and Lotte, just in the very thing where there is no difference at all. But the thing is this, you see, sir: Miss Lotte Steinmark hated and abominated the very name of slavery, and was as gay as a lark, because she comed from a country where there was no such a thing ever known or heard of, and she could boast of it, pretty thing, for all was free as waited on them here, and she could sing, dance, and be merry. While this dear child, being an American citizen born, and bound in course not to fault any thing, little or big, that she sees in her own glorious native land, seems often, I think, ready to break her heart, because all the people about her, the hard-hearted lookers and all, I expect, are not quite so merciful and good as herself. And the case is the harder, you see, sir, because both her pa and ma, who worship the very ground she treads upon, are altogether going the whole hog in the contrary direction. And how can a young thing like that do any thing in such a matter, when all the great landholders round, except my poor old self, perhaps, would burn her alive, as soon as look at her, if they did but guess what was passing in her poor little heart."

Rarely have words produced a stronger or more instantaneous effect than did this speech of the venerable Mrs. Clio Whitlaw upon the mind of young Frederic Egerton. It was as if some hard and impassable barrier had been removed, that had hitherto kept him, despite his growing inclination to overcome it, at a chilling distance from the young American, and had no eyes been there to check such a demonstration of feeling, it is likely enough that he would have fallen on his knees before her, confessed all his unjust aversion, together with some

other feelings of rather a contrary kind, and implored her forgiveness on the spot. But this being impossible, the young man contented himself for the present by so placing himself beside one of the pillars of the portico, as to gaze on the innocent young face, whose influence he had so stoutly resisted, without being remarked even by the sharp bright eyes of Miss Patty.

"It is a pretty shady bit, isn't it, sir?" said Mrs. Whitlaw, looking at him complacently, "and I hope you'll come up and enjoy it whenever you like to take a stroll from Big-Gang Bank. Isn't that an unlucky name, sir, after what I have been a telling you? I'll lay a piccinne to a cent, young gentleman, that pretty Annie will free every nigger upon the estate, and then sell every acre of it, and be off to some right-down free country, as soon as ever it comes into her hands. But I mustn't stay talking to you any more now, sir, or Madam Beauchamp will think I don't know what's what."

And so saying, she began disengaging the skirt of her rich satin dress from the pocket-holes, an operation which she had hitherto neglected, and having succeeded in completing it, returned into the saloon.

Though Frederic Egerton once more found himself by the side of Annie during their homeward walk, he was, instead of being more communicative, considerably more silent than usual. How could he find words to tell her that he adored her because her principles and feelings were in direct opposition to those of her parents? That his heart was ready to swear allegiance to her for ever, because he had made the fortunate discovery that the most important feature in the constitution of the country she had been taught to venerate as the most perfect upon earth, was as hateful to her as to him? It was impossible. The conversation between them, therefore, visibly languished; Egerton perpetually relapsing into silence, after every effort made by his beautiful companion to renew the conversation.

The result of this memorable excursion was, that the young Englishman returned to the house of his American entertainers with a fund of hope and happiness at the bottom of his heart which rendered him, despite his grave exterior, one of the most enviable men in the world; while Annie stole early to her rest with every feeling crushed, every unacknowledged, but most precious hope destroyed. A process greatly similar to what had now taken place in Egerton's mind, had somewhat more rapidly taken place in hers. Though it was quite true that she hated the institution of slavery, Annie loved her country with that species of instinctive filial feeling which it is a sin to be without, and having been taught, very erroneously, to believe that all English people disliked, and what was much worse, despised all Americans, her first feelings towards the young man were quite as hostile as those of the young man towards her. But it was impossible to converse with Frederic Egerton, without perceiving that no such unreasonable assumption of superiority as she had believed inseparable from the English character, made any part of his. She had discovered that what he most hated and condemned was what she most hated and condemned also; and the feeling of having done him injustice, had for some time been acting upon her mind, exactly as it was now acting upon his; giving to every good gift a double power to charm, and bringing justice to

act side by side with inclination, in amending the judgment she had first put upon him. But it was only when she saw, or thought she saw, that he liked her greatly less than she liked him, that she became aware how important his opinion had become to her. There was disappointment as well as mortification in the discovery, for she had thought the case was different. But it was sorrow, without any mixture of anger, that she felt upon making it. She was much better calculated to be a proud patriot than a haughty woman; and would have given infinitely more, could she have honestly said that she believed her country right on all the points in which it differed from its parent stock, than to hear it acknowledged by the whole world, *en masse*, that she was the loveliest lady in it. Drooping, heavy-hearted, and self-condemning, but with no shadow of resentful feeling against Egerton, the beautiful American laid her young head upon her pillow and wept herself to sleep, while the Englishman lay awake, till night gave place to morning, in meditating how, when, and where, he should confess to her that all his future hopes of happiness depended on her consenting to forsake the glories of the Stars and the Stripes, and accept as an atonement for the sacrifice, his heart, his hand, a noble settlement, and the alliance of an ancient English race, whose motto might very honestly have been,

Sans peur, et sans reproche.

#### CHAP. XXVII.

THE next day brought together the first-rate, high-standing, sharp, elegant, clever, and tip-top fashionable society that was to constitute the dinner-party invited by Colonel and Mrs. Beauchamp, to meet their illustrious European guest. This act of assembling together seemed a very solemn business: nobody, as the circle increased, appeared to think it decorous, or proper, to smile. The gentlemen compressed their lips, spat, and bowed their heads. The ladies made small courtesies, looked grave, and carefully arranged their robes, taking particular care that their drapery should float gracefully on one side only of their persons, according to the hint communicated by a sitting figure in full dress, conveyed to the country in the last number of the *Magasin des Modes*.

At length, however, the whole party being assembled, and as much iced-water and whisky made away with as the season required, Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp thought it advisable, before the dinner was announced, to introduce "Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby" in form, to them all. The scene produced by this was very striking, for there was not a single person present who did not know the obligations she was about to lay them under, and their gratitude bore a very amiable proportion to the benefit which they considered her likely to confer upon them. There are few women who could have gone through this scene with such a perfection of "unblenched majesty," as did Mrs. Allen Barnaby. Had the nature of her forthcoming work, as proclaimed and explained to all, been merely that of a complimentary effusion, extolling the excellences of the country, political, moral, intellectual, physical, and fashionable, and declaring it to be in all these particulars, and every

other she could think of, greatly "ahead" of all the other countries in the world, the sensation produced would have been much less vehement. They might have been pleased, probably they would have been very much pleased,—but the profound consciousness resting in the inmost recesses of every bosom, that all this was not a bit more than their due, and that, however good her intentions might be, she must be a darnation smart lady indeed, if she could write up to the pitch they deserved: this consciousness, though it might increase their satisfaction in the contemplation of what she was about to do, would naturally lessen their gratitude, for they would have felt not only that it was no more than their just right, but moreover that it could not by possibility be sufficient to atone for all the European injustice which had preceded it. But the circumstances of the present case were altogether different. The *especial* point she had *especially* undertaken to advocate, was one on which they felt their weakness, while it was that which, ten thousand times beyond all others, they hung upon with a desperate fondness made up of pride, prejudice, the most ardent love of wealth, and the most craven terror of losing it.

"A present Deity" they shout around,  
"A present Deity" the *plastered walls* resound,

would be nothing beyond a very fair quotation to exemplify what actually passed on this occasion; and nothing short of the majestic strength of mind with which my heroine was endowed could have enabled her to sustain any appearance of composure under the enthusiastic plaudits which showered upon her head.

How long this might have lasted had dinner not been announced, it is impossible to say, but the flattering clamour was still at its height when the folding-doors of the saloon were thrown open, and a crowd of gaily-dressed negroes outside it gave notice, by their universal grin, that the pleasant business of dining might begin when the company pleased.

This put an instant stop, for the time at least, to the performance of the chorus of adulation which the party had been performing, and the ceremony of marshalling the guests into the dinner-parlour was performed with as little delay as possible.

Though for the most part the brilliant company assembled on this occasion were rather better pleased than usual with themselves and each other, and very fully inclined to do every kind of justice to the splendid hospitality of their entertainers, there were one or two individuals out of the twenty that sat down to table, who would considerably have preferred being elsewhere.

Old Mrs. Whitlaw was one of these. Notwithstanding some trifling deficiencies in this old lady's early education, she had profited, with great natural acuteness, by all the various scenes through which her singular destiny had led her, and was more capable, perhaps, of forming a clear-headed judgment upon the state of affairs in her own particular sphere, than most of her neighbours. Though her views were not sufficiently enlarged for her ever to have contemplated very distinctly the absolute abolition of slavery as a national measure,<sup>1</sup> she had long felt persuaded that the way in which the "nigger work," as she called it, was carried on; would not answer in the long-run. Once or twice,



on her first taking possession of the mansion she now inhabited, which was her favourite among several which she inherited,—once or twice she had hinted to some of her rich neighbours, that she thought it would be better, “for a good many reasons,” if they would relax a little the severity of their discipline ; but this was in every case received with such vehemence of indignation that the same straightforward common sense which had suggested her observations, very speedily determined her to keep them for the future to herself ; and for several years past her pretty strong opinions on the subject had only manifested themselves in the management of her own people, and in occasional confidential *tête-à-têtes* with her young friend Annie. Her own avoidance of all discussion on the subject with her neighbours, had been followed by the same sort of discretion on their parts, and it was now several years since the old lady had heard the subject alluded to in general conversation at all.

Great wealth, for which there is no certain heir, generally produces great consideration to the possessor, and Mrs. Whitlaw had profited by this, more than she was herself aware of ; she would otherwise, perhaps, have been less shocked and surprised by the vehemence with which, for the purpose of enlightening Mrs. Allen Barnaby, the increase of severity in discipline was insisted upon by some of the party present as the only mode of averting the mischief which some speculators had threatened, from the rapid increase of the negro population. The old lady got fidgety, and was debating in her own mind whether she should not say that she thought the dinner had made the room rather over-hot, and that she did not feel over-well, when the project of escape was put out of her head by a glance and a smile which she saw hastily and furtively exchanged between two of the sable attendants.

It is so universally the custom, wherever slaves make part of an establishment, to treat them as if they were literally stocks and stones, incapable of hearing or of seeing any thing said or done before them, that in this case, as in many others, the subject of their own condition was as freely discussed while they were serving at table, as if no such animals had been in the room.

Old Mrs. Whitlaw was too much used to this mode of proceeding for the uncomfortable feelings she experienced to have been produced or even increased by their presence, and it was purely by accident that her eyes had been directed towards the men between whom the abovementioned look and smile had been exchanged. But the moment she saw it, a strong feeling of suspicion arose in her mind, that one of those movements of resistance which occasionally startle slaveholders, and which act with the frightful but useless energy of a limb convulsed by intolerable pain, was approaching among the slaves of Colonel Beauchamp, and the old lady would have given pretty considerably many dollars, could she at that very moment have transported herself into the midst of her own slaves, for the purpose of having a little confidential conversation with them. But as this was impossible, she resolved to sit still and quietly look on.

Another individual to whom the splendid banquet, and the popular theme discussed around it, produced a degree of suffering that it required some philosophy to endure, was Annie. No opportunity during



the whole of that long morning had occurred, for any thing to pass between Frederic Egerton and herself which could persuade her that the conclusion to which she had come the evening before respecting him was erroneous.

It was not that she doubted his admiration of her,—that would certainly have been difficult, inasmuch as every glance of his eyes betrayed it; for the fascination of her beauty rendered the not looking at her a task, which, however often resolved upon, he found it impossible to perform. Annie was not wholly unconscious of this; but a profound conviction that his having seen her surrounded by slaves, and an agent, however innocently, in the degradation of the race whom, she well knew, he considered in all respects as the equal children of the same Almighty Father, had taken possession of her mind; she considered herself as one stigmatized in his eyes by a blot that could never be removed, and all her energy of mind was now turned to the task of avoiding him as much as possible at present, and forgetting him wholly when he was no longer near. But it was impossible, even for the furtherance of this very desirable object, for Annie to leave the room while the dinner lasted, she too, therefore, submitted to endure its heat and its noise, giving no other indication that she was ill at ease, than the somewhat more than common paleness of her cheek betrayed.

So the party went on with every appearance of universal satisfaction; Mrs. Allen Barnaby's health was drunk, and prosperity to planters and plantations, toasted with three times three. And then the ladies retired, they having remained thus long solely in compliment to the heroine of the fête; a compliment which was acknowledged by Mrs. Allen Barnaby's drawing forth from her bag her little note-book, and very evidently employing herself by inscribing therein some of the wise and very sublime maxims which had been uttered by the gentlemen present.

On re-entering the drawing-room, the most consequential ladies of the party immediately crowded round her, beseeching that she would favour them with her autograph, or if it were possible with a few words written in their albums. This was the first time that such a request had ever been made to our heroine, except in her dreams; and the graceful manner in which she bowed and smiled her acquiescence was really admirable. This very gracious and ready compliance with their wishes was no sooner made known, than nearly every lady present flew to the secret corner in which on entering she had deposited her receptacle for wit; which, in fact, every lady who arrived that day had done, with the exception of Mrs. Whitlaw (who had, as she candidly confessed, no taste whatever for learning); and having drawn it thence, speedily surrounded the illustrious authoress with a perfect galaxy of brilliant volumes, red, green, blue, and yellow, each in succession eagerly spread open before her to receive the valued ornament of her name.

On the first page offered to her, Mrs. Allen Barnaby modestly inscribed that name and nothing more; but perceiving a look of disappointed hope in the countenance of the fair lady who had presented it, she (not manfully, but) womanfully called upon her genius to help her, and resolutely determined, notwithstanding the multitude of the rainbow volumes around her, that every one of them should bear witness of her extraordinary talents.

With a charming smile she drew again towards her the book in which she had written her name, and wrote above it,

Immortal country, hail !

Finding by the universal "My!" which broke in various notes of admiration from the fair petitioners, that this was exactly the sort of thing they wanted, she continued in the same strain till her task was accomplished. She found no difficulty whatever in producing the slight degree of variety which she deemed necessary, and one lady carried away with her the novel phrase—

Success to the Stripes and the Stars!

another,

The extinguisher of the Old World and the candle of the New!—

#### THE UNION.

This conceit brought down another shower of the same eloquent monosyllables, and "Oh, my!" resounded through the room. It is not necessary to indite every *tour de force*, by which Mrs. Allen Barnaby proved her powers of extemporary composition, for though all admirable, they were, it must be confessed, exceedingly alike in sentiment if not in expression; but in the last, she seemed indeed to surpass herself, and greater than ever was the delight manifested when the happy owner of the last album presented, read aloud these words:

May lawful slavery survive, as long as the sun and moon endureth!

It may easily be imagined, that upon the gentlemen making their appearance, they were immediately made to share in the pleasure which these various inscriptions were so well calculated to produce, and once again Mrs. Allen Barnaby found herself the object of admiration which amounted to enthusiasm.

As soon as the expression of their feelings had in some degree subsided, Colonel Beauchamp observed that their having met with the most admirable lady in Europe, was no good cause why his sporting neighbours should not be indulged with their usual game at whist, or Boston; a hint which immediately led to the summoning sundry negroes, and setting forth sundry card-tables.

While these arrangements were making, Major Allen Barnaby wandered about the room making conversation, of which a jocose sort of sketch respecting his own caprices about playing at cards formed the principal theme. He laughed heartily, as he declared, that it often and often happened to him, that he could not make up his mind to think of any single rule of playing, and hardly to know one card from another; while at another time, if the humour seized him, he could go on at it for four-and-twenty hours together, and never feel tired a bit.

"Well, sir," was the reply from one grandee to whom these little personal peculiarities were revealed, "we must hope that the humour may be on you this evening; for there are two or three here, that never find themselves in company, without choosing to have a go against the four aces."

Two tables were speedily made up, at one of which two ladies took their places and the stakes were fixed at a moderate sum; at the other, four gentlemen were to play, and at this table, the fixing the stakes was left to themselves.

"Which party will you join, Major Allen Barnaby?" demanded

Colonel Beauchamp, adding very politely — “In course, sir, as a stranger, we should one and all be happy, I expect, to leave the fix to your own choice, putting out of sight our complaisance to your excellent lady.”

Out of the four other gentlemen about to sit down, two appeared rather anxious that the whimsical major, to whose account of himself they had been listening, should take his place with the ladies, and one of them said bluntly,

“It would hardly be fair, Major Allen Barnaby, sir, to let you, with the careless ways you talk about, sit down at this table; because I, for one, always play a pretty considerable brisk stake.”

“That’s the only way to keep me awake, sir,” replied the major, laughing. “Men in our profession, as I dare say you know, have generally a few thousands of loose cash floating on purpose to give them a little excitement now and then, when they get a trifle sleepy in their quarters. I have run up and down, for my part, from about ten thousand to nothing, and back again, above a score of times since I began; and I find it has come so even in the long-run, that I care very little how high I play. But I never,” he added, in a low voice, “I never play with ladies, it puts me out altogether.”

This decided the matter, and Major Allen Barnaby, Colonel Beauchamp, and two other gentlemen settled themselves round a table in a quiet corner, as gentlemen do settle themselves when they are going to amuse themselves in earnest.

Had Annie Beauchamp remained in the room, it is likely enough that the hours of that long evening, might have offered opportunities to Egerton too favourable to be neglected, for the making her comprehend a little better than she did at present, what were his wishes, his hopes, his intentions concerning her; but, with the blindness of a perverse little mortal, she saw nothing of what was passing in his head or his heart, and she thought of nothing but the silence that had come over him on the preceding evening, when, as she confessed to herself with shame that amounted to agony, she was waiting for every word which might fall from his lips, as if her fate hung upon it. The recollection of these past feelings, together with the blank disappointment which had succeeded them, was more than she could bear any longer *en plein salon*, and begging her mother to apologize to the ladies for her absence, by telling them that she had so bad a headach as to oblige her to go to bed, she stole away, taking with her, as it seemed to Frederic Egerton, all that portion of light which could make it worth while for him to keep his eyes open, and for a few moments after he had watched her retreat, and listened to her mother’s explanation of it, he meditated the commission of a similar act of self-indulgence. But he luckily recollected that his doing so would neither be particularly polite nor particularly discreet, and he therefore abandoned the project; the more readily, perhaps, because he happened to observe Don Tornorino move quietly away from the place he occupied beside his lady, and station himself at no great distance from his respected father-in-law, about whom he revolved with the same graceful air of nonchalance which had once before attracted his attention.

THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

*July 8, 1842.*

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BY HORACE SMITH.

'Tis cloudless morning, but a frown misplaced,  
Cold, lurid, strange,  
Her summer smile from Nature's brow hath chased.  
What fearful change,  
What menacing catastrophe is thus  
Usher'd by such prognostics ominous?

Is it the life of day, this livid glare,  
Death's counterpart?  
What means the withering coldness in the air,  
That chills my heart,  
And what the gloom portentous that hath made  
The glow of morning a funereal shade?

O'er the Sun's disk, a dark orb wins its slow  
Gloom-deep'ning way,  
Climbs—spreads—enshrouds—extinguishes—and lo!  
The god of day  
Hangs in the sky, a corpse! th' usurper's might  
Hath storm'd his throne, and quench'd the life of light!

A pall is on the earth—the screaming birds  
To covert speed,  
Bewilder'd and aghast, the bellowing herds  
Rush o'er the mead,  
While men—pale shadows in the ghastly gloom,  
Seem spectral forms just risen from the tomb.

Transient, tho' total, was that drear eclipse;  
With might restored,  
The Sun re-gladden'd earth;—but human lips  
Have never pour'd  
In mortal ears the horrors of the sight  
That thrill'd my soul that memorable night.

To every distant zone and fulgent star  
Mine eyes could reach,  
And the wide waste was one chaotic war;  
O'er all and each—  
Above—beneath—around me—every where—  
Was anarchy—convulsion—death—despair.

'Twas noon—and yet a deep unnatural night  
Enshrouded heaven,  
Save where some orb unsphered, or satellite  
Frantically driven,  
Glared as it darted thro' the darkness dread,  
Blind—rudderless—uncheck'd—unpiloted.

A thousand simultaneous thunders crash'd,  
As here and there,  
Some rushing planet 'gainst another dash'd,  
Shooting thro' air  
Volleys of shatter'd wreck, when, both destroyed,  
Founder'd and sank in the ingulfing void.

Others self-kindled, as they whirl'd and turn'd,  
Without a guide,  
Burst into flames, and rushing as they burn'd  
With range more wide,  
Like fire-ships that some stately fleet surprise,  
Spread havoc through the constellated skies.

While stars kept falling from their spheres—as though  
The heavens wept fire,—  
Earth was a raging hell of war and woe  
Most deep and dire ;  
Virtue was vice—vice virtue—all was strife,  
Brute force was law—justice th' assassin's knife.

From that fell scene my space-commanding eye  
Glad to withdraw,  
I pierced the empyrean palace of the sky,  
And shudd'ring saw  
A vacant throne—a sun's extinguish'd sphere—  
All else a void—dark, desolate, and drear.

“What mean,” I cried, “these sights unparallel'd,  
These scenes of fear?”  
When lo! a voice replied, and nature held  
Her breath to hear—  
“Mortal! the scroll before thine eyes unfurl'd,  
Displays a *soul-eclipse*—an *atheist world*.”

I woke—my dream was o'er! What ecstasy  
It was to know  
That God was guide and guardian of the sky,  
That man below,—  
Deserved the love I felt.—I could not speak  
The thrilling joy whose tears were on my cheek!



## THE STUDENT OF LOUVAIN.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Like flower-seeds by the wild wind spread,  
 So radiant thoughts are strew'd,  
 The soul when those high gifts are shed  
 May faint in solitude.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE day was closing in at Utrecht, and the inhabitants, for the most part poor but industrious citizens, congregated at the doors of their houses to smoke their pipes, or converse together on the state of the times; and a set of more phlegmatic countenances and contented spirits could not well have met together. Before an abode, the neatness of which could not conceal the evident poverty of its inmates, and which you learnt by a rude inscription on the walls belonged to a barge-builder, sat a boy on the fallen trunk of a tree. His dress was coarse in the extreme, leaving his muscular limbs fully exposed, but there was something in the proud motion of his head as he threw back the tangled hair from his brow, and looked around with his wild, restless eyes, which at once distinguished him from the rest of his companions, and showed that thoughts incompatible with his present situation were busily at work in his young mind. Occasionally his father, a rude, unlettered man, but with a veneration for learning which has made his name respected to this day, and who now stood leaning against the doorpost, with his white shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow, and his brawny arms crossed upon his breast, would take the pipe from his lips, and address some kindly word to him, which was replied to as though the mind of the listener had wandered far away.

It would seem as if the boy was watching the blue smoke-wreathes as they rose up into the still air of evening and disappeared; but it is more probable that his aspiring thoughts followed each other as rapidly, and then became likewise lost in indistinctness. He was aroused at length by a low and gentle voice, and a young girl with bare feet, and a number of small brass coins coquettishly woven in her long braided hair, stood panting for breath by his side. She was an orphan, none knew even from what country she came, though the starry brightness of her large dark eyes, and the sweet accents of her voice, which made music of their harsh language every time she spoke, told of the sunny south. She had been the sole survivor of a vessel which foundered at sea, and adopted by a lone old man, an iron-worker of Guelderland, who had lately come to settle at Utrecht, and who loved her as if she had been his own child.

The boy looked up and smiled at her approach; but it was a dreamy smile which brightened as it met hers, as though all other thoughts melted away before its radiance; and he tried to draw her towards him that she might share his seat.

“No, no,” said the girl, playfully eluding his grasp, “I cannot sit still here all this splendid evening.”

“Where would you go to, Esmeralda?”

“Let us dance in the sunset, or chase each other along by the river; it always feels so fresh by the water.”

Adrian sprang up with a joyous bound, and the old barge-builder dashed the tears from his eyes, as he watched them depart, for he knew it would be but little longer that he should have his son with him.

How merrily they danced, and laughed, and romped that night, until even the light-footed Esmeralda grew weary, and following her example Adrian sat down upon the ground, and amused himself by playing with the coins in her long hair.

"Why do you wear these?" he asked at length, "I never see any of the other children with their heads dressed after this strange fashion."

"Possibly not; but I have a dreamy recollection that they were worn thus in my own country: and I never hear them tinkling as I dance without thinking of home."

"I had forgotten that you are not one of us," said Adrian, looking into her beautiful face with a mixture of boyish reverence and love; "for ought any one knows to the contrary, you may be a queen!"

"Ah, if I was!" exclaimed the girl, smiling joyously.

"And what would you do then, my Esmeralda?"

"Buy every book that was ever written, so that you might read all day long if you chose. That would make you happy, would it not, Adrian?"

"But yourself, dearest?"

"Ah! I had forgotten myself. I would have masters and study to be wise, in order that you might love me, and never intrude upon you, except you were weary or sick, or when you sent for me."

"Silly Esmeralda! why I should be always sending for you; even as it is I love you better than any thing else in the world.

"Except books," interrupted the girl, holding up her finger with a merry laugh, "come, confess, Adrian?"

"Well, well, except books then, since you will have it so. And yet I am not quite sure," added the young scholar, dazzled by the bewildering brightness of the dark eyes which sought his so mirthfully, whether I shall admit any exception at all. But it grows late for you to be out, had we not better return?"

The girl rose up that instant, and went bounding on before him like an antelope, her sweet laugh now close at his ear, while her cheek touched his, and then growing fainter in the distance as he strove in vain to keep up with her fleet steps, and mingling with the fairy-like tinkling of her long braided hair. As they approached the dwelling of her protector she assumed a more demure pace, and suffered herself to be overtaken.

"What a race you have led me, Esmeralda!"

"Poor Adrian! you do look tired;" and she parted the hair upon his flushed brow with her cool fingers, and laughed mischievously: "but you will come in and rest?"

"Not to-night, dear."

"Well, I shall see you to-morrow," and she held up her sweet face for the accustomed kiss, which we will not take upon ourselves to swear was not given as well as received; but then they were but children.

The old barge-builder was anxiously awaiting the return of his son, and that night they sat up long, talking of the past, and yet more earnestly of the future, which their sanguine hopes made bright. The following day it was known all over Utrecht that Adrian would never settle down to his father's business, but was about, with his permission, to quit his native place and proceed to Louvain, at which university the old man had been long and secretly trying to get him admitted gra-



tuitously among the students, and was at length successful. Some laughed at the scheme, as such people are apt to do at what passes their comprehension; others thought it would have been better for Adrian to have followed the honest calling of his forefathers, while a few read on the high brow and flashing eyes of the young scholar something of the glory which he went forth to struggle for and to win; but Esmeralda only wept.

There is much real kindness among the poor, whatever may be said to the contrary; and when it became generally known that Adrian was going away to be a great man, as they simply but prophetically expressed it, many a trifling but most acceptable offering aided his father in the arduous task of his equipment, which, plain and frugal as it was, left him nothing but his blessing to bestow. But what do the young, the aspiring, want more? Every obstacle is a fresh incentive to exertion—a fresh triumph when overcome; and they are proud with their own hands to hew out a road, and carve for themselves an everlasting niche in the temple of fame!

Esmeralda was worthy of the young scholar; to the last she spoke not of herself, of her loneliness when he should have gone from her, but rather of the joy it would be to her and his father to hear of his success; the deep self-sacrificing love of the woman, mingled with the passionate fondness of the child, and made her careful to be rather the guiding star than the meteor which might tempt him aside from the bright destiny he had chosen, and they parted at length in hope.

The university of Louvain established by John Duke of Brabant, and containing among its professors some of the most learned, and among its pupils the rising geniuses of the age, was a hallowed object in the eyes of the young student; and the deep feeling of reverence with which he stood for the first time before its massive walls, often made him smile to think on in later days. History proceeds to inform us how for a few successive years he toiled on in the pursuit of knowledge, but the phrase is surely incorrect; if it was a toil, let us at least call it a labour of love! What if his cheek paled, and his form withered; if his flashing eyes grew dim, and ached so that at times he was fain to close them for very weariness, had he not got his wish? Was not the burning thirst of his aspiring spirit slaking itself at the living waters of universal knowledge? Was he not holding daily and hourly commune with all that makes the past great and holy, and laying up for himself a treasure of wisdom which life only could exhaust?

The more aristocratic but less talented pupils of the university had long envied the growing fame of the young student, and sought eagerly to lower him in the estimation in which he was so justly held by the professors; but for some time without success, poverty and an intense love of study compelling Adrian to a life of strict frugality and privation. At length, however, it was discovered that he invariably stole away from the university as soon as it became dusk, and did not return until long past midnight, always taking one direction, and declining on various pretences the company of any of his fellow-students.

“Depend upon it those quiet ones are always the worst,” said Jans Durland. “Who knows but what he may belong to some of those midnight bands of whom the good people of Louvain tell such fearful tales?”

"Nay, his very poverty is his surety on that score," replied his companion, laughingly.

"Pshaw! a mere blind; what then can account for his regularly absenting himself at such an hour?"

"Why, grave and studious as Adrian is, he may not be insensible to the witchery of some bright-eyed damoiselle, and there are plenty such at Louvain. Take my word for it, Jans, that wherever there is a mystery of this sort, a woman is always sure to be at the bottom of it."

"Well, I trust it may be no worse. Suppose we were to follow him to-night, and ascertain the truth at once,—at least it would be something to taunt him with."

"But scarcely honourable, methinks," replied his companion, hesitatingly.

"Nay, every thing is fair in love they say, and why not in hate?" muttered Jans Durland, gnashing his teeth with rage.

"Well, be it so then, but not to-night; there is a debate to be held at the Town-hall, which I must join; to-morrow I am at your service; and in the mean time, Jans, you may as well accompany me."

"With all my heart," replied the student, carelessly; "but I shall afterwards take care that Adrian does not again escape me."

The debate was most eloquent, although the subject of it matters little to our history; so we shall merely state that it terminated shortly before midnight; and the people after lingering to exchange greetings or a cordial good-night, separated to their various homes. The students of Louvain continued to talk loud and eagerly as they walked four abreast through the silent streets, occasionally breaking off in the midst of a brilliant argument to shout and yell under the windows of some unfortunate citizen who had contrived to render himself obnoxious to them; or raise a rude chorus in honour of some chosen beauty whose dwelling lay in their road home, until they reached the church of St. Peter, one of the finest religious edifices in Belgium.

It was a bright starlight night, and the streets were white and hard with the frozen snow, and still and silent as the grave, except the hollow whistling of the wind as it moaned and sang through the porticoes of the old church. The students involuntarily hushed their voices, and passed onward with a more subdued step, although none could have told why it was so.

"Stay!" exclaimed Jans Durland, hastily, "either my eyes strangely deceive me, or there is a human figure standing motionless beneath yonder lamp. No! by heaven I am right!"

"Let us go," whispered one of his companions, shuddering with fear; "they say that evil spirits are abroad at this hour."

"Fool!" exclaimed the reckless student, shaking off his feeble grasp, and advancing towards the object of his curiosity, followed by his companions.

A lamp burned dimly in the church-porch, by the feeble light of which a tall figure might be observed bending eagerly over a book. The face which was thus partly illuminated, was pale, but earnest, and full of a strange beauty.

"It is Adrian!" exclaimed the students, with one voice, while a

crimson flush passed over the high brow of him they had thus suddenly surprised as he turned proudly towards them.

"The mystery is at length solved," said he, while his flashing eyes sought those of Jans Durland. "I was poor, too poor to purchase candles, and for months have pursued my studies here, or at the corners of streets, wherever there was a lamp by which I could see to read."

"But the cold," interrupted one of his companions; "how did you bear that? You must have been perished?"

Adrian laughed wildly as he laid his burning hand on that of Jans, who had pressed nearer to him while he spoke.

"Does this feel like cold?" he asked. "No! there is that within me which defies it, as well as all your sneers and mockery!" But none dared to mock him.

The penitent Jans Durland clasped that scorching hand in both of his, and drew him gently on, while the rest followed wonderingly. From that hour Adrian and he studied together, and were like brothers; while a small sum of money, received a few weeks afterwards from an unknown hand, rendered him, in a measure, independent of his generous friend.

During all this time his intercourse with his father had been very slight, and he contented himself with hearing occasionally that he and Esmeralda continued well. The kind protector of the latter, the iron-worker of Guelderland above mentioned, was the usual means of communication, his business compelling him to come to Louvain once or twice in the year, on which occasions he always brought some sweet message, or token from Esmeralda to the student. But now, as the time drew near for this periodical visit, Adrian was observed to grow restless and melancholy, and he talked a great deal to Jans of going to Utrecht in the spring, as if trying to persuade himself of the folly of some foreboding feeling of evil which pressed heavily on his heart.

At length the old man made his usual appearance before the gates of the university, to ask for Adrian, the son of the barge-builder of Utrecht. The student flung down his book, and went out eagerly to meet him; but one glance at the pale and agitated countenance of the iron-worker was sufficient to confirm his worst fears.

"Esmeralda is dead!" said he, with great calmness.

"You have heard of it then?"

"Yes, I knew it!—but how—when did it come to pass? Tell me all!"

"Well, one day the poor child left home without saying a word to any one, and it grew late before she returned. It was a wild tempestuous night, and as I took off her wet cloak, and wrung the moisture from her long hair, I saw that the ornaments with which, in remembrance of her unknown home, she so delighted to deck it, were gone. At length, in answer to my repeated inquiries, she confessed that she had sold the coins to a Dutch trader. God knows what she could have wanted with money!"

"Did she tell you how much she got for them?" asked Adrian, eagerly, and with white lips.

The iron-worker named a sum which at once confirmed all the wild doubts of the young student.

"Go on," said he, in a hoarse voice.

"Well, from that hour she sickened and withered away;—cheerful

and hopeful to the last, she never seemed to think that she should die ; but when the blow fell, at length bowed her gentle spirit meekly to the will of Heaven, and murmured not at its decrees."

"But she spoke of me, father, did she not?"

"Continually; your name was the last upon her trembling lips, which grew cold in blessing thee!"

The old man wept bitterly, but Adrian could not shed a tear.

"You think, then," said the student, after a pause of deep emotion, "that she caught her death on that tempestuous night when she went to sell her little treasure to the Dutch trader?"

"I am sure of it; you may remember she was always a delicate flower."

Adrian said no more, but from that hour a change came over his whole life.

The remainder of this eventful history may be gathered from the annals of his native land. How by his own gigantic talents he raised himself to the high post of Vice-Chancellor in that university which he had originally entered a friendless and obscure wanderer; was chosen by the Emperor Maximilian, as preceptor to his grandson, afterwards the celebrated Charles V.; presented by Ferdinand of Spain with the bishopric of Tortosa; and after his death, elected co-regent with Cardinal Ximenes; finally, in 1522, on the decease of Leo X. ascending the papal throne.

We are told that in afterlife he became singularly rigid and austere in his habits, perhaps in consequence of the struggles and privations of early years; was much given to solitary musings, and seldom seen to smile. Who shall say how often that mighty spirit, in the very triumph of its self-created greatness, looked lingeringly to his humble home at Utrecht—danced once again in his dreams on the banks of the Rhine, or listened to the silvery accents of a voice which never ceased to haunt him.

The only extravagance which we hear of Pope Adrian's indulging himself in was a passionate love of old coins, which he spared no expense in collecting, although his successor seems to have attached little value to them. Some brass ones in particular, of simple appearance, and wanting even the charm of antiquity, were said to have been discovered upon his person when he died, and on being submitted to antiquarian research, found to be of very modern date.

In the life of Adrian VI. we have a brilliant example of the triumphs that can be effected by the irresistible might of man's own mind and intellect in despite of the accidents of birth and fortune; and a beautiful and touching illustration of the vainness of all this to make us happy. The son of the barge-builder of Utrecht laughed and danced by the river. The poor Student of Louvain, as he studied at the corners of streets, or in the church-porch at midnight, was contented and even joyous; but Pope Adrian never smiled! Wordsworth has condensed every thing we would say on this subject into two simple and exquisite lines, to which it would be superfluous to add a single word:

Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
Making a truth and beauty of its own!

The house where he lived at Utrecht is still shown to the traveller under the name of the Pope's House, but is now reduced to the state of a common inn.

THE FIVE INCUMBENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. III.

THE CURATE OF MOSSBURY,

CHAP. I.

*Magnum opprobrium pauperies.*

HORACE.

A FEW heavy showers had fallen during the night of my visit to Rushley. I had heard the rain pattering against my window as I lay in that happy dreamy state between sleeping and waking. I fell into a sound doze as I was speculating with myself what effect the discoloration of the water, the increased rapidity and fulness of the river Clear would have upon my fishing. Whether the argument as to which was the better, a clear, bright water, or one slightly stained, was carried on by me in my sleep, I know not; but when I awoke, as I invariably do at five in the morning, it was the first thing I thought of.

"Practice," said I, "is better than theory; so here goes to try."

I sprung out of bed, threw open my casement window, and took a survey, first of the sky, which was obscured by light fleecy vapours, and then of the earth, which, as far as I could judge, was still thirsting for more moisture, as the fallows looked as dry as they had done on the previous day, and the water-meadows, which had not long been mown, seemed to be parched and arid. I could just catch a glimpse of the Clear as it wound round the orchard, but could not see enough of it to judge of the state of its stream.

I dressed myself, and donned my worsteds and India-rubber boots—not your mackintosh overalls, which hang dabby and flabby about your legs—but a pair of Cording's sheet-caoutchouc solid boots, with good thick soles to them, well studded with nails, which defy all external injuries from the wet and the rough stones, which are generally found at the bottom of trout-streams, and against which if you happen to kick with a thin boot on, you will lame yourself, and perhaps be unable to walk for a month.

Just as I had completed my toilet, I heard a voice seemingly under my window, chanting the well-known fair song "dumble-down-deary," and then hissing very furiously, as if condemning its own execution of the humble ditty. I looked out, and saw my man, Boots, rubbing away at "the pheayton" as if he was grooming a nag.

"Hilloh! Boots!" cried I.

"Hulloh—what's up?" replied the sibillator, not knowing who spoke to him.

"I am up," said I; "how's the water this morning?"

"Pretty well, thank'e, sir; hope you's well," said Boots.

"You stupid fellow! I mean, what state is the river in?"

“Mortal cold; all swolled like: and as thick as mustard, just by the dung mixen where we dips.”

“Will it do for whipping?”

“Anan?—for what?” said Boots, looking bewildered.

“For throwing the fly. Whipping, we call it,” said I.

“Whipping? What with a *rod*, eh? just as they do the boys up at charity-school—dang’d if that ben’t good, though I never heard it before.”

“Well, will it do?”

“Why—ah! ah! ah!—I’m a thinking—ah! ah! ah!—I’m a thinking that there’s a little too much water in un. You won’t be able to whip it like a master.”

When Boots had delivered himself of this joke, he stuffed his water-brush into the bucket, slapped first his right thigh and then his left, spun a pirouette, and ended by holding his stomach with both hands, as if he was afraid of laughing out that valuable portion of his viscera.

“I laughed too; as I always do at another’s joke. It is very little trouble, and no expense. It makes the joker on good terms with me and himself.

“Do you think the trout will rise,” said I.

“Not this morning, sir; they’ve been a gorging all night long. Capital morning for a worrum, or a little sarmon-roe.”

“Worms and salmon-roe! Why that is as bad as poaching.”

“Yees, sir; every bit; but that’s what I likes,” said Boots. “I can grope and tickle a few.”

“And do, sometimes, I suppose.”

Boots winked like the rector of Rushley.

“Are you not afraid of being seen?”

“Not a bit. For I never tries it on but o’ dark nights, while I’m sitting up for the mail. I seez no harm in a poor fellow’s arning an honest halfcrown, and I likes the fun as well as you do ’ticing them with a narty-fishall fly.”

“That,” said I, as I closed the window, “is after all the real secret of poaching. We deny the common people any share in our sports on land or water. There is an innate love of sport in the breasts of most men, and what they cannot effect by fair means they will by foul. Then beyond the *fun* of wiring a hare, trapping a pheasant, or snaring a trout, they gain a few shillings in addition to their hard-earned scanty wages, which enables them to have a pint of beer with their companions at the alehouse over a game of skittles, or quoits; for the ill-gotten gains are never carried home to their families.”

This little bit of soliloquism served me until I reached the yard; where I found that mine host had joined Mr. Boots, who looked at me, and laid his index-finger beside his nose, plainly meaning “Don’t you betray me.”

I felt a little mischievously inclined, and put so many questions to the landlord touching snaring, wiring, groping, and coculus-indicus-ing trout, that poor Boots could only hide his agony by rubbing harder and hissing louder as he polished off “the pheayton.”

When I had teased him sufficiently I dropped the subject of poach-



ing, and asked mine host's opinion of the chance of succeeding with a fly.

"Not a chance of a rise," said he. "Though the morning is cloudy, there is not a breath of air stirring; the water is a little tinged by the rain, and all the insects were either beaten down by the showers, or have sought shelter among the boughs and sedges. The fish have been feeding all night. If you will take some well-scoured, bright brandlings, and go up the brook where it is too narrow, and too much overhung with bushes to throw a fly, you may take three or four brace of heavy fish. Put on a strong short line, fish the deep holes under the banks, and keep out of sight. You will be sure to have some sport. I do not allow every one to worm-fish, but I am sure *you* will put back every trout under twelve inches—you angle fairly."

I accepted the advice and the compliment. I selected my brandlings, put my tackle together, and started. As soon as I came to a dark gloomy-looking corner where the brook by making a sudden turn had undermined the banks, and dug for itself a deep hole, I dropped in my worm.—Tug! my wrist was nearly wrenched off! The shock was so sharp and so unexpected that I forgot to strike, and the fish escaped. I put on a fresh brandling and tried again.—Tug again! I gave such a pull that I must have almost jerked the trout's head off. However, I had him. After a few short, sharp plunges, I pulled him out bodily, and landed him by main force, as I could trust to my twisted-gut tackle. He was a splendid fellow, in weight about three pounds. I *creeled* him, and tried again, but without success.

"That fellow," said I, "has monopolized the best feeding-place in the brook, and bullied all the other fish away. He is an old bachelor, and will not admit even a female near him."

Trout are very like pigs in their habits and customs. I have stood watching them many times as I have thrown in worms to them. The biggest fish—the old boar—will hunt all the others away with his snout, until he has satisfied his hunger. Then he will beat them about for a time, until he is tired, just to gratify a nasty temper. When he retires to his hold—his sty—a general rush takes place; but the next biggest fish assumes the bully in his turn, and generally succeeds in driving off the smaller fry.

Then, how they will fight! The keeper of a very kind and dear friend of mine—"the squire"—was one day engaged with one of his assistants in cutting the weeds in a lake which was fed by a brook, and tolerably well stored with trout. They heard a great splashing at a little distance, and rowed the punt to the spot. They saw two trout, of about two pounds weight each, fighting as viciously as a pair of rams, and much after the same fashion. They retreated from each other for three or four feet, and then rushed forward, butting with their heads, and trying to bite each other. So fierce was the contest that they took not the slightest notice of the punt or the men, although they were close over them; but continued the fray for half an hour, until they were both so exhausted that they lay like logs just beneath the surface of the water, but panting with the exertions they had been making. The keeper touched them with the pole, but they were too much exhausted to move, and rolled over on their sides as if they were lifeless.



Well, I tried several other deeps with success, and was about to retire, when I saw a place that looked so much like the home of another old bachelor-trout that I could not refrain from trying it. I inserted the brandling, and in a few seconds, when it was near the bottom, I felt a very gentle tug.

"A nibble," said I, as I gently raised my hand.

Tug—tug—tug! Away went my line down the stream, and the rod was nearly pulled from my hand. I struck hard and pulled with all my might with both hands; still the tug—tug—tugging continued, but I could not move the fish.

"Gently there—easy does it—no hurry—lots of time," said I, quoting "Zachariah—Zachariah Bond." "What the deuce can this be that I have got hold of?"

I kept a tight line all the while, and every now and then felt a desperate tug, and a violent wriggle and twist. The truth flashed across me.

"I have hooked an eel, and the sly fellow has taken a round turn or two with his tail on the roots of yon willow; but I am up to sniggling, and I will have him out," said I.

Nothing like patience and perseverance to conquer all eels and all difficulties. After a quarter of an hour's steady pulling my friend relaxed his hold, and I jerked him on the bank, put my foot on his head, and whilst he amused himself with twisting his tail round my leg, and pinching my boot, I cut the hook off and bagged the fine monster, which weighed nearly five pounds.

But I really beg pardon of my lady readers, and of all others who are not fond of the gentle art. I can only say as little King Jamie said when he was riding a pickback, "Ech! sirs, dinna ye see that I am carried awa wi' my *subject*?"

I had strayed further from Clearstream than I had intended, and hardly knew where I was, or which was the road to the vicar's, where I had promised to eat my breakfast. I looked round for an informant, and saw a man tending his sheep at a little distance, and just beyond him a clump of fine old elm-trees, from the midst of which a little white tower was visible, and by its side the chimneys of a dwelling-house. I strode through the brook and inquired the name of the village to which the church belonged. I found that it was called Moss-bury, and that the house—the chimneys of which I had seen—was the residence of the curate whom I had met the day before.

"He shall have two brace of my best trout," said I; "any of them but the old bachelor—my kind friend the professor shall have him and the eel—for he dearly loveth the good things of this life. How he will enjoy a spitchcock!"

I walked up to the parsonage and found the curate, Mr. Flexible, working in his garden. His coat and waistcoat were thrown off, and he was busily employed with two of his sons in earthing up his early potatoes, which seemed the principal crop of his garden. Four or five girls were busy working with their needles in a porch which, covered with roses, jessamines and clematis, protected the entrance to the house.

I opened my errand and my creel at the same time. The fish were

much admired, and freely accepted. My fine bachelor trout was handed from one to the other of the children who had congregated around us. I began to think that the professor had lost his chance; but having been admired the monster was safely returned to my creel, and carefully covered with some fragrant herbs. The eel, which was still alive, was an object of terror to the little ones, who could not be persuaded that it was not an overgrown snake.

Mr. Flexible invited me to breakfast with him. It was on the table, the tea made, and only waiting to be poured out. I was forced to decline, as the vicar of Clearstream was expecting me. I, however, readily promised to walk over to lunch, and bring the vicar and his children with me. At which all the little Flexibles showed their joy by dancing about and clapping their hands.

One of the boys was despatched with me to show me the nearest way to Clearstream, which was only one mile distant, though I had walked nearly four miles, by following the meanderings of the tortuous brook.

After many involuntary no's, the little fellow who had been my guide consented to go with me to the vicar's, but made me promise to take all the blame of his truantry on myself.

Mr. Woodward was delighted to see me; and his children praised me for bringing their playfellow with me. After breakfast we all started together for Mossbury, excepting Emily, as Miss Woodward was called, who was forced to remain behind to prepare the dinner, at which Mr. Worthington and Mr. Flexible were to join us as per agreement made on the previous evening.

"Our friend Flexible," said the vicar, as he walked along, following the children, who were scampering about before us like a parcel of little dogs, making the one mile five by their deviations from the straight track, "is a man greatly to be pitied, and greatly to be admired. His history is a curious one, and I have no doubt I can prevail upon him to give you an outline of it. He is an example of the folly of those parents and schoolmasters who do not teach their children and their pupils that twelve pence make one shilling, and that if you spend eighteen pence, out of it you will not have much left of its next door neighbour."

"He is poor then?" said I.

"As poor as a church mouse—the reading of which I take to be a Church of England curate. He is, however, an incumbent, but not of the parish in which he dwells. But I must not, as novel-readers say, hint at the *dénouement* lest the tale he has to tell lose its interest. Here we are, and there is the good soul and his eldest girl preparing our little feast in the porch."

We found a neat luncheon of bread and cheese, cold gammon of bacon, nice crisp lettuces, and bright red radishes, flanked by pats of butter garnished with emerald green parsley, and jugs of foaming ale, set out on a cloth which in purity might have competed with fresh fallen snow. There were curds and whey, apples well preserved, and nice fresh strawberries for the children, and creams and cheesecakes, and hot apple-tarts, which had evidently been manufactured during my three or four hours' absence.

All looked so nice and so clean and tempting, that although I had

done great justice—or injustice—to the vicar's meal, I felt a returning appetite, and sat down with a determination to risk the spoiling of my dinner by making a hearty lunch.

Every thing was good—super-good, and I enjoyed it; but my enjoyment was increased by seeing the zeal of the children in the game of “cramming made easy.” How they did worry the cheesecakes and shake the curds and whey! How they did crunch the apples and crush the strawberries, smiling all the while, but not uttering one word. Their orders were given in masonic signs, which their entertainers readily understood and obeyed.

When they “could no more,” or, as Homer says, when the desire of eating and drinking was expelled—fairly beaten out of the field—away they started, coursing each other up and down the paths, over the hedges and gates, as rapidly and as carelessly as if such a word as indigestion was not to be found in the dictionary. What cared they whether the chyle was converted into chyme, and whether the liver furnished a due supply of bile to send the mass of fluids and solids which they had consumed safely on its journey through the alimentary duct? Not one little brazen half-farthing—which used to be called a mite.

We three elderly gentlemen sat gazing at them, and I thought we all three seemed to wish that the hours which “die and are found fault with,” the hours of our childhood, would return again—again to perish—again to be complained of.

“Bah! Mr. Scribbler,” says some impatient reader, “you are off again. What has all this to do with the curate's autobiography?”

Much, courteous reader—or lovely reader, if you be a “female woman.” The very gambols of those children, who scampered off to an adjoining field to uncock and toss about farmer Read's hay, which was fit and ready for carrying, enabled my friend the vicar to request the curate of Mossbury to enter on the details of his past life, without their seeming to be “*à propos* to nothing.”

## CHAP. II.

“STORY? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.”

Thus sung Mr. Canning; and thus said—though not in the same words—the curate of Mossbury. Where the former had rhyme, the latter had, as he thought, reason for the assertion. He did not deem a recital of the pains and penalties which attended his trial of life worth our hearing; but being pressed to communicate them—*sic orsus est*.

I believe, because I was told so, that I was born in London—at a potato-shop somewhere about Tottenham-court-road, in the parish of St. Pancras. My memory, however, carries me no further back than to the time when my parents dwelt in Thornhaugh-street. This I recollect well. We had a lady who lodged with us. She was an artist, and eked out a small income by painting oil-coloured pictures for sale. She took a great fancy to me. Most spinsters do love little boys with flaxen-hair and blue eyes, and mine were of that hue. She induced me with cakes and comfits to sit for my picture, and, considering that I did not sit still for two minutes consecutively, I believe made a very extraordinary likeness of me.

It did not please me, however, my cheeks were not cherry-coloured sufficiently; and whilst she left the room for a few minutes, I not only obliterated all traces of my second self—*mei alterius*—but smudged and spoiled every picture within my reach. Her rage was so great, that she knocked me down with a long stick with a lump of leather at the end of it, and was ignominiously expelled from her lodgings for her brutality.

My next recollection of a home is in a neat little cottage a few miles from town, on the great north road. This I remember well, because I was of age to pelt frogs, and I had a fine and well-stocked preserve of them in a broad deep ditch at the back of the house. I did nothing else but pelt frogs and eat unripe fruit from morn till night.

There was one old fellow, a great overgrown, yellow grandpapa, whom I never could manage to hit with a pebble. He saw what I was at, and just as the stone flew from my hand, he dived and came up again uninjured a few feet further down or up the ditch. As I could not settle him with a pebble, I resolved to try a paving-stone. We had one loose in the brewhouse hard by. I extracted it, and managed to carry it to the edge of the ditch and raise it above my head. I took a deliberate aim at my enemy—hurled the stone with all my might, and drowned him and myself—for I was actually drowned. I felt a short, unpleasant kind of chokiness, made a few vigorous kicks, then saw some delicious green fields and flowery meadows, and felt nothing more. Animation was suspended.

Our servant, however, heard the splash, saw my heels in the air, and extracted me. I believe I was rolled over a barrel to let the water run out of my stomach, and then put into a tub of warm soap-suds which stood convenient, as it happened to be washing-day.

At any rate I was restored to life, and instead of being well flogged for cruelty and mischief, I was fondled, dandled, and stuffed with cake and wine. The cure was so pleasant, I had a great mind to suspend my animation once more—but I did not like the *pins* and *needles* sensations which followed when the blood began to find a passage through my veins.

I ought to have told you that I was an only child—my mother a mere girl, and married to a man some years older than herself. Of course, I was spoiled. I had my own way in every thing, and a very pleasant way I thought it was. My father's duties in a public office kept him in town all day.

My mother, to keep me out of mischief and in a good humour, neglected her household cares to play with me—for I could not agree with any playfellow of my own age, but generally sent him home with the dig of a spade strongly marked on his scalp, or the mark of the teeth of a garden-rake on his face. I was a boxer by instinct, and had great taste in manufacturing black eyes and sanguineous noses.

When my father returned from office, his blue-bag always contained, in addition to his office-papers, a supply of fruit and cakes, and some new toy, which seldom preserved its entirety until the following morning. As to money, I was overloaded with it—for besides the contributions levied from my parents, every guest that came down to dine

at the cottage, by the stage, on Sunday, converted the feed into a shilling ordinary, and paid me the price of his dinner.

As I received freely, I gave freely, and obtained the character of a very charitable child, because I gave many a beggar a shilling—of which I knew not the value—where others would have grudged a half-penny; I thought it great fun to see their surprise at getting silver, where they hardly expected to get copper.

When I was eight years old I was the terror of the neighbourhood. In addition to my other mischievous pranks, I had acquired a taste for chemistry—that branch of it at least which treats of combustibles. I had always a supply of oxymuriate of potash, sulphur, nitre, and charcoal on hand, with which I made the most frightful noises, and caused the most horrible stench.

I learnt the properties of a judicious commixture of brimstone and iron filings, and mixed a bucketful with pump-water, which I buried in the earth near to our pigsty. The consequence was an imitation earthquake, which destroyed the building and immolated the pigs in the ruins. The neighbourhood was alarmed, and complained to my father. He, however, defended me. He applauded my “pursuit of science under difficulties,” and prophesied that I should be a second Humphry Davy.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for me, I extended my experiments to hydraulics. I investigated the properties and powers of a squirt or syringe. I was delighted, and procured a magnificent specimen of one in brass, which held a pint of fluid, and was intended for the injecture of the veins of some interesting human subject.

I was tired of squirting at insects in trees and drowning butterflies and bees. I made up my mind to have a shot at a man or a woman—I did not care which. Our garden-pales ran parallel with the high-road. I managed by knocking out a knot in the wood to find a lodgement for the snout of my syringe, which was loaded with dirty ditch-water. I heard a step approaching—caught a glimpse of a well-dressed man, and let fly.

I felt I had succeeded, for I heard a hearty and strongly-developed oath. In a few seconds the face and neckcloth of a gentleman appeared above the paling. I was then *sure* I had been successful, for both were covered with duckweed and green slime. He wielded a bamboo at me, and threatened to break every bone in my skin—which I have no doubt he would have done—for he ran round by the gate, and searched every where for me—had I not crept into the cucumber-frame and pulled the glass over me.

My poor mother apologized most humbly, and the gentleman forgave me out of pity to her tears, and went home to re-dress for dinner without having his wrongs redressed.

My father was very angry, for I had destroyed his cucumber-plants by lying on them for three hours. He threatened to send me to school, and put his threat into execution. I was placed at “a preparatory seminary for young gentlemen” in the neighbourhood; and as my parents came to see me every day, and never left me without a tip, which I gave away immediately, I became very popular, and was soon chosen captain of the gang of mischief-makers—a post I filled with

great credit, as I had strong inventive faculties, and as Mr. Hood says, "did not care for cut behind."

I ruined the reputation of two English ushers, and drove the French teacher mad. The drawing-master, who was afterwards killed, poor fellow, by falling from a parachute of his own invention, was the only one on the establishment who served me as I deserved. He beat me black and blue for greasing his drawing-paper, and mixing brown sugar with his pigments.

My father indicted him for the assault, but as I confessed my misdeeds, and owned that I deserved the punishment I had received, he was acquitted, and highly applauded for his judicious conduct. I was expelled from this, my first school, for tartar-emeticing the establishment at breakfast one Sunday morning just before they were going to church. My knowledge of chemicals fortunately enabled me to administer the exact dose, or I might have been hanged for poisoning the whole school.

I stayed at home for nearly two years, and had daily lessons from the curate of the parish. I liked him much, and worked hard between mischief times. We parted at last, for I could not resist sticking a darning-needle into his pantaloons—he wore them so very tight.

My father threatened to send me to a public-school, and gave me such a glowing description of the fagging system, that rather than submit to such tyranny, I ran away from home, and resolved to go to sea. I had plenty of silver money about me, so I went to the play that night, but forgot to ensure a bed. I had to pass the night in one of the sheds in Covent-garden-market. In the morning I went to Billingsgate and got on board a Gravesend sailing packet. When I arrived I went to the Ship Inn, where I met with a seaman to whom I explained my wish to enter the service. He promised to get me a berth, and after he had drunk two bottles of wine at my expense left me, as I thought, to speak to the captain of some vessel in my behalf.

In about half an hour he returned with a police-officer, who was seeking for a lad of my description, and for whose recovery a reward of 100*l.* had been offered by his anxious parents.

I refused to give an account of myself. They took from me all my money, put me into a coach, and carried me before the advertising parties, where I was speedily disowned. Disappointed of his expected reward, the policeman dismissed me with a hearty drubbing, but forgot to return me my money. As I could not starve, I walked quietly home, and relieved my parents from their misery by appearing before them, and trumping up some most ridiculous story about having been robbed and left for dead in a lane hard by.

Instead of being punished, I was caressed, kissed, hugged, and cried over. My money was restored with interest, and I was an idle boy at home—that is, unemployed in every thing but mischief.

Fortunately, my father's principal took a fancy to me, and got me an appointment on the foundation of ——— School. I stayed there seven years, though I was generally flogged three days a week—for mischief, not for my lessons, for, as comedians say, I had a "quick study."

As I had an unlimited supply of money, and threw it away as dross,



I was a great favourite. I was money-lender general, but kept no account of my loans, and never dreamed of asking for payment. I was on the point of leaving for college with a good exhibition, when the boys deemed it right to resist a pecuniary imposition of the headmaster, and have a grand rebellion. I was, of course, selected to lead it or head it. I did so successfully, and was expelled. In this case I was unjustly punished. The trustees of the school reproved the master, and would have restored me to my rights and privileges. I indignantly refused, and was backed by my father, who, having been promoted in his office, and having had his salary doubled, resolved to send me to college at his own expense.

I found no difficulty in obtaining an entrance to the university as my schoolmaster, feeling that he had acted unjustly to me, gave me flattering testimonials, and explained the circumstances which led to my removal from school in a manner that placed my conduct in a favourable light.

How I did enjoy my three years at Oxford! I had unbounded credit, and an unlimited supply of ready money, which was all spent on pleasure, for I never thought of paying a bill, because I was never asked to do so. I had read quite enough at school to enable me to attend college lectures without reading up for them. I passed my little-go easily, was always complimented at collections, and as I had exchanged mischief for field sports, I seldom got into any serious scrapes. Knocker-wrenching and sign-removing were ~~in-vogue~~ in my day—but I saw no fun in it, so I never engaged in it. Any fool could carry off a bit of iron or a barber's pole.

My delight was in rowing, fishing, hunting, and shooting. I was as good at the trap as in the field—with the rifle as with the fowling-piece. I rode a good horse, kept a stylish buggy; and as I gave very correct feeds—spreads we used to call them—I easily found access to the best noisy sets.

My vacations were spent—not at home in the humble cottage of my parents, but in the houses of my college friends where I had plenty of invitations to fish, shoot, and hunt.

All this was exceedingly agreeable, and I thought it was to last for ever. I was disagreeably undeceived. The time came for me to go up for my examination for my degree. I engaged a private tutor to cram me with logic and divinity. I went up, passed very respectably, and put on my Bachelor of Arts gown. I gave an elegant dinner to my friends at the Star, and we had a very jolly night indeed.

I awoke the next morning and found myself in my own lodgings and in my own bed. How I contrived to get there I do not remember. I rose with a frightful headach, a parched mouth, and a feverish pulse. Every nerve in my body was unstrung, and I trembled like the leaf of the aspen. I sponged my bursting temples with spring-water, drank some soda and brandy, and left my sleeping-room with the intention of trying to eat some breakfast.

I shall never forget the sight that awaited me in my sitting-room. The breakfast-table was literally covered with letters and notes of all shapes and sizes. Most of them were wafered, and wore that peculiar look of oblongity which, I have since ascertained, bills invariably wear.



I wondered who my numerous correspondents were, as I had never received so many letters in my life. My wonder was soon exchanged for alarm as I opened the epistles as rapidly as I could, and glanced at their contents.

I had not time or inclination to examine the items—I merely looked at the sums total. The amount surprised as well as frightened me. I did not believe it possible that I could have run so deeply in debt. My sufferings in that one hour, while I was glancing at the result of my folly and thoughtlessness, more than compensated for all the pleasures I enjoyed while I was contracting the debts. I fancied I should go mad. I think I should have done some rash act on the spur of the moment, had not some of my companions come in, and seeing the open bills, guessed at the cause of my haggard and gloomy looks, and ridiculed me out of my fears of immediate arrest and subsequent ruin. They assured me that my creditors could afford to wait my pleasure, and I pretended to believe them.

I spent the day following my debauch in the way that such days are usually spent—in “ditto repeated.” I endeavoured to drown care in wine, and to ensure sleep by risking apoplexy and delirium tremens. Care would not be drowned like “Maudlin Clarence,” in wine. Sleep would not come to relieve my oppressed and overcharged brain. I closed my eyes, but visions of angry and pressing tradesmen were distinctly visible—the face of an exasperated father, a pitying but mourning mother, haunted me. I could not endure the torture, and sought relief in a copious draught of brandy. It succeeded—thought was annihilated.

When I recovered my senses, I was amazed to see my father and mother sitting by my side, and a table covered with labeled bottles and pill-boxes standing at the bed-foot. I put my hand to my head, and endeavoured to collect my wandering thoughts.

I found that my hair had been shaved closely off, and that some cold application was lying over my forehead and temples. I essayed to speak—I could not. I tried to move, but was too weak. My mother saw my eyes open and gazing at her. She lent forward and spoke to me. I could not reply to her, but my looks told her that she was understood. She fell on her knees, and sobbed as though her heart would burst, while she evidently offered up her thanks for the recovery of my worthless self. My father, too, shed tears as he grasped my hand ere he raised my mother from the floor, and removed her into the outer-room.

I had had an attack of brain fever, and had raved like a maniac; disclosing in my ravings the cause of the disease under which I laboured.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to render it safe to do so, my father, in a kind and gentle manner, hinted at the subject of my debts.

I owned that I had been imprudent and improvident—but I did not *dare* to tell him the extent to which I was involved. I named a sum amounting to scarcely one-third of my liabilities, and that sum greatly surprised and alarmed him. I could read his wonder and terror in his face. I was astonished at this, for though the sum I had named was a considerable one, I believed him to be rich enough to disburse it without inconvenience.

He had a large salary, his expenses were moderate, and his self-indulgences but few. I did not, however, dwell upon the subject, as he promised me that I should have the money as soon as he could sell out and remit it to me.

He did not upbraid me, but ere he left me for the resumption of his official duties, put a fifty pound-note into my hands, and begged me to pay for what I henceforth might want. My mother went with him, and I was left alone—a prey to horrible misgivings, and conscience-stricken for having deceived so good, so kind a parent.

Under the plea of illness I declined seeing any of my former companions. I sold my horses and buggy, put my guns up for a raffle, and disposed of boats, tandem-whips, fishing-tackle, and every thing in which I had before delighted. They brought me about one-sixth of their original cost.

When the remittance arrived, I paid off all my little bills in full. The heavier ones I paid in part, which was received with that politeness and civility which is ever shown to their debtors by respectable University tradesmen, who see through and grieve at, though they cannot alter, the horrible system of credit-giving, which involves all parties in distress and difficulties.

I made arrangements to pay the remainder by instalments. This was readily agreed to, and I might have contracted fresh debts had I been so inclined. The severe lesson I had received was too fresh in my memory.

I kept my master's term and left the University, though I did not remove my name from the books of my college. The authorities parted with me reluctantly, as they said—congratulated me on having obtained my degree, and expressed themselves satisfied with the *credit-able* manner in which I had run my college career—alas! they had not the remotest idea of the *credit* I had obtained.

Well, my education was finished, as the phrase goes. I was a fair classical scholar, knew a little of Aldrich's logic, and a smattering of theology—but I could not do an addition sum—arithmetic was not looked upon as necessary at — school, and at Oxford you were supposed to have acquired it before you were matriculated. My father was a good accountant. I mentioned my ignorance of figures to him, and he instructed me in the rudiments. Still I knew not the value of money. The gross annual amount of the small sums I squandered away daily did not occur to me.

I spent a great deal in pocket-money, but *how* I could not tell. I had not the remotest idea of the real worth of any article. Whatever was demanded I paid. My London tailor charged seven guineas for a coat, and I concluded that all coats were worth seven guineas each. My bootmaker charged 2*l.* 12*s.* for Wellingtons, and I had no doubt all other bootmakers charged the same.

The time had arrived when I was to choose a profession—for trade with my education was out of the question. Law, physic, divinity were before me; I was to make my choice—how was I to decide?

My father's office was connected with the legal profession, and a solicitor, a partner in one of the largest and most respectable firms in London, who had received a favour at his hands by which he had

been enabled to bring to a speedy conclusion an important cause which might otherwise have run on for many years, offered to give me my articles and to pay the stamp duties.

I was an ass for not accepting his offer; but I hated the law. A parchment-deed was as fearful an instrument to me as a death-warrant. A State of Facts I believed to be all lies, and an Affidavit I looked upon as a written perjury.

As to physic, I was too old to learn compounding draughts and manufacturing pills; besides, I thought an apothecary's trade as *infra dig.* The old adage of a physician's beginning to earn his bread when he had no sound teeth left wherewith to devour it, choked me off the gold-headed cane. Surgery I looked upon as cutting and maiming legalized.

There was only divinity left, and I candidly own that though it had its temptations I thought I was not fitted for a parson. It is true I could hunt, fish, and shoot, and was qualified to dine with the squire on Sunday after service, but these accomplishments, invaluable as they are, did not comprehend, in my opinion, all the duties of parsonity.

The army and navy were out of the question. I was too old for a youngster, and had no relation who was a commander-in-chief or a lord of the Admiralty. I did not fancy country-quarters, and had a notion that a cockpit was a loathsome cockroachy hole.

Unable to make up my mind what profession to adopt, I did nothing—except frequent the theatres. I became melodramatically mad, and entertained serious thoughts of entering myself for the tragic plate. I should perhaps have done so, but I was told it was necessary to put myself in training in the provinces before I started in the London course, which of course I did not relish.

Aut Cæsar aut nullus,

either a Garrick *per saltum*, or nothing at all, was my motto.

Though I could not play on the stage I could write for it:—I did. My farce was accepted, underlined, played, and damned most decidedly. There was no mistake about it; the yells and hisses which ascended as the curtain descended are fresh in my ears now.

I tried my hand at two or three magazine articles and succeeded. My friends said they were very clever: the reviewers took no notice of them whatever, and I was disgusted.

Thus I went on, “a man about town,” drawing largely on my father's means and eating the bread of idleness, until the serious illness of my mother, which terminated in her death, recalled me to my senses.

During the six months which I had spent by her bedside I had time to examine myself and I became an altered man. A change had come over the spirit of my waking thoughts, and I resolved to enter the church as soon as I had qualified myself for it.

My mother left me 500*l.* with which I paid off another portion of my Oxford debts. This was a great relief to me, though a serious sum still remained to be liquidated, and I did not dare ask my father for the means of paying it, as I must have owned the imposition I had practised upon him previously. However, I had time before me, and

trusted that something would turn up—though what the “turn up” would be I knew no more than a card-player, who has just had the pack cut to him.

I went down to a village on the borders of Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, and resided in the house of the clergyman of the parish. There I read very hard to qualify myself for ordination, and attended my friend and tutor in his visitings, that I might learn the duties of a parish-priest.

I obtained a curacy as a title for orders in a small agricultural parish in Oxfordshire where the rector was resident, but too great an invalid to do any part of the duties.

I passed a good examination and was ordained. I can safely say that no man ever entered the church from purer motives or with a more awful sense of the nature of my responsibility than I did. My whole energies were devoted to the due discharge of my duties.

My curacy was not a very valuable one—my stipend was 60*l.* per annum; but out of it I had to pay 30*l.* for the rent of a pretty little cottage.

Celibacy in the clergy I deemed criminal;—I resolved to marry. I selected one of my cousins, an exceedingly pretty girl without one shilling in the world or the hopes of one—paid my addresses to her and was accepted. My kind father shook his head; but instead of calling me a fool, as I was, agreed to allow me 200*l.* per annum, which I and my wife—who was as ignorant of the value of money as I was—thought a very large income.

Many of the clergy contrive to live respectably and respected on much less. So might I have done, but I thought my wife ought to have a lady's maid, and I fancied I could not do without a man-servant. Then we were five miles from a market-town, and I thought we ought to keep a horse and gig to go shopping and calling. I bought a complete turn-out for 80*l.* and very cheap it was; but my footman, though he could brush a coat could not curry a horse, so I was forced to engage a groom, who would have worked in the garden as well as looked after his horse, if he had known how, which he did not until I hired a gardener to teach him.

Before the completion of twelve months I was a father, and when the monthly nurse abdicated, I was obliged to add a competent nurse-maid to my establishment, and to furnish a room as a nursery, which required an innumerable series of articles whose names were new to me; cribs, cots, cradles, and caudle-cups among the rest.

Of course it was necessary to give a christening-party, and as I was justly famed for my little dinners in the neighbourhood, I could not do less than show the world that I was competent to do the thing as it should be done on a larger scale. I was successful and astonished my friends with the purity of my taste in solids and my *recherché* selection of fluids. I did give them a capital dinner and magnificent wines.

My rector thought my father a man of fortune, or he probably would have expostulated with me on the folly and wickedness of my extravagance; as it was, he commended my spirit, ate of my dinners invalid as he was, and told me I did great credit to the parish.

By the poor I was much liked, because I gave away to all that asked me, and though I was often imposed upon by fictitious tales of

distress and knew it, I never refused my aid, because I believed I was erring on the right side.

Just as the two years for which I had engaged myself as curate had expired, I got appointed through the interest of my well-fed friends to a hospital in the neighbourhood. I was called the hospital-chaplain and had to read prayers to six old men and the same number of women daily, and to take charge of the education of six poor boys if they chose to come to school, which they never did. The salary was only 100*l.* per annum; but then I had a magnificent house, with coals and candles furnished me, and free from taxes. It had been used by my predecessor as a private school-house. I took to his furniture and pupils and found myself the master of eighteen very respectable boys, who paid me 100*l.* per annum each, and a few little *et ceteras*.

Before I had been settled in my new home above a week, my father came down to see me and congratulate me on my good fortune on being "settled for life." He had been ailing for some time, but I was not aware of it.

On the third morning of his visit he was found dead in his bed. I was deeply grieved at my loss, for he had been ever over-kind, over-indulgent to me. After his funeral I went up to London to inquire about his property: to my great surprise he left me but 600*l.*, and his cottage and furniture, worth about 800*l.* more. He had told his lawyer that he had supplied me so freely that it was impossible to lay by any thing.

With this money I paid off my debts contracted at my curacy, which were much more serious in amount than I had conceived them to be, and a further instalment of my Oxford ticks. I had no fear of the remainder being troublesome or difficult to discharge as my own income was full 2000*l.* per annum. I did pay them all off in two years, but then I was running up fresh bills with my tradesmen.

Well—I must not be tedious, nor dwell too long on this part of my history—I own that I was very *fast*—the new term for extravagance—I exchanged my gig and one horse for a close carriage and pair, kept a saddle-horse, and a larger collection of servants, for my family increased very alarmingly. In summing up her family matters my wife "set down nought and *carried one*" every year. She put down nothing to the amount of our expenditure, but bore me a child to show her breeding.

Then of course I gave good dinners and lots of the very best wine. I was a convivial man, and as others visited me I could do no less than return their visits. I was "booked full" for every day in the week, and as I could not devote my evenings to my pupils and my friends too, I did the latter personally and the former by proxy. I shot too, and hunted, because I pretended that my health required it. I spent my vacations from home to vary the monotony of my wife's life, but Brighton in the summer, and London in the winter, were not to be visited for nothing. Still it was all very pleasant.

At the end of seven years I found that my pupils were reduced to six instead of eighteen. I prudentially dismissed one of my assistants, and thought all would go on well.

I was roused from my dream of fancied security by my grocer who politely drew my attention to his ledger. I was astonished at the sum

total on the "debtor's side." It amounted to one year's income. I paid him by two bills one at three, the other at six months. He was satisfied, and told the bookseller, the butcher, and baker, what an honourable man I was; they became alarmed, and the scene on my breakfast-table at Oxford was repeated.

I examined the bills and found myself involved beyond all hope or extrication. I had moral courage enough to call my creditors together, and to enter into an arrangement for the gradual liquidation of their claim. They consented and I made over every thing to a friend, who sold my coach and horses, my wines, and superfluous furniture, reduced my establishment to a cook, housemaid, and knife and shoe boy—turned my assistants out of doors, and gave me some sound advice on which I resolutely acted.

My friends rallied round me and assured me the report of my distresses would only be a nine days' wonder. The fire of detraction would go out of itself, or be extinguished by the first torrent of abuse that could be directed against some other poor unfortunate. They obtained me several new pupils, and I worked hard and manfully—got up early and sat up late; still I could not master my arithmetic, and falsely conceived that fifty pence was eight-and-fourpence; and that if I gave away half-a-crown, I was only fifteenpence out of pocket; so that my children were never without plenty of pocket-money.

I was really going on very well, and I rather think saving money, when I was seized with a severe illness, the result of over-application and want of exercise. I had not long taken to my bed when my wife was seized too with a violent rheumatic fever, for which the doctor bled her to such an excess that he brought on an attack of dropsy. There we lay side by side unable to help each other. The boys I was obliged to send home, and as I could not receive them at the beginning of the following half-year they were sent—unwillingly I believe—to other schools.

My children would not be kept away from us, so their governess, who feared that she should lose her salary, made that an excuse for leaving us.

The servants having the same dread of the loss of their wages, went away without giving warning, all but our poor old cook, who really pitied us.

I could not do my chapel duties, and after wearing out every volunteer parson in the neighbourhood, was forced to hire a substitute.

As soon as I could crawl down stairs I took my seat in the school-room, and hoped to see a pupil or two enter, in consequence of an advertisement I had inserted in the paper. Not one came. My friends, however, visited me, and all with demure and cold faces blamed me exceedingly for being so imprudent as to be ill and lose my pupils; and my wife still more, for not being able to attend to her own children, and comb out the boarders' hair.

The tradesmen too were very attentive in calling on me, and suggested advertising for boys at half-price as the only chance of getting a livelihood. Some of them hinted at the propriety of selling off my books and vacant desks as no longer of any use and applying the proceeds to the use of themselves.



I confess I was disgusted—when I got into difficulties by my thoughtlessness and ignorance of the value of money, I was only laughed at and bid to hope for the best; now that illness had reduced me to want, I was blamed and frowned upon.

I determined to throw up my appointments, leave a place I hated, and trust to some other means of procuring my bread and cheese. My wife, who hated the hospital more than I did, applauded my resolution. I heard of this curacy being vacant, accepted it, and resigned my chaplaincy.

I gave up all I had to my creditors, and they really believing that I was beaten by circumstances over which I had no control, released me from the remainder. Some kind friends furnished me with a supply, which enabled me to furnish my cottage, and I declare to you that I was happier as a poor curate than I had been as a rich hospital-master.

There was but one drawback—and a serious one it was—my wife's continued illness, which terminated fatally, but not until it had involved me in great expenses."

"But your living—you have not told this gentleman how you obtained it," said Mr. Woodward.

"In a very strange manner. I saw in the newspaper, among a list of the new administration, the name of one with whom I had been intimate at school. We had been in the same forms together for several years, and though he was nobly born, he had always shown a strong friendship for me. I resolved to write to him—to remind him of his old schoolfellow—to congratulate him on his success as a politician, and to ask his interest in my behalf. I did so: I told him all the events of my life and my present poverty.

I received a kind answer from him by return of post: he had not forgotten me, nor our old schoolboy days, and should be happy to assist me if I could point out to him how it was to be done.

I wrote him word that a small living in the gift of one of his colleagues was vacant, and begged him to ask him to appoint me to it.

I received a second letter begging me to dine with him at his private residence on a certain day. I went up, was introduced to the patron of the living, who made a third at the dinner-table. After the servants had retired, my friend "drew me out." I told all my adventures, excited the sympathy of his colleague, and returned home with the presentation to the rectory I coveted in my pocket. I have my 200*l.* per annum, and am reconciled to my lot. I can give a friend a plain dinner and a glass of good ale, and pity the man who is too proud to come and dine with me."

"The curate," said I, as we walked back, "is doubtless now fully aware of the value of a shilling after all his imprudences and consequent sufferings."

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Woodward, "if he had but one shilling in his pocket, which I believe is often the case, and a poor man applied to him for aid, he would give him ninepence of it. There is not a subscription got up in this neighbourhood that is not headed with the name of the Curate of Mossbury."



## PERSONS WHOM EVERY BODY HAS SEEN.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, Esq.

## 1.—PERSONS WHO HAVE “GOT A SPIRIT.”

It often happens that the man who has got a spirit, resembles the boy who has got his first shirt-collar,—he is continually plucking it up. He thinks himself bound to display it, and it is of a quality so retiring, that if he should fail to pluck it up it never would be seen at all.

Life is hard work with him; for demands upon him to “show his spirit” are constantly occurring, and it has to be plucked up first. But his enjoyment is in proportion to his labour, for he is perfectly satisfied that he is ever and anon performing something heroic.

Thus after a long twelvemonth’s toil at the forge or the desk—the poor man grinding his heart daily into sand for the old Hour-glass—pent-up, smoke-dried, choked, bent double—aching in every bone, and sick at the very soul—sentenced by the law of birth to perpetual imprisonment with hard labour—of a sudden a great resolution springs up in his mind, like the magic beanstalk, in a single night; he conceives the great idea of a holyday, and going to Gravesend by steam! He plucks up a spirit, and puts down eighteenpence.

Or worse still; perhaps the bitterest ingredient in the cup of destiny is that sweet creature, a wife. He loves, honours, and obeys her;—he is allowed to drink nothing but tea, and that always with her; he never presumes to go out without permission, stating always where he is going, and when he shall be back; he never so much as looks at another woman, except by his wife’s direction, to notice some ugliness of feature, awkwardness of manners, or heresy in dress, which he invariably detects, whether it be observable by other eyes or not; when, in the very midst of the nag-nagging which is supposed to be sometimes the reward of such virtue, he starts up in open rebellion, seizes his hat at ten o’clock at night, darts out of doors, or windows, and returns home at dinner-time next day “much bemused with beer;”—yet not so, for he had plucked up a “sperrit,” as he calls it, and ordered strong ale.

Now and then—albeit he acknowledges some religious regulations which forbid it—he plucks up a spirit and sneaks to the play. He can only resent an insult by a like effort. He has been known to fling back an imputation upon his consistency or courage in very formidable language; and even went so far as to accept a challenge which was the consequence—happily, however, his spirit had not mounted high enough to present any obstacle to a peaceful arrangement upon moral grounds.

When reproached with subscribing a shabby one pound to a charity that had the strongest claims upon his extensive means, he resolved, after a fortnight’s consideration, to increase his contribution to one guinea—because, as he said, he always liked to do things in a spirited manner.

It is not always, however, when he plucks up a spirit that he is helped forward by it even to this extent. The rich relation from whom he anticipates a fat legacy, one day screwed up the daily-affront-pipe to a pitch beyond mortal endurance.

"Now is the time," said outraged forbearance, "now is the time for me to pluck up a spirit!"

And forth he went, spirit and all, to buy a barrel of oysters to send to the fat legacy-leaver; with some capital H.B.'s, just out.

It is reported, moreover, that having always voted upon one side in the borough he resides in, the other side at length offered him a bribe; upon which he immediately plucked up a spirit—and took it.

Flintz, the usurer, never plucked up a spirit but once in his life, and that was when he opened a bottle of wine, to treat a customer by whom he was making sixty per cent. But verily it *was* wine—rich, old, and cold as its owner! The customer remembered its rare quality eighteen months afterwards, when he called to negotiate another mortgage.

"Ah! Flintz, that was wine! Any more of it, eh?"

"Yes," there was a remnant of the old stock still left; and Flintz, after some delay, handed to his visiter a glass, *not* ["full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene"—on the contrary, it was the vilest, sourest—but Flintz insisted that it was some of the same, and the visiter with many wry faces, refuted the libellous assertion.

"So much," exclaimed Flintz, "for that most affected of all pretensions to judgment—judgment in wine. You are sure it's not the same!—different quality, different vintage, different altogether! Now, sir, it happens to be the remains of the *same bottle*; and it has been here in my safe, under lock and key, exactly a year and a half."

The spirit that wants plucking up, is hardly worth having, but the spirit that is never down is a more troublesome incumbrance. Its owner had first shown his spirit at school, by bestowing upon a beggar, who was sure to make the good deed known, a half-crown which he purloined from another boy for that purpose. He next displayed it in a habit of thrashing his fellow-apprentice (the junior one) as often as he himself might incur correction from his master.

When he started in life, he started with spirit; that is to say, having no money, he borrowed a large sum, and speculated with it. When he lost it, there were plenty of people to come forward with supplies enabling him to renew the game, because he had speculated in such a spirited manner; and afterwards when he failed, every body said that he had failed with great spirit. He set up a phaeton and pair, because the man next door set up a horse and gig—for it was not in his spirit to be eclipsed by a next-door neighbour; and when his business fell off to nothing, he purchased the said next house without money, and two others next to that on the same terms, throwing them all into one, and decorating them at the expense of several obsequious and extremely grateful tradesmen, who always like to see things done with spirit.

He is not remarkable for that mild temper, which is a terrible inconvenience to persons who have to show their spirit constantly. He is exceedingly tyrannical; but it should be admitted in justice to him, that he is chiefly so upon small points. He will quarrel ten times a day, but then it is sure to be on grounds not worth contesting at all; and though the battle may involve broken heads, the dispute is about the ninety-ninth part of a hair. Indeed, the pettier the cause of quarrel, the prouder is that feeling of inveterate firmness with which he holds to his text and scorns compromise; for the plain reason that he then most shows his spirit.

The phrases most frequently in his mouth are, "Thank Heaven, I've got a spirit!" "My spirit would never allow me to give way!" "That's just my spirit!" You may know him by either of these exclamations. The imp of the bottle had no such influence over its unlucky possessor, as this thing which he calls his spirit exercises over him. He is its slave, believing himself its master.

His favourite country is France—it is a nation that has got a spirit. He would be an excellent person to send out, as representative of one civilized country at the court of another. Civilized countries are fond of acting with extraordinary spirit.

If he should gamble away his children's bread, or steal the very wife out of his friend's bosom, he must not be denounced as the incarnation of treachery and wickedness. He has no hatred for his offspring, no love for the lady; but he moved in a certain society that required him to act with spirit.

When he shoots an acquaintance through the head instead of listening to reason, he is impelled by the same necessity. He must always drive very near the edge of the precipice, lest people should think he is afraid of driving over. However ill-mounted, he is bound to take the impracticable, neck-breaking leap in a steeple-chase, because the man with the better horse has just taken it with prodigious spirit.

Deduct from the huge sum-total of mischief and misery in the world the amount fairly chargeable to the principle of acting with "spirit" whether between nations, between classes, between man and man, or man and wife, and at the end of a single twelvemonth you would accumulate a stock of original sin and suffering, large enough to set up a new world twice the size of this.

## 2.—PERSONS WHO NEVER HAVE "ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING."

NAPOLEON seemed to be of opinion, that, to deserve well of her country, a woman could not have too many children; and if all sovereigns were Napoleons, the opinion would be perfectly just. As it is, there happens to be considerable doubt upon the point, as well in states as families; but it by no means follows, while admitting the possibility of a superabundance of blessings in the nursery, that we should concur with that scamp of a soldier in Farquhar's comedy, who thinks it possible that a man may have "too much wife."

Of many other good things, however, "too much" is easily to be had. We need not allude to those gross material excesses, of which five-shilling records are magisterially made in the morning. Every one who has been once tempted to taste the other something—every one whose cheek has flushed over the one cool bottle more, will eagerly admit that it is needless. If they hesitated, we should produce to their confusion, the evidence of the little bluecoat-boy, who dining at home one day with his brothers and sisters, astonished them with the splendour of his appetite, and yet was worried to take more. More! no, that was impossible. Nature that abhors a vacuum, abhors equally three pints to a quart vessel. Yet he was sorely pressed, and naturally anxious to gratify affection.

"Well," said the brave little fellow at last, looking fondly, wishingly, and yet half despairingly at the dish—his heart was full, we may be sure—"Well—perhaps if I *stand up*, I can!"

It was an acute thought of the boy's—we should rather say, perhaps, it was a beautiful instinct; and a noble effort too it was that he then made; he stood up to it, almost as Thomson stood up to the peaches—but it was a graceful heroism thrown away—he couldn't.

Let it be a lesson to others how they aim at the prohibited enjoyment, too much of a good thing. When they have been round to a lady's friends, and duly circulated the story of her intended elopement—when they have *What-a-pity'd* it in one family, *No-wondered* it in another, and *They-do-say'd* the victim's reputation every where, let them go home and get a little refreshing sleep after their charitable labours, without troubling themselves to write a kind note of sympathy, by way of communicating the tidings to the lady's mother; because this is really too much of a good thing.

And when they next get hold of a famous joke—an entirely new anecdote of George Canning, or the last original repartee of a more reverend wit—let them by all means, as usual, relate it at full length to the next dozen persons whom they meet, in regular succession; but let them forbear to repeat it to the said dozen when all assembled together; as though every one of them had not been separately and privately tortured,—and with a genuine anecdote which each claims, perhaps, to have exclusively manufactured.

These retailers of good things fancy that civil listeners never can have enough of them. The civility is partly in fault—there is too much of it.

These are the advocates of “wasteful and ridiculous excess,” who would like to gild refined gold and paint the lily. They think “Paradise Lost” so fine, that they wish there was more of it:—a few more books, and it would have been delightful;—and then they go and read all that has been written about it, to eke out the poet's abbreviated spells. They are of opinion that a poem is nothing without a vast volume of notes. When they have read Burns all through, they sit down to read the glossary, which they enjoy prodigiously. If they had seen Kemble in “Macbeth,” they would have made a rush homeward to read his essay upon the character, by way of heightening their enthusiasm. They maintain that “The Wanderer” eclipses all modern novels, because it extends to five volumes.

They are the people who, at the play, sit out two farces after seeing the tragedy, encoring a comic song in the last piece, and calling for “God save the Queen” at the close. At the opera they are for having every thing repeated, beginning with the overture; they call for the principal singers to appear between every act, and three times at the end—to abide the pelting of a floral storm. When the ballet begins, they begin to encore; when it terminates, they are lost in wonder why people don't encore, not the brilliant points merely—but the ballet: they are of opinion that *two* such pieces, with an opera in *five* acts, would form a charming evening's entertainment—not a bit too long.

A book is no book to them unless embellished “with numerous engravings,” and no advance of price. A newspaper must be as large as a London-tavern table-cloth, or there is nothing in it. They must have too much of a good thing, or they fancy they have not enough. Whether they are in favour of two-hour sermons, is more doubtful. We never heard them express a wish that the parliamentary debates were lengthened.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO A FASHIONABLE VOCABULARY.

Non jam eorum sed ipsius generis humani me pudet, cujus aures hæc ferre potuerunt.—August. Epist.

“La forme emporte le fond.”

WE cannot have every thing our own way in this world, no matter how high our station. However fortunate may be the lot of fortune's favourites, there is ever something wanting, some petty desire ungratified, some trifling object of ambition placed just beyond our reach, which *in ipsis floribus angit*—which dashes the whole cup with bitterness, and makes all the rest not worth having. No matter whether the thing thus absent without leave be of major importance,—health, a contented disposition, an heir to the estate, or a better-tempered wife; or whether it be only the removal of the Sybarite's crumpled rose-leaf, or a bow withheld by a titled next-door neighbour,—*c'est égal*; the annoyance is just the same, and the injustice of the dispensation seems the more severe, because fortune having done so much, might as well have done a little more! It looks so very like mockery!!

What, then, is it not true that every thing may be bought for money? Has a *millionaire* any thing more to do than to open his purse-strings freely, in order to place the whole world at his disposition? Not quite so fast, good sir: money may buy many things—but not all: for, though according to a somewhat Irish verse, men *may*

Sell for gold, what gold can never buy,

there is no reciprocity in the case; and there's no buying for gold what can't be sold for gold.

Do not ask, reader, for a *catalogue raisonnée* of these unpurchaseable somethings; for there is no use in troubling you with particulars, for which you have only to “inquire within.” There is, however, one great acatallactic (as Dr. Whateley would call it), on which we have a word to say; and though it is not one of Mr. Roebuck's boroughs, nor the smiles of the last new opera-dancer, it merits the spoiling of a new pen.

The reader will hardly be at a loss to anticipate what we intend. There is but one thing, thus circumstanced, which is so generally interesting to Englishmen of all denominations as to deserve a place in a popular miscellany like the *New Monthly*. Let the religious magazines discuss doctrines; the Mechanic's meddle with wheels and levers; and let the Freemason's deal with—what do freemasons' periodicals deal with?—the *New Monthly* addresses itself to all mankind; and its matter must be as catholic as its readers.

Now if there be one thing more universally interesting than another, to Englishmen of all categories, and coming more closely home to their business and bosoms, it is gentility. The great object of every man, woman, and child in these happy realms, is socially to get on in life. From the lowest to the highest (but one), every body looks upwards in society; and nothing more grievously afflicts the mass of in-

come-tax payers than the difficulty which they discover in breaking through the morgue and exclusiveness of aristocracy and fashion,—than the contrarieties they experience in making good the pretensions of Plutus, where there is a general conspiracy to resist them. If gold, indeed, be of some service in this particular, if fine houses, fine diamonds, and fine equipages form the chosen ground for young ambition to place its ladder on, these things are so far from sufficing to the required end, that there are more instances of pauper get-on-itiveness in the high places, than of mere upstart wealth finding toleration, when unaccompanied by the other more essential qualities for aristocratic success. What then are these essentials? what *passe-partout* does the man of wealth require in the polite world, which cannot be had “as bespoke?” The answer comes as ready as a borrower’s cap—manner. Manner is the great circumvallation which exclusiveness has thrown around itself; and right well does it perform its protecting duty!

Wealth, indeed, may ape the substantial splendours of the best society,—nay, its greatest misfortune is that it is apt to transcend them. The plate may be more massive, the coach-panels may be more completely covered with armorial bearings, *tali quali*, the furniture may be more gaudy, and the person more resplendent with precious stones; but this ostentatious display, far from advancing the social aspirations of the owner, serves only to betray the hollowness of his pretensions, and to subject him to the ridicule of his betters—a ridicule all the more bitter and sarcastic, because not wholly unaccompanied by envy. But why is all this? not because such finery is deemed unbecoming the station of the pretender: in England, every man has a right to enjoy what he can purchase: and sumptuary usages are as unfit as sumptuary laws for a commercial country. It is not the presumption, but the want of taste that is questionable—the implied absence of that refined and subtle tact in *minutiæ*, which a long education and early good habits can alone bestow.

In like manner, it happens that wealth may employ the most fashionable tailor, but cannot purchase the art of wearing clothes like a gentleman. It may have the finest horse in the market, but how acquire the art of sitting the animal with ease, if not trained from boyhood to this gentleman’s accomplishment? It may possess the most splendid house in Belgrave-square, yet find itself “alone in its glory,” because all Lombard-street could not exchange for the art of receiving company with the proper air. The worst of it is, that in these matters, there is no such thing as a *sera sapientia*. The highest-priced dancing-master can do nothing with a bad carriage of forty years’ standing, nor render supple sinews which long habit has stiffened. Lord Duberley’s remark that his “mouth arn’t paved,” applies to the whole outward man; and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, the *guindé*-ism (when fairly burnt in) is utterly irradicable.

If with extraordinary powers of observation, and a monkey’s propensity to imitate, an individual may attain occasionally to some distant approach towards the *bel air*, he is but little the better for it: do what he may, he will fail in some particular. Be he never so guarded, some gesture will escape control, some delicacy of conduct will be overlooked, and the butter (as the Irish say) will come out of the stir-



about. George IV. (an *elegans formarum spectator*, if there ever was one) detected *roture* in the plebeian regard of a great man for the smoothness of his coat-skirts, too manifestly betrayed in the act of sitting down ; and he was wont to call the same delinquent across the room, to exhibit the underbred awkwardness of a new man's carriage, to the ridicule of his own particular set.

The influence of early education upon manner is so marked and unmistakable, as to have led to a false conclusion that it is innate. We are no believers in the *meliore luto* of Nature's *soi-disant* china-ware ; for there are high-born individuals so coarsely put together that the whole force of class training has failed in conferring distinction on them, though commenced from the very hour of birth. It is notorious that the son of the famous Lord Chesterfield, maugre all his teaching, could never acquire that finished manner, which it was the object of his father's life to inflict upon him. A better proof cannot be desired of the worthlessness of rules, and of the inutility of those formal treatises on *etiquette*, which are in such universal request among the unhappy aspirants to gentility.

Under the circumstance, the best advice we could give to our humbler readers would be, that they remain contented with the station in life into which it has pleased God to call them ; but we know they would not take it. If they have not Moses and the prophets to consult on the point, they have at least the church catechism ; and if they don't mind that, what hope can we entertain of prevailing. Every man thinks himself a standing exception to every rule ; and though Euclid should have demonstrated mathematically the abstract impossibility of a *roturier* passing muster as an exclusive, "each would cry that was (not) levelled at me," and would incontinently set about making the attempt, in defiance of all evidence.

"Yes, yes," I hear one honest "rogue in grain" exclaim, as he trudges westward from Mark Lane ; "I know it all very well, and I was a fool for leaving Russel Square for Hyde Park-gardens. Much wiser to have stuck to old neighbourhoods and old friends ; but my betterer half would have it so."

"Ay, and the governor is as right as a trivet," his son would add : "content with one's station, indeed ! content to quill-drive in the city ! that's an 'igh go."

"Yes," would join in the daughter, "and marry Tom Check, or the curate of Bow-church, I suppose, when there are herls in the market—not I, believe it, Mr. *New Monthly*. So, pa, if you would but take that box at the Opera, just opposite the Queen's, Tom would bring in his new acquaintance at Crockford's between the acts."

Meantime, Mrs. Discount, the clerk's wife is meditating a similar remove from Islington to Clapham, and wonders whether Mr. Fustian who has just left the retail line and calls himself a merchant, will allow his better half to return her visit. Each in his several degree and station is possessed by the like ambition ; and to propose contentment to such a race, would make them all the most discontented people in Christendom.

What then shall we do ? try and assist them in their onward march by a little gentle correction of their "cakelology ?" We have already disposed



of that question. If there is no washing the blackamoor white, what's the use of wasting soap and labour upon him? No, we have no desire nor pretence to set up as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of *parvæ* vulgarians; nor are we in love with the task of cutting blocks with a razor. In the service of posterity, however, we may place upon record a few of the offences which in this 1842 are among the most prominent marks of the beast; and if any one is absurd enough to imagine he can profit by the instruction, in the name of the Graces of May Fair, let him make a trial, provided he does not lay his failure at our door.

Of the many points of behaviour, which are all but unattainable by the upstart, there are none which more readily escape his notice, than the shadings of peculiarity in fashionable language. Sins of omission and sins of commission innumerable beset him in that quarter. *Sunt verba et voces* which betray low caste and mark a man's station more decidedly than a whole college of heralds; and it is all but impossible for a *novus homo* to open his mouth, without some treacherous shibboleth popping out to betray him as an intruder.

Now this, of all difficult things to master, is the most difficult. If legs badly trained grow stiff by inveterate custom, ideas, when they get a bad set, are ten times more obstinate. If the arms of grown gentlemen are rebellious to the most expert fencing-master, expressions are still more unyielding to the very best of Panglosses. The tongue is proverbially an ungovernable member, and in no instance is it more so than in its relation to conventional politeness. Not that to pass muster in the highest society, it is absolutely necessary to be always quite accurate in grammar; nor in every instance to avoid those forms of speech which are esteemed among the educated as vulgarities. The early intercourse between ladies and their waiting-maids opens a wide door to the adoption of solecisms by the highest ranks of females, which, on that account, do not derogate. Indeed, when women of undoubted rank and distinction are permitted to think with their abigails, there is nothing so extraordinary in their taking the privilege of using their phraseology. "Oh, mys," and "did you evers," with many other nursery slipslops, are so far from objectionable, that we should advise the better educated candidates for distinction, to practise attentively the peculiar intonation and accent with which these elegant expletives should be introduced. So also, for men, the slang of the stable and of the Fives Court is admissible in some of the very best societies, provided the occasion be well chosen, and the phrase introduced without effort and without affectation.

The abuse which has been made of these flowers of speech in the literature of the day, has, indeed, introduced them among all classes; and hence the danger attendant on their use when in company with the best—We entreat our would-be-fashionable readers to be persuaded that well-bred persons do not *always* talk like their servants, nor even like the heroes and heroines of the most approved fashionable novels.

This is sufficiently difficult to learn or to unlearn; but a much nicer point is to bear in mind that these poetical flourishes are in no case permissible in the presence of superiors; and therefore on a debutant's

first entrance into good society, it is safer for him to speak good English altogether,—if he can, than to venture on a ground which, not being of the soundest, may betray the speaker in deepest “consequence.”

Need we caution the least observant of mortals against that most cockney of errors, the “exasperation of the aches,” or the concomitant mistake of placing them where they ought not to figure? It is a very difficult question to determine whence this vice arose. It could not come of ignorance of orthography; because the obstinacy with which the offender goes wrong in every possible case, seems to imply a positive knowledge of the rule so steadily broken, without which the doctrine of chances must sometimes tell and lead him right. Nor are we aware of any dialectic difference among our Saxon ancestors, of which our friends, the cockneys, are the inheritors. Be this, however, as it may, there is not a more certain sign for exclusiveness to seize upon; and there is not a footman in all St. James’s who would give entrance to the man who should ask, “Hi say, his your master in the ous?”—no, not even though the fellow himself knew no better than to reply, “No, e hisn’t, e’s gone to Ighgate.”

We need not apply this remark to the *v* or the *w*, or to the surreptitious addendum of the *r* final in *Monder*, *Tuesder*, *winder*, &c., though *winder* is manifestly the correct pronunciation of the old word *windore*, the door which lets in the wind.

It must be set down, then, that a decent knowledge of the English tongue, as to these particulars, is generally implied in the abstract idea of even moderately good company; and that, too, notwithstanding certain oddities of high-bred pronunciation, such as *marchant*, *showlder*, *nubble lud*, the *hull* (whole), &c. These, however, are sad stumbling-blocks; for they are not only exceptions in themselves, but they come and go at the caprice of the leaders, and thus materially add to the difficulty of the imitator. Time was when *Chareles-street*, *Bare-cley-square*, was thought very pretty speaking; it is now hopeless rotture, and would no more pass muster at *Almack’s*, than the powdered *toupees* of *Mrs. Cornely’s* days.

Supposing, however, these grosser offences avoided, there still remain *guet-a-pens* without end, in the way of the unqualified candidate, against which no industry can guard. There are few men, not thoroughly educated (and even many who are, do not always escape), who have not some favourite mispronunciation or misapplication of a word, to which they cling with a most perverse obstinacy; for such is the force of habit in strengthening associations, that the *Malaprop* finds it scarcely possible to form a sentence, without the intrusion of the peccant vocable. This is strikingly evinced in those who, being innocent of the French language, even to its simplest *accidence*, adorn their discourse with some shred or patch of a phrase, just as a South-sea islander decorates his scarce-clothed person with a bit of European tinsel. No very precise idea being attached to the foreigner, it is ever ready for misapplication,—decided evidence of a degree and kind of ignorance, which is utterly unpardonable in exclusive circles, and a complete disqualification for the offender.

Of offences against the purity of our own tongue we may instance



"tremendeous," "opiniated," and "sitivation," which last ought to be spelled with a *c*, so decidedly does it belong to the auditory *gero* of Bow-bell. With such *impedimenta* as these, or the substitution of "promiscuously" for accidentally, it would require a good pilot and much fair wind to work one's way even into the latitudes of Baker-street, where ears are far less nicely tuned, than in quarters more thoroughly aristocratic.

In French, every word is a traitor in the mouth of the casual importer; and it is far from enough to avoid *rendezvous*, or to abstain from confounding a lapse from female virtue, with the humeral extremity of an animal, by calling it a *fore-paw*. Nay, we should recommend the uninitiated to abstain from even trying a hazardous *bravo* at the Opera-house; so slight is the shading between propriety and impropriety in articulating the word.

These, though, are the very rudiments of art, the *pontes asinorum* of *bon-ton* deportment. Much more difficult (or so to speak, transcendental) are the niceties respecting many words and idioms, which, without being decidedly evil in themselves, are yet dangerous to the intruder upon good society. Take, for instance, the vulgar idiom of "riding in a coach." Although it is abundantly clear that in the time of our Saxon ancestors there were no coaches to ride in, and that a horse (or ass) was the only substitute for "Shanks's-mare" then in use, yet is the verb generic; for the idea itself has abstractedly nothing to do with the animal: it is perfectly good English, for instance, to say that a ship rides at anchor, or one piece of machinery rides easily on another. Nobody, who is any body, however, is now the more permitted to ride in a coach, except it be Georgy Porgy; and as for riding in a boat, that has become as obsolete as the badge of a nobleman's waterman. But observe this prohibition does not arise out of the existence of any proper verb of vectitation, that is better fitted to the occasion; but because a carriage enters so perfectly into the complex idea of a person of fashion, that it is implied in almost every out-of-doors proposition, of which he or she is the subject. To ride, therefore, is left to express equitation, the single instance which requires to be thus distinctly specified. This is so thoroughly understood, that none but an Irish footman would tell you that his mistress was "out in her coach-and-four;" which he does, because, by an ingenuity of vanity quite peculiar, he contrives to derive consequence to himself in his own eyes from such evidence of his personal proximity to "the quality." For the same reasons, it is not customary for people of fashion to tell you that they were in a private box in Drury Lane or Covent Garden, or that they posted to such a place; for such with them is the rule, and not the exception. Remark, also, that it is about twenty to one that they never have heard of a glass-coach, and that they would not dream of calling at an inn for wax-candles.

In the very coming into a fashionable assemblage, or even to a morning visit (and mind that this is positively *not* a morning *call*), a trap lies before the feet of the intruder, from which there is scarcely a chance of escape; and this lies in the first salutation. To fully comprehend the difficulty of this case, it is necessary to be aware how entirely every *bon-ton* individual is impressed with the conviction of his

own non-importance to his equals. Nothing but the most ample experience can satisfy self-love how thoroughly, in good society, "no one is of consequence to any one." Yet without this knowledge, how can we suppress those little movements of vanity and affectation which are the unquestionable impediments to ease of deportment. The man of the world enters a room as he would enter the market-place, impressed only with the desire to put himself in his proper position. As his volition is simple, so his action is decided. The novice, on the contrary, is anxious to *far effetto*, and is immersed in a sea of affectations. Unassured, doubtful, and hesitating, every movement becomes false to the intention ; and it is ever the vainest and most conceited who breaks down the most thoroughly. But it is of verbal miscarriages that we are speaking, and the application will be found in the difficulty of adjusting your reply to the customary inquiries of the host. It is really a very nice point to determine whether the "how d'ye do" should be answered at all. The general rule unquestionably is, that no one in asking the question either cares for the answer, or so much as listens to it. It is only by a scarcely appreciable variety in the intonation, that tact discovers when more is meant than an unmeaning civility. To dwell, therefore, *mal-à-propos*, on the "very well, I thank you," and still worse, to enter upon a kyriel of details of ill health, is eminently *roturier*. A passing reference to the prevailing cholera or grippe, when those diseases happen to be fashionable, may be correct ; but to mistake your host for your apothecary is quite unpardonable.

So, on the other hand, there is tact requisite in your own inquiries to be reciprocated. In general, health is to be presumed of those you see in the daily discharge of social duties ; but ladies and superiors require something more formal than the slight nod and "how do?" which passes among familiars and equals. A man that would be gallant with a lady, need not ask her after her husband's health, nor even be *very* solicitous about the daughter's measles. But to hit the exact shade where respect ends, and tiresomeness begins, in the more ordinary intercourse, requires more than any verbal rule which we can offer. It is, however, decidedly *mauvais ton* to ask *nominatim* after every aunt and cousin, or to insist on extorting a distinct answer for each. Figure to yourself where this would end, if every member of a dinner of sixteen indulged in such prolixity severally with all the guests.

Once admitted into the circle of aristocracy, though it be but for an hour, there is no difficulty more embarrassing than the titular address. When or how often it should be applied, is a point of some nicety. Every body, we presume, knows that, be the party spoken to titled or untitled, he must not be addressed by his name. It does not do to exclaim across the table to "Lord A——," or "Mr. B——" (with or without a preliminary "I say,—"), the better to engage his attention ; but the strict adaptation of "my lord" and "your lordship" is a matter of much more nicety. Of course, reader, nothing would tempt you, if a *parvenu*, into the vulgar familiarity of dropping the title, or even speaking to a third person of Castlereagh or Bedford. This abomination offends not only against conventional good breeding, but implies a vile and unfounded pretension, as contemptible as it is odious. It is ever instantly rebuked by a most ceremonious accuracy in giving

the offender all his additions, if he have any, or an emphatic "*Mister*" if he have none other.

But the master difficulty in these cases attends the use of "my lady,"—nor can any very precise rule be stated for the service of beginners. Servants, and decided inferiors, never omit it, which whether it be considered as respect, or as acknowledged vulgarity, would be equally admissible; for persons in that grade are not bound to be more than they are; and even in the code of fashion, *nemo tenetur ad impossibile*. In the higher ranks also, though ladyship be the politest serious address, there has been lately introduced a semijocose revival of "my lady," which in time and place has its grace. It is rarely so employed in the second person, and only as determined humour. But "how do you do, my lord: how is my lady" would not be a solecism in this 1842, unless where difference of rank was decided, or acquaintance slight. All this, however, is a world away from the ever recurring "my lady," with which the citizen addresses the sheriff-knight's wife. "Shall I send you beef, my lady," "hand my lady the cakes," and similar expressions, are of the *dernière roture*. For the rest, it is of little use to lay down the rule that, as the total omission of title is rude and unmannered, so the too frequent repetition of it is formal, awkward, and embarrassing. To know this is nothing, without practice has given the tact to seize upon the proper limit—the *juste milieu* of polite usage: and to this point we come, whatever be the peculiar *item* of exclusive distinction we are called upon to touch. The purpose of pass-words and signs, whether it be in political conspiracies, freemasons' clubs, or the associations of the extreme *bon-ton*, are alike intended as barriers, not as tickets of admission,—as the instruments of exclusion, rather than as finger-posts to guide the traveller to his destination. They would, therefore, very ill accomplish the end of their institution, if the secret could easily be divined. The general result of the true code of aristocratic bearing is simplicity, a marked avoidance of every thing salient, a studied absence of the least appearance of study:—in so much that the very effort at imitation is fatal to its success. In outline, the shadow very closely resembles the substance; but light is not more opposite to darkness, than the borrowed refinements of the imitator from the substantial excellence of the true gentleman. Here, therefore, the great rule of the moralist comes into play, "when-ever you are in doubt, abstain." The besetting sin of the vulgarian is demonstrativeness, his greatest enemy facetiousness. As many a dull dog is thought a sensible man in a mixed society, by dint of silence and gravity, so may a *roturier* sometimes pass for "one of ourselves" by dint of not thinking himself the observed of all observers, and by holding his tongue. In all grades of society, the greatest bore is he who will talk, whether you will or no; and who persists in introducing new subjects, by way of making the agreeable. But where there is nothing in common, the talker must either venture upon what he does not understand, or (still worse) talk of himself and his own friends, showing up in his very sentence *manque d'usage*, or some habitual *mesquinerie*, from which his interlocutor, if he knows what is meant, draws an unfavourable impression. If the object of the speaker be to show off, he affects a knowledge of the *beau monde* which he does not

possess ; or he makes himself the hero of his own tale ; describing haply his own cleverness in a bargain ; how he did Tom such a one in a sale of hops, or asserted the consequence of his "house" against the insolence of such a bank director. We will suppose that he knows better than to talk of Lady Jersey's "to do," or of "a blow out" at Sir Robert Peel's ; but by describing how his mother and sisters "got" to Almack's, he will as incontestably prove the utter absence of their right to be there. The opera more especially is a neutral ground extremely dangerous to vulgar loquacity. If your would-be fine gentlemen avoid mispronouncing the names of the actors, or mistake the parts they play, confounding sexes, operas, and maestros, yet will they nevertheless betray *roture* in too emphatic a dwelling on the omnibus and its inmates, or on their negotiation with "Sams" for the price of a stall ticket. Such men, too, know infinitely more of who is in whose box, or what lady is in waiting on the Queen than they ought to do. These are the things which *are* great to little men, and to nobody else. The man of real *bon-ton* is too closely occupied with parliament, or with the business of private society, to be an *habitué* of any public theatre ; and when there, he thinks only of himself and his own friends, or his favourite dancer. A great breach of conventional politeness is insisting on talking politics with a great man, as a subject with which he must be familiar. Alas ! the *roturier* little knows how tired the official is of such discussions in public debate, or how little the mere mob of members know or care about any interest, except their own. Moreover, if for once he is in luck, and he finds an auditor disposed to listen, the use of proper words in proper places fails him in the first half-dozen phrases, and he is sure to show up that he knows no more of what is really going on, than (his sole authorities) the writers of the leading articles in the newspapers.

The aspirants for a place in good society are very apt to complain of intrigue and spiteful efforts to impede their progress. But we have said enough to show that on this adventure, their worst enemies are themselves ; and that "out of thine own mouth will I judge thee," contains the secret of their greatest and most frequent failures.

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MACARONIC POETS

OF

## ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

## CHAP. II.

REFERENCES FOR FURTHER INFORMATION—WILLIAM MESTON OF ABERDEEN—DOCTOR GEDDES OF BANFF.

WHEREAS, as the lawyers say, we do not feel over assured that among the readers of the Magazine, there be not certain persons at present unknown to us, who may desire some further insight into this matter whereof we are chatting, and may wish to regale themselves with macaronisms of the early continentalists, the quiddities beginning or entirely written in words beginning with one letter, as the “*Pugna Porcorum*,” or the “*Canum cum Catis certamen* ;” or to study this subject critically and bibliographically, we refer them to the work of that learned German, Dr. F. W. Genthe, in whose “*Geschichte der Macaronischen Poesie*,” published at Leipsic in 1829, they will find the entire subject discussed. If, however, they cannot read German, and will be content with the lighter labours of an English antiquary, let them purchase the “*Specimens of Macaronic Poetry*,” reprinted from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1831, and now to be picked up in Holywell-street for the small charge of one shilling. Having now endeavoured to satisfy the dissatisfied, let us resume our task of satisfying those who are content to be taught by us.

The next writer to whose macaronisms we must introduce our friends is one William Meston, of whom little more can be affirmed than that he lived about the beginning of the eighteenth century, was a Master of Arts of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and a poet—in the eyes of his friends—and a Professor of Philosophy in his University. His contribution is the form of diploma for one William Sutherland, commonly known by the name of Bogsie. The writ of diploma proceeds from the “*Doctors of the Merry Meeting*,” the symbol of rank was a punch-bowl crown. In the opening of the writ the power and the extent of the authority of “*all good fellows*” is broadly asserted. The fanciful or political divisions of countries, or continents, or quarters of the globe, are unknown to the all-pervading power of good cheer and merry-making, and the Doctors of the Merry Meeting fearlessly address their writ to all nations and all countries from John o’ Groat to Padanaram, from the icy regions of the pole to the Dutch boors and Hottentot Venuses of Table Bay ; vouching for the scholarship and learning of the good youth William Sutherland, and his fitness for the honourable degree of Doctor.

The book is entitled,

VIRI HUMANI, SALSI ET FACETI  
GULIELMI SUTHERLAND.  
MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM  
DOCTORIS DOCTISSIMI,  
DIPLOMA.

The following lines contain the doctor's greeting, to all whom it concerns or it may concern, or, as our college statutes have it, "omnibus quos concernit aut quos concernere possit."

*Ubique gentium et terrarum*  
From Sutherland to Padanarum,  
From those who have six months of day  
*Ad caput usque bonæ spei,*  
And further yet, *si forte tendat,*  
*Ne ignorantiam quis pretendat,*  
We doctors of the merry meeting  
To all and sundry do send greeting.  
*Ut omnes habeant compertum*  
*Per hanc presentem nostram chartam,*  
*Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum,*  
At home *per nomen* Bogsi notum,  
Who studied stoutly at our college,  
And gave good specimens of knowledge,  
*In multis artibus versatum,*  
*Nunc factum esse doctoratum.*

The solemnity of the diploma admits not of a full and particular account of the ceremonies by which the young doctor was admitted. Sufficient for all good fellows to inform them, how,

*Quoth Preses, strictum post examen,*  
*Nunc esto Doctor, we said, Amen :*

leaving the readers to infer, from the word *examen*, what a very *swarm* of questions, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," the young doctor must have answered. As persons naturally suppose that every italicised word involves something very witty, let us inform the unlearned, that *examen* doth mean a swarm of bees—hence, the pun. The doctors now proceed to commend the youth to all their fraternity.

So to you all *hunc commendamus*  
*Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,*  
*Qui multas habet qualitates*  
To please all humours and *ætates*.

His many qualities are now set forth *ordine longo*, "chick and a chick and a train too," or one after the other, as the Finsbury volunteer corps volunteered to fire their volley all together. The catalogue of names is awful: our doctor is compared in his various qualifications to Duns Scotus, Calvin, Knox, Aquinas, Boerhaave, and Bellini; but let the Diploma speak for itself.

He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus,  
*Sed multo magis si sit potus ;*  
*In disputando*, just as keen as,  
 Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.  
 In every question of theology,  
*Versatus multum in trickology*  
*Et in catalogis librorum*  
 Frazer could never stand before him ;  
 For he by page and leaf can quote,  
 More books than Solomon e'er wrote.  
 A lover of the mathematics  
 He is, but hates the hydrostatics,  
 Because he thinks it a cold study,  
 To deal in water clear or muddy.  
*Doctissimus est medicinae*  
 Almost as Boerhaave, or Bellini.  
 He thinks the diet of Cornaro,  
 In meat and drink too scrimp and narrow,  
 And that the rules of Leonard Lessius,  
 Are good for nothing but to stress us.

Having thus assured the fraternity, that in abilities our William was not unworthy of the doctorate, and shown the determination of the Golgotha never to admit one of Father Mathew's hydrostatic followers, or one of the brotherhood of the Rechabites, to the high dignity, they afford some slight account of the valuable medical discoveries of their newly-admitted brother. He has turned his attention to diet, encountered Doctor Cheyne on his own ground, and lapped his claret.

He has confuted Doctor Cheyne  
 By solid arguments and keen,  
 And clearly proved by demonstration  
 That claret is a good collation.  
*Sanis et ægris*, always better  
 Than coffee, tea, or milk-and-water.

Have the blue devils danced their melancholy round through your brain—have you fancied yourself an exhausted pump in the yard of a London milk-manufacturer, and half-a-dozen Welsh damsels doing their best to milk one more drop—hath the black bile so soured your temper that the fish seems ill boiled, the butter half-melted, the mutton guiltless of the fire—come to our Doctor William Sutherland, whom these merry brethren assure you hath discovered, not without long practice,

That cheerful company, *cum risu*,  
*Cum vino forti, suavi visu*  
*Gustatu dulci*, still has been  
 A cure for Hyppo and the spleen.

Are you suffering from the salmon at your last dinner-party, or the champagne of your friend Mrs. Splash's *soirée* supper, or the masdeu, under the name of fruity port, that your medical adviser always treats his friends to ;—it's so good for the digestion. If your stomach is out of order, go to our doctor, who hath proved to demonstration,

That hen and capon, *vervecina*,  
 Beef, duck, and pasties *cum ferina*,  
 Are good stomachics, and the best  
 Of cordials—*probatum est*.

The great modern hypnotist, who professed to enable any one to sleep without hop pillows or rocking, and act the somnambulist without mesmerism, must lower his flag to the simple and pleasing remedies of our doctor; for list,

Good French nightcap still has been,  
He says, a proper anodyne,  
Better than laudanum or poppy,  
*Ut dormiamus* like a topsey.

Avaunt, ye concocters of all blue-devil pills, or camphorated lozenges, warranted to raise the spirits, or concentrated revivers by which fatigue is to be obliterated with a suck, and black care unseated from behind her cavalier with a thirteenspenny-halfpenny box. Our doctor proposes far more pleasing remedies, dice and ombre.

*Affermat lusum alearum,*  
*Medicamentum esse clarum,*  
Or else a touch at three-hand ombre  
When toil or care our spirits cumber,  
Which graft wings on our hours of leisure,  
And make them fly with ease and pleasure.

True philanthropy prompts one to study every thing by which, even in the least possible degree, the happiness of man may be effected. From the days of the Tapyrian toppers, to the pump and bucket era of Father Mathew, headach and soda-water have been the consequences of endeavouring to promote the hilarity of the evening. Our young doctor would recommend hawking and hunting, doubtless preceded by a draft of strong ale.

*Aucupium et venationem,*  
*Post nimis longam potationem,*  
He has discovered to be good,  
Both for the stomach and the blood,  
As frequent exercise and travel  
Are good against the gout and gravel.

He has too discovered the cause of death, and estimated the discomfort of having Jack Ketch for an operating surgeon and undertaker.

He clearly proves the cause of death  
Is nothing but the want of breath,  
And that indeed is a disaster,  
When 'tis occasioned by a plaster  
Of hemp and pitch, laid closely on  
Somewhat above the collar-bone.

His knowledge of the law demands commendation; he can twist and turn them into as many forms as the unfortunate sheet of white-paper, which, in our scholastic days, a blind man near the Magdalen used to volunteer to convert into a church-window or a dripping-pan, a poor-box or a dog-kennel; "four-and-twenty different forms out of a single sheet of paper," he used to sing out as he twisted his sheet about, and concluded with his appeal of "Please to encourage a poor young man who you see is totally blind." But above all this wondrous knowledge of manipulation, our doctor can speak *feelingly*, for he knoweth the value of *fees*.

*Immensam cognitionem legum,  
 Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam,  
 Cum sociis artis, grease his fist,  
 Torquebit leges, as you list.  
 If laws were made for bribes, 'tis plain,  
 They may be bought and sold again.*

We have delayed so long on the greater acquirements of Doctor Bogsie, that we must allow the Diploma to state the rest without further preface, save and except that we inform our friends, and through them, the world, that no thousand diplomas could give adequate testimony to his qualifications.

Let the Diploma speak for itself:

*Brevissime in prose or verse,  
 His other talents to rehearse,  
 To tell how gracefully he dances,  
 And artfully contrives romances ;  
 How well he arches and shoots flying  
 (Let no man think that we mean lying),  
 How well he fences, rides, and sings,  
 And does ten thousand other things ;  
 Allow a line,—nay, but a comma  
 To each *tergeret hoc diploma ;*  
*Quare ut tandem concludamus,*  
*Qui breviter approbamus,*  
 (For brevity is always good,  
 Providing we be understood.)  
*In rerum omnium naturis,*  
*Non minus quam scientia juris*  
*Et medicina, doctoratum*  
*Bogæum novimus versatum ;*  
 Nor shall we here say more about him,  
 But ye may dacker if ye doubt him.*

Then follows the signing and sealing of the document by all the “ blyth, honest, and hearty socii,” and the witnessing of the deed, at

a large punch bowl,  
 Within our proper common school,  
 The twenty-sixth day of November,  
 Ten years, the date we may remember,  
 After the race at Sherrieff muir,  
 (Scotsmen will count from a black hour),  
*Ab omni probo nunc signetur,*  
*Qui denegabit extra detur.*

At the sign of the Haggis, in ould Aberdeen, in the best room on the first-floor, are assembled the President and Fellows of the College of Harmony. The relics of the Molluscan inhabitants of the deep, ycleped oyster shells are removed from the mahogany, and vitreous goblets, containing north British nectar, vulgarly called whiskey-punch, are placed opposite to each college-fellow. The president, a short, rubicund-faced man, roused to the pleasures and fatigues of the science of harmony, and the pursuit of knowledge under the difficulties of a score of rummers, fills with appropriate dignity the consul's chair, whilst the expectant occupier of that seat displays his qualifications for his future honours in the chair of the vice-president. Be-

tween the two stands the punch-bowl, as the bishop was hung between the king and the devil at the exhibition of the pictures of the late president of the Royal Academy. After a proportionate confabulation, the youngest of the fellows goes to the door and introduces our friend Bogsie, placing him on his legs at the left-hand of the president. Anon the præses rises, taking in his hand an empty punch-bowl and a full goblet of nectar, and regarding the candidate with a mild serious eye, and a smirk redolent of whiskey, speaks thus amid the silence of the convention :

*Eadem nos auctoritate,  
Reges memoriæ beatæ,  
Pontifices et Papæ lati,  
Nam alii sunt a nobis sprete,  
Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,  
Quæ privilegia semper erunt,  
Collegio nostro safe and sound,  
As long 's the earth and cups go round,  
Te Bogsæum hic creamus,  
Statuimus et proclamamus  
Artium magistrum et doctorem,  
Si libet etiam professorem ;  
Tibique damus protestatem,  
Ludendi porro et jocandi,  
Et mæstos vino medicandi,  
Ad risum etiam fabulandi.*

Then raising, with becoming solemnity, the empty china, and holding it over the candidate's head for a moment, he lowers the crown harmonious on his pate, and repeats these lines :

*In promissionis tuæ signum  
Caput, honore tanto dignum,  
Hoc Cyatho condecoramus ;  
Ut tibi Felix sit oramus.*

The crown placed on his head, the præses advances with his other hand the flowing goblet, chanting as he places it in Bogsie's hand :

*Præterea in manum damus  
Hunc calicem, ex quo potamus,  
Spumantem generoso vino,  
Ut bibas more Palatino ;  
Sir, pull it off, and on your thumb  
Cernamus sapernaculum  
Ut specimen ingenii,  
Post studia decennii.*

As Bogsie tips up the glass, the assembled fellows rise ; and while the nectar is posting down his œsophagus, *vulgo dictus* "red lane," they sing this chorus :

*En calicem spumantem  
Falerni epotantem ;  
En calicem spumantem.  
Io, Io, Io.*

The punch drained off without a breath or a wink, the rummer scientifically turned over on the thumb-nail, and the one solitary, small, round drop placed with mathematical precision in the very centre of



the nail, the fellows give lose to their joy, rush towards the chair, tumultuously embrace their new brother, and as they dance round the young doctor, shout—

*Laudamus hunc doctorem,  
Et fidum compotorem;  
Laudamus hunc doctorem.  
Io, Io, Io.*

The number of wheelbarrows required after the initiation of Bogsie, our poet has not recorded; tradition says a dozen, which, considering that there were twenty-four fellows, including præses and his deputy, is no slight proof of the quieting effects of the ceremony, whereby two fellows could be accommodated in one wheelbarrow.

The next writer in our catalogue is Doctor Geddes, who was born in the parish of Ruthven, in the county of Banff, in the year 1737, and who in the years 1790-95 and 1800 contributed three macaronic poems. The first a burlesque account of the dinner of the dissenters in the year 1790; the second an ode to Pitt; the last an account of a battle between two rival authors in a bookseller's shop. The kindness of the laird of Ruthven enabled young Geddes to obtain a good education at the Roman Catholic seminary of Scalan, in the Highlands, whence, at the age of twenty-one, he was removed to the Scotch college at Paris, where he diligently studied theology, and made himself master of most European languages. After a time he returned to his native land, and resided in the house of the Earl of Traquair, until he accepted, at the age of thirty-two, the care of the Roman Catholic congregation at Nuchinhalrig, in his own county, where for ten years he remained a faithful minister. On his removal to London, the munificence of Lord Petre enabled him to execute the darling wish of his heart, a new translation of the Bible for the professors of his own faith. After ten years, the work appeared, and the rationalistic tendency of his comments soon brought on him the reproof of his ecclesiastical superiors. It was during this time that he amused himself with satirising the Benthames, the Sawbridges, the Beaufoys, and all the other liberty boys of his day, while he equally lashes in his ode to Pitt, their opponents, the minister, and his supporters. Our author died in 1802, at the age of 65.

The letter to his brother, in which the meeting at the London Tavern in February 1790, is so ably sketched, opens with a description of the *locus in quo*, and the broad classes into which the three hundred grumblers might be classed.

*Est locus in London, Londini dicta Taberna,  
Insignis celebris; cives quo sæpe solemus  
Eatæ et drinkare—et disceptare aliquando  
Hic una in Hallà magnàque altàque, treceni  
Meetavere viri, ex diversis nomine sectis:  
Hi, quibus et cordi est audacis dogma Socini,  
Hi, quibus arrident potius dictamina Arii;  
Hi, qui Calvin mysteria sacra tuentur;  
Hi, quibus affixum est a bibabtisemate nomen:  
All in a word qui se oppressos most heavily credunt  
Legibus injustis test-oathibus atque profanis!  
While high-church homines in pomp et luxury vivant,*

Et placeas, postas, mercedes, munia, gras pant.  
Hi cuncti *keen* were ; fari aut pugnare parati  
Priscà prolapsà.

The poet then enumerates the various leaders of the motley crowd from Fox to Priestley ; the latter, prevented from attending ; describes the settling of the party at the “*ternas tabulas longo ordine postas*,” decorated with the gastronomic weapons, from spoons and forks to vinegar-cruets, the entrance of the *caupo magna comitante catervà servorum*, the depositing of the dishes, “*centum et magni ponderis*,” and the grace from the lips of “*Mystes*.” The dedication concluded and the “*coveris sublatis*,” each man seizes his arms “*impetu et unanimi prostrata in fercula fertur*.”

The muse macaronic then descends to the particulars of the feast, and relates in moving strains how the noble ox first fell a victim in the onslaught.

“*Bos ingens, pinguis, torvus ; qui fronte minaci  
Cocknæos olim timidos frightaverat omnes :  
Nunc Butcherorum manibus, flammæque subactus,  
Nulli est terribilis ; facilem præbetque triumphum  
Imbelli cuivis sartori, shoemakerove !  
Hunc, simul aggressi sex fortes cheapsideani  
(Talibus adsueti pugnis) in frustula slashant.*”

The like fate two calves meet with from the hands of the “prentice boys atque scholares,” nor do the three timid lambs, whose Ba Ba would not have deterred one damsel from effecting their death, meet with mercy from the hungry crowd.

*Hos porci totidem hamati pluerumque sequuntur ;  
Cum sex porcellis, heu nuper ab ubere matrum  
Cruelly subtractis, et sæva in prælia missis.  
Illorum visu subito et simul impetus ingens  
Factus ; et in parvo momento temporis, omnes  
Porci et porcelli lacerati πᾶνν jacebant.*

The fate of hares, coneys, turkeys, and all the varieties of the feathered race that are wont to appear at the summons of the *chef de cuisine* of the London tavern, must be passed by without further notice ; nor can we delay on the various fortunes of the inhabitants of the ocean, or of the tenants of the frame, the kail-pot, or the cauliflower glass. The fate however of one bird, fit emblem of his executioner and the assembly, deserves a moment's delay and a trifling space. Let us, however, correct one impression which the extract might create in some persons' minds. The executioner, although a city grocer, was not of sufficient authority, by his act of quadripartite division, to upset the old and over true proverb of a goose being a wasteful bird, too much for two, and not enough for three. But to our quotation ;

*Amnicola imprimis grandævus prodiit anser  
(Anser centenum qui jam reachaverat annum.)  
Ut Nestor sapiens ; yet still animosus ut Ajax !  
Hunc tamen aggreditur certus great, great city grocer  
Solus, et in quatuor (multo sudore fluente)  
Desecuit partes ! populorum non sine plausu.*

The majority of the allusions in this poem are so confined to the

party politics of the day in which it was written, that they would lose much of their force, unless propped up with sundry heavy notes of names and dates. The rising however of Bevil to move the resolutions, the scene of harmonious discord consequent on his oration, his attitude, the cries of the three hundred martyrs to their host's wine, and the quiet subsiding of the fluent orator into the calm reader, are so like every-day occurrences in our own times that they may well admit of quotation.

Thick shortus sed homo (cui nomen, credo, Bevellus),  
 Upstartans medio, superet subsellia scandens  
 Omnis conventus oculos atque ora trahebat.  
*Breech-pocket one hand fills ; tortam tenet altera chartam ;*  
 Chartam morosis plenam sharpisque resolvit.  
 Tam pandit *big-mouth*—atque, O ! quæ grandia verba  
 Protulit hic noster Cicero !.....  
 ..... repente  
 Auditur strepitus discors ; dum voce sonora,  
 Pars una "*Hear,*" "*Hear him !*" "*Move !*" "*Move !*" pars altera clamat :  
*Move ! move !* prævaluit, tamen, et *though greatly* reluctans,  
 Orator vehemens fit lector frigidus—atque  
 Undenas promit tarde torveque RESOLVAS.

Dr. Geddes's ode to Mr. Pitt next deserves attention. Suddenly inspired with a wish of celebrating the minister of ministers, the poet summons his mortal handmaiden to bring paper, pen, and ink—*chartam, calamos et inkum*—whilst at the same time he calls on the muse of the greatest of Macaronic poets, old Merlin Cocaius, to befriend him in his attempts to imitate in one ode the power of the Theban bard and the sweetness of the Lesbian songstress. But here arises a question about instruments: the rude harp on which the Bæotian lied about sundry cab and coach drivers, horse-jockeys and prize-fighters, is equally unsuited to the Macaronic muse with the lyre on which the Lesbian poured out her amatory complaints. Two full toned instruments are offered to him, the Jew's-harp and the Scottish bagpipes ; his ode is suited to either. At one time the minister is a star, at another a king among kings : now the cold chastity of his disposition, now the diurnal regularity with which he sacrifices to Ceres and Bacchus, is celebrated. Again the poet passes on to the wonders of his memory, the witchery of his eloquence. Hear the muse.

An canam mirum memoremque mentem  
 Nulla quæ *forgets*, meminisse quorum  
 Interest ; quorum juvat oblivisci  
                     Nulla remembrat.  
 Larga verborum potius canenda  
 Flumina ; istudque eloquium *bewitching*  
 Quo sacrosancti patulas senatus  
                     Fascinat aures.

No sooner satiated with one wonder, the muse is arrested in her course by the fantoccini-like movements of the three hundred senators.

The fifteen score of wise compeers,  
 With gaping mouths, and pucked up ears ;  
 who moved by his godlike nod,  
 Move every way that he requires,  
 Squeak *aye* and *no* at his desires.

Wonder-stricken even to sympathetic paralysis by that mighty man, of whom the poet can say,

Ille *with ease* can *facere* alba nigra,  
Rendere et lucem piceas tenebras,  
Ille *can* rursum piceas tenebras  
Rendere lucem.

The minister's skill in exciting wars and tumults, and frightening, "unico blasto," the Russian bear, and "unico gestu," the Iberian fox crave the time and labour of the poet, ere he records Pitt's good intentions towards the French armies, foiled by his own commanders.

Ille gallorum impavidus catervas  
Certius certo Zabulo dedisset  
Si bonas plannas, bonus imperator,  
Exercitasset.

At the sixteenth stanza the muse becomes excited. The minister comes forth not only as the defender of kings and princes, and the punisher of rebellious subjects—not only as a lawyer capable of exacting more quiddities from an act of parliament than even a Coke—but as the cleverest ferret after puff plots, and *id genus omne* of conspiracies and rebellions. Once mounted on her courser of adulation, the muse rides on gloriously, until the word TAXES appears as a deep ditch on her road. With a sudden deep-drawn sigh she checks her Pegasus with the rein, and once more descends to only moderate praise, and ere long flies off from the minister to his supporters, and strives to forget even the income-tax in the praises of Rose, Dundas, and Richmond. Anon she sees a vast company of deserters from the ranks of the opposition.

See greater names the phalanx join  
And leave the phalanx jacobine  
With royal approbation.

Among them Portland's duke

famosus olim  
Whiggus, et whiggorum caput—

becomes, under the bland and persuasive eloquence of the minister, Flammæus Toræus. A Mansfield draws out his long words and sentences against his former friends, whilst Wyndham,

The prince of those who vend  
Rare logomachies without end ;

the former patron of the people—now

Sponte conversus, populi querelas  
*Cares not a fig for.*

As for the rest of the attendant crowd, the poet dismisses them without a word, loyal followers indeed of the king and his boy minister—*pueri ministri*—but mere ciphers—*nam numeri sunt*. The poet's working tools are laid aside, the muse macaronic returns to her mid-day siesta, the poet to his wine.

Of Doctor Geddes's other poem, the Bardomachia, we have been unable to obtain a copy, and cannot, therefore, offer either an account or a specimen of it. And thus having brought down our account of Macaronic poetry to the beginning of this century, we close this our second paper.

## PHILOMELOPHAGY.

I wish, thought I to myself, as I sat last night in the beautiful park (those who know Pau will long remember it, with its distant view of the snow-clad Pyrenees, and its river flowing with "a sweet inland murmur"); I wish the French would not eat the nightingales. Let them imitate Rome in all her other refinements, and welcome; let them even not spare the rod to the infant pig, but bring him to table made meat for the gods, by a judicious and not over-hasty course of chastisement. In a word,

For brevity is very good,  
When w' are, or are not understood,

let them whip their pigs to death, and small blame to them.

Who but a savage would compare for a moment the flavour of the jugulated with that of the chastened porker? The one contaminated by the murderous iron, dies like a ruffian choked with passion, and in the utterance of a prolonged squeal: the other like a martyr, as he is, in the odour of sanctity, and purified from the sty by the rod, resigns his breath with a sigh. And then when brought to table, what lily of the valley can vie with him in delicacy of complexion!

Yet would I not be thought to be preaching up the doctrine of porcine castigation. I am not the one to advise that the pig should be placed on the same footing with the military. Albeit I am not insensible to the advantages of the system, yet would I not be the first to exhort my countrymen to a practice which might shock the over-sensitive, and would most assuredly ruin the knife-grinder. My maxim is, "live and let live;" the knife-grinder I mean of course, not the porker; his doom was fixed long ago, the only question being, whether he is to be allowed the crown of martyrdom like Sancho, if in his dutiful anxiety he had disciplined the flesh overmuch, or whether our friend is to die in the common manner.

No—let our neighbours have all the credit of the revival of this philosophic expedient. Let them take out their brevet of invention, and we will be content to masticate this delicious morsel of their providing. The patentee shall advertise in all the continental journals. The Jews and all other non-porking denominations, shall enjoy a six weeks dispensation, purchased by general subscription. The theatres at Paris shall postpone their representations, and become temporary restaurants: ten francs shall purchase a box-seat and a plate of "*cochon au fouet*." The refined in taste, but low in pocket, shall for two francs inhale the delicate aroma in the gallery.

Yes, whip your "frightful pigs" (as one of our grunter-breeding representatives the other night called the injured *cochons* of La Belle France), whip your frightful pigs into convulsions—into syllabubs; but do not, for mercy's sake, make your nightingales into pies.

In the south of France, the singing of birds, that most soothing of all sounds, is heard but little. Poachers and pot-hunters as the French are, all May through we had *perdreaux* at the *table-d'hôte* in

Paris. As soon as all the hen-birds have been destroyed on the nest, and every precaution taken to prevent a supply for next season, the sportsman turns his attention to smaller game: not a tomtit chirps but down he comes; and what wonder if the robin and the wren, canonized in the ornithological calendar as "God's cock and hen," fall victims also. Off goes the gun, and off goes also a veteran pointer with an unequivocal cross of the mastiff, discumbered not unfrequently of his tail and ears. Little recks he of the down-charge maxims so carefully instilled into our dogs: in fact, he has established for himself what our government are trying so hard to do—a right of search.

I could pardon you for stewing down your sparrows and chaffinches, with here and there a carrion-crow to impart a gusto; nay, if your Israelitish eyes were cast with longing on thrushes and blackbirds, I could overlook it, for you have a classical excuse in the wonderful legend of the two dozen birds of that species, which were so miraculously and shadrach-mesheck-and-abednegoically\* sustained alive and in full song in the baked pie.

Show me the *artiste* of the French school who could produce as dainty a dish of nightingales as the old-fashioned cook, in the song known as "the song of sixpence and the pocket full of rye," fabricated of blackbirds.

"What!" says the indignant restaurateur, the greasy old ruffian in a brown paper-cap! "Why, bless my soul! what did he know of chemistry? I'd engage to make a better *pâté* of cockchafers!"

"But Monsieur le Restaurateur, *revenons à nous moutons*, it was of nightingales, not cockchafers, you were to make your pie."

"True, sir; give me two dozen *rossignols*, and I'll make you a *pâté* as far superior to that of the antiquated *cuisinier* as a truffle is to a brickbat. I should open them, stuff them with the trail of humming-birds, dress them with woodcock's marrow, and bake them in twenty-six minutes and a half to a second."

"And then Monsieur l'Artiste, you'd answer for its proving a most toothsome *morceau*?"

"I'd stake my reputation upon it, sir."

"But—excuse the question—would your nightingales sing on the removal of the pie-crust?"

And this I take to be the true light in which the question should be viewed.

Here at least my much-beloved Philomel may sing undisturbed. In these lovely groves the feathered tribes enjoy an asylum like that established by the eccentric gentleman of Yorkshire, who saddled the crocodile, and published his autobiography with that funny portrait for a frontispiece. Every thicket in these grounds is vocal; in every bush the nightingale "sits darkling."

Ye ruffians, who could gaze with all a gourmand's satisfaction at the frizzling pan of little tongues, each of which would have solaced the lovelorn swain for six weeks in the year, would that I could regale myself with a choice *vol-au-vent* of your eyelids!

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\* The author of the "Doctor" is sufficient authority for my coining this word. If I remember right, he renders the Latin *pavonicè* by a word of his own,—peacockically.



I would have thee, thou

Most musical, most melancholy bird

live out thy youth in one long amorous jug-jug, and when thou art become infirm and old, and like the Last Minstrel "canst no more sing of love," thou shouldst be wrapped in flannels, and fed by a matronly spoonbill.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,

how tame in comparison "Italian trills;" How earnestly each season did my young heart long for the opening concert! Nor could I even now envy the man who could hear without regret, "the shallow cuckoo's bill" commence the season. Albeit to me, as to Milton, friend Philomel "from year to year has sung too late for my relief;" yet will I still hope on, and turn a deaf ear, O cuckoo, to thy ominous cry.

I cannot resist saying one word for this cuckoo; and surely (disreputable bird that he is) he needs it. Despised and avoided by all duly wedded pairs; looked on with evil eye by Parson Rook (who as he is reported to have buried Cock Robin, performs in all probability the nuptial rite also)—not allowed by the owls and other poor-law guardians to establish a settlement;—chased away by the kite who acts as "*parochial beadle*"; the misguided pair is driven abroad to roam. She, poor dear, in an interesting situation, "begirt with growing infancy," what can she do? No lying-in hospital will receive her, for these institutions, among birds as among the English, are founded for "respectable married females." In such a predicament who can blame the improvident pair for laying the little stranger at the door of the hedge-sparrow, or any other good-natured fool of a bird that they can find willing to adopt it. The hedge-sparrow does it, as my uncle Toby said his mother used to do it, "out of principle." He is a wise father that knows his own son; but he must be a much wiser cuckoo that knows his deserted *ab ovo* three weeks before he saw the light. The little feathered Tom Jones never falls in with his father, except perhaps in a fortuitous struggle for some eligible maggot.

I said I would say a word for the poor cuckoo, and I will; but I have no certificate of character to produce: I can but appeal to the feelings of my readers. With all the rakish life he leads, I believe him to be an unhappy, a disappointed bird. His sad song (if song it can be called) is the breathing of a conscience-smitten spirit. As he sits all alone and repeats his melancholy solo on two monotonous notes, does he not seem to be chanting his own penitential psalm? Who knows what judicious kindness might do? Send a missionary turtle-dove, for instance, to teach him to build his own house of wicker-work, on Bill Atkins's plan in Robinson Crusoe's island. Who can say but perhaps he might settle down, and like Miss Pugsley take to laying and hatching his own eggs?

Give a dog a bad name, and you have heard probably what a dismal fortune is likely to be his. 'Tis just the same with the cuckoo. Try if you can get a few of the more respectable birds to drop a card upon him, or honour him with a visit, though but a flying one: induce, for instance, the heron and the pheasant, and a few more great birds to set the example, and those of little note would soon cease from annoying

him. The jay's chattering scandal, the scornful whisk of dame magpie's tail, and the biting sarcasms of the mocking-bird would be effectually stopped. The cuckoo, flattered by these civilities, would soon cease from his gipsy habits: he would take lodgings in the best branch of a fashionable tree, forget his oft-expressed aversion to matrimony, and make his mistress an honest cuckoo at last. In a word he would become quite another bird; advertise in the "*Hirondelle*" or "*Highflier*" journal for the long-neglected cuckoos, and settle a handsome annuity on their fostermother, the hedge-sparrow.

Mr. Waterton regaled his friends one day with some young carrion crows in a pie: he had them dressed *en pigeon*, and represented his dish as a veritable "dove-tart." Now I deal more candidly; and meeting the other day with a friend of mine, a Frenchman, and an inveterate philomelophagist, I told him downright, and without mincing the matter, that I had a crow to pick with him. My friend turned pale, for he is very *recherché* in his *cuisine*; however he tried to appear composed, and bowing very low took off his hat to me, an operation which he repeated six times, alternately raising and depressing it like the machine, used for driving piles, called the "monkey."

"I wish," said I, "I do wish that you wouldn't shoot all the nightingales."

"But why not? You must allow they make capital pies."

"Ay, but they sing, you know."

"They do," said the Frenchman, with perfect *sang-froid*, "and cocks crow, but we wring their necks for all that."

"Then you don't admire their melting sweetness?"

"O! pardon me, I could eat them all day long!"

"Pshaw! I meant their sweetness of voice."

"Why, you see, the fact is, I have a box at the Académie Française, and hear Duprés sing all the season."

"Ah! I understand; but won't you give up eating nightingales for the sake of those who do not go to the opera?"

"My dear fellow, I should be most delighted to promise you any thing in reason, but really—by the by just come and taste the new thing; it's *armadillo à la tortue*, and is by far the most brilliant discovery that has been made since Ude made his sausages to eat like cucumbers."

"Exquisite!" said I, as I palated the delicious mouthful, after devoting four minutes to the enjoyment of the flavour. And with this reflection I left the room, and shall leave this subject.

"'Tis easier," thought I, "to instil a new taste than to counteract an old one. I couldn't for the life of me make him give up nightingales, but he soon taught me to like armadillo."

PEREGRINE.



## REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

## No. IX.

## A CONFESSION.

I HAD finished my education, my diploma and licence were obtained, and now, a medical practitioner, I was to go forth into the world to look for that (no doubt) abundant harvest, of which I had thus completed so arduous and expensive a seed-time. While I was yet in ignorance how or where to commence the gathering in, a tolerable situation was, by the exertions of my friends, procured for me—viz., that of resident or house-surgeon at an hospital, then just erected in a rising town in the south of Ireland. I accepted it, and forthwith transported myself and effects to the place, and entered upon my new duties.

It was part of these to keep a journal of the cases, recording the causes, progress, and daily changing symptoms of disease in each patient. Every report was required to commence with a short account of the name, appearance, employment, &c., of the individual, and the circumstances that had preceded or caused the injury or attack. The following narrative is founded upon one of such reports :

My apartments in the hospital were just over the entrance-hall ; the windows of my sitting-room looking down the avenue that led from the door, through the middle of a small field of grass in front of the building, to one of the quiet suburban streets of the town.

At this window I sat one afternoon looking out in a sort of dreamy, inattentive mood, when, on a sudden, my eye was caught by the scarlet coats and glittering arms of a body of four or five soldiers, who came into view in the usually unfrequented street, surrounding a cart, and keeping off a crowd of people who were running alongside, jumping on each other's shoulders, and making other efforts to obtain a view into it.

They entered the enclosure in front, and moved up the avenue, one of them remaining behind at the gate to keep back the people that followed. As the cart came nearer, I could see in it, from where I sat, an individual laid along, covered with some bedclothes and canvass, and I immediately concluded it to be a patient,—yet why one should come so strangely attended, rather excited my curiosity. I went out to make inquiries, and was informed by the corporal in charge, that he was an illicit distiller, recently apprehended, and had been passed on from some place in a distant part of the country, to be confined in the gaol of the town. Moreover, that somehow in his capture he had been very dangerously wounded, and was sent to the hospital, it being intended that one of them should keep constant guard upon him, till either he died or could be removed to prison.

I had him immediately taken into the house, and put to bed in a small apartment that branched off from one of the wards ; while in the

latter, a great-whiskered soldier forthwith took up his position, giving, certainly, rather a striking aspect to the scene.

The kindness with which I treated my patient, and the care I took to prevent him from unnecessary shaking in being carried to his room, appeared to have won for me his good graces, which were much further gained by a glass of warm spirits and water, which I considered it advisable to give him by way of stimulant. His name he gave me as Philip Erris, but I am convinced that this was not his actual appellation. I was surprised to hear him speak very good and grammatical English, dashed certainly with the accent of his country, but totally different from the somewhat unpleasant patois of the locality.

On proceeding to the necessary examination, I found his whole body to be one mass of injury—shattered with many fractures: indeed, it has been always a matter of wonder to me how he could, for one moment, survive such an infliction, much more how he could bear to be carried so far and so roughly. But the chief seat of lesion was in the back. His spine was so much bruised, that he had lost all power and sense in his body and extremities. Not a muscle could he move, save those of the neck and face, and he lay upon his back, every now and then giving his head a sudden jerk, accompanied by a twitching grin, half ludicrous, half fearful, but at any rate singularly unnatural in its expression.

The pain he felt must have been very poignant: he said it seemed, in every twinge, as if a red-hot poker had been thrust down between his clothes and the skin of his back. His face and hair were wet with perspiration, and his eye burned with a fitful, glancing lustre, a frightening indication of the agony the spirit, whose index it was, was enduring. Frequently, too, the beginning as it were of a deep groan would be forced from him, but catching it short off by the middle (if I may use the expression), he would clench his teeth, and, holding his breath for a little, would let it escape slowly and softly out, so as not to produce any sound.

The bones of his lower limbs were completely smashed, and his haunches had been crushed together; but of these parts he made no complaint—they had neither motion nor feeling; the threads that connected them with the thinking centre, were snapped asunder: to him they were even as the flesh of another man. In the morning of that day he had possessed some sensation and power of motion in his arms and hands—that was all gone now; nothing but his neck, head, and features obeyed his will, and the disorganization appeared to be rapidly creeping up toward the brain.

He had been a short, thin, wiry man, of a most active make, and was dark complexioned, with sharp, strongly-marked features, very expressive. His hair was grizzled, and on each cheek was a patch of burning red, the hectic of exceeding pain.)

His bearing and language were very reckless—evidently so by effort: indeed, he seemed desirous of dying *hard*, as I believe the word is used.

On my inquiring his calling and the circumstances of his injury, he replied,

"It's no use, doctor, my sack is run\*—I feel it. I shall cheat somebody, I know. Could you spare me a drop more of that *last medicine*? It's the only thing that's like to do me good now."

"No, my good man, I am afraid, rather, you have got an overdose of that same drug."

"Yes," said he, "I got a taste at every public-house as we came along; had it not been for that, I should have *kicked* this morning—not that I care much about that, as there's no helping it, I believe; but I thought it would be as well to enjoy what I could of the creature, before going to a quarter where there will be little or no potyeen, whatever else there may be in plenty."

My curiosity was strongly excited to learn the way in which such an extensive and singular injury had been received. I redoubled question on question with the view to elicit it.

At length when, observing him to be a very intelligent man, I had shown him, in the journal, the commencement of several other reports, a new idea appeared to arise in his mind.

"How many hours have I to live, doctor?" said he; "come be honest,—one, two, or three think you?"

I took refuge from this question in a shake of the head, as wise as so young a practitioner could be expected to accomplish.

"Well," said he, in a ruminating way, "I don't care if I do tell you a thing or two for a change:—they have been now some twenty years at least untold, and to tell them you will have quite the charm of variety; so come nearer, and I will give you a report that will bang e'er a one in your writing-book."

When I was a very young man, I believe I was what is called a wild going slip of a lad. I was fond of company, and that none of the most refined or select description;—fond of late hours;—a passionate adorer of the sex—a devoted sportsman, at least in cock and dog fighting, badger-drawing, and general gaming. Besides, I took to drinking very early—indeed I have no recollection of perfect sobriety. Nor was this latter fact so unnatural, for my father was a distiller, a manufacturer of spirits, on the most extensive scale of any in the south of Ireland.

He managed the manufacture himself, and our house was part of the buildings of the distillery. I was his only son, and as my mother had left his house, on account of something or other, I had no one to look sharp after me; so that, wandering about among the workmen, I speedily acquired a thorough practical knowledge of whiskey, in all its departments—malting, distilling, and drinking. He was a very old man, of a disposition exceedingly obstinate and overbearing,—a strictly moral person, and of all the formalities of religion most rigidly observant: actuated all the while by, I fervently believe, the sincerest devotional sentiments. He was a protestant, and belonged to a very strict community of sectarians, most intolerant of any the lightest solecisms in morality. Again, he was penurious to the last degree, holding liberality a mortal sin,—nay, even common mirth he considered as a degree of evil.

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\* To "run a sack" is, I believe, the technical expression among the illicit distillers in Ireland for malting and distilling a bag of grain.

His whole thoughts, for this world, were directed to his business,—to his distillery :—he had made it what it was (having begun life upon a very limited scale), and to make it this, had been the grand object of his lifetime :—he looked upon it, and felt towards it as one might regard a child of his own, that had grown up under his training to be a brawny and powerful man.

My mother was quite a girl, when her friends, dazzled by his wealth and upright character, forced her upon him. They never took to each other, for she was a light-thinking, giddy creature. Worse than that was said of her ; but she was my mother, and on that point I will speak no further, save that whether she left his house, according to some accounts, or he turned her out of it, as other stories run, she lived on a separate maintenance, in a distant part of the country, till I was nearly grown up, when she died, of what ailment I could never learn precisely.

My father took care to provide for me the best education the place could afford ; but, in addition, required that I should give all my serious attention to the distillery, and consider myself as born to carry on and increase the trade. This was his favourite phrase, as it was his favourite idea. He seemed to think, not that he had established a business to support his offspring, but that he had got offspring to support his business.

But I was idle and dissipated, and conceal it as I might—and very well I did it—it came to his knowledge ; and most fearful scenes sometimes occurred between us. We lived in the loneliest way, saw no friends, and had but three servants,—one a poor weak old man, labouring under a chronic disease, who had been browbeaten into a state of almost perfect idiocy ; the other, cook and housemaid, and the third a coarse girl of all-work. From such a home, you may well credit me, I absented myself to the extremest limits prudence could define.

But suddenly that house acquired a charm that bound me to it with an attraction in itself a thousand-fold more potent than all the many temptations that had erewhile drawn me from it.

One of our housemaids,—and the practice had been regular with a long succession of them,—wearied of my father's manner, left as soon as she could with safety to her wages, and he immediately procured another in her stead.

How or where he found her I never knew. I gave myself no concern, but the moment I saw her I formed a purpose, the guilt of which often rises up in my mind recriminatively, when I lament at my destiny.

She was very beautiful. I have seen many women in my restless lifetime, in many parts of the world, some of them celebrated ; but certainly she was the most lovely my eyes ever drank delight from looking on. I am convinced that any man, whatever might have been his highest motive, his most enthusiastic pursuit, the instant her smile lighted on him would have forsaken, forgotten that motive or pursuit,—his ruling passion would have been changed to love,—his highest aspiration would have become to acquire the regard of one so surpassingly attractive. She was Irish, and possessed of all the witchery of glance, all the enchanting grace of movement, all the heart-subduing sweetness of manner for which her countrywomen are always and every



where distinguished. She was darkly, dangerously beautiful,—too glittering to be good ; her beauty was that of a Circe,—tempting to evil : there was something mystic, unholy in it. Could you imagine a spirit of the lower world assuming a face to ensnare men's souls withal ? Hers was such an aspect.

I have said that from the first moment I saw her I was resolved on her ruin ;—alas, it was like a wolf resolving on the destruction of a constrictor serpent ! Yes, while I was scheming how to effect my blind purpose, she had wound the fatal folds of her enchantment around me, and when she girded tighter the coil, I felt myself at her mercy. I was the ruined party.

For several months I scarcely ever left the house, there remaining continually, in fascinating but fatal dalliance with her. My excuse to my father for neglecting the counting-room was illness ; and I am sure it was the truth ; if I was not sick then there is no such thing as sickness. She became to me as a superior creature, something to be worshipped, feared, prayed to, propitiated with offerings. I have known what it is to be under the influence of those strongest of passions, hatred and revenge, as you shall hear presently ; but, in their most energetic action on my thoughts and feelings, they were as nothing to the ardent, slavish love that bowed my spirit to the very dust before this woman. My father's money I lavishly bestowed upon her and her connexions ; and as the books had fallen much behind through my neglect,—indisposition, as my father believed,—I found no difficulty in establishing a cousin of hers, apparently a man of much acuteness, in the counting-house, as chief clerk. This was a measure which she had used all her blandishment to induce me to effect,—well seconded by his cringing manner and humble, poverty-stricken aspect.

But this was a trifle to the sacrifices she required from me : my very religion I changed to gratify her. She was a Roman Catholic, and I must become one too. A whispered sentence, a smile and a kiss, overturned all the arguments of Calvin, Knox, and Zuingli. This was not so important a matter on the score of conscience, for I had never paid any great attention to matters of faith ; but what would my father think—the bigoted sectarian ? Worse, what would he do ? Though I had never borne for him much reverence, I trembled as I renounced his creed. I knew I was putting in jeopardy my very bread ;—it was, therefore, with the utmost secrecy that I adopted and practised my new form of religion.

Shortly after this, the priest to whom she brought me performed a clandestine ceremony of marriage between us, when I had, after most vehement prayers and protestations, obtained from her a tardy consent. I thought that day the happiest of my life,—in very truth it was ; never did I drain such a cup of bliss ! I had been a gainer on the turf, in the cockpit, and in the bullring,—I had had runs of luck at cards, and days of rioting and merriment. Such were the highest pleasures I had previously known ; when I thought on them, and compared them with the distracting joy of altogether possessing Ellen Lucas I laughed in wonder and scorn at them, and those that had shared them with me.

I was intoxicated with my new delight : I almost altogether forsook the business ; whilst my peculations upon my father's money became

so extensive and systematic as to excite his fears and suspicions, though they as yet rested upon no particular individual. She was still staying as servant in the house.

In the mean time the man Ormond, her relation, to whom I had given the situation of clerk, continued to rise higher and higher in my father's estimation. He was most devoted to his duty, regular in his habits, flatteringly attentive to the old man's whims and peculiarities—indeed, was the very *beau idéal* of a faithful servant, and soon acquired the complete and absolute confidence of his master.

Still amid all this my heart was haunted with continual doubts; my father must find out, sooner or later, my recent proceedings, and I trembled for the issue.

I was altogether dependant upon him; not one morsel of bread could I earn by my own powers or resources. I knew intimately all the complicated processes of the distillery, but I had never applied the hand;—indeed, my habits were altogether inconsistent with daily labour. If he were to cast me off, I should be a beggar; and she with whom I had promised to share the proceeds of our princely business!—love would spring from her bosom,—that love on which almost my existence now depended, and give place to the anger, the hatred, and all the bitterness with which poverty and want supplant the warmer affections.

But now the thought arose in my mind,—What if my father should die? Should not I be lord of this great trade, and able to pour thousands into her lap. I began to hope, to wish, and at last I determined on his end, and set coolly and systematically to think over it,—yes, procured books, medical and of other descriptions, studied them, and hatched up in my mind for some method of putting him secretly and unsuspectedly out of the way. You shudder! When you have seen a few more deathbeds, you will take such a confession more coolly.”

(I was much horrified by this most atrocious acknowledgment, and had unconsciously made some gestures indicative of this feeling. He saw my emotion, and sneered, as if pitying my ignorance of human nature. It seemed to render the unnatural villain desirous of adding yet more to the hideous interest of his account.)

“Well, while this was going on my father came into the house one afternoon in a state of fearful excitement;—he had discovered all. Never before had I seen him in such a fury. He vehemently protested I could not be of his blood,—launched curses at me, my mother, and her relations; even her native district of country did not escape. Then he attacked me on account of my apostacy, as he called it, accused me of robbery of his money, vehemently asserted he would prosecute me: then coming to my marriage, upbraided me with a number of sins I had no idea I was guilty of. He would not call by the name marriage any ceremony performed by a Catholic priest, but styled it cohabiting with a woman of abandoned character—a servant—when he himself had arranged a match suitable for me, and proportioned to his rank in business. Finally, he loudly assured me that not a farthing of the fortune he had accumulated should ever go to support my paramour, myself, or one of my mother's blood. No! he would go next day and make a will, disinheriting me, and would publish an advertisement in the newspapers renouncing all connexion with me.

But ere he had got this length, my passion had arisen, and now equalled his own. I accused him of hypocrisy, dishonesty, and cruel treatment of my mother. I told him I rejoiced to think her fame had been aspersed, and that there was a probability of my being no child of his.

Here he became perfectly frantic, struck me, rained blows upon me. I resisted—retaliated—in short, we had a regular fight, and he being somewhat of the weakest, had the worst of it. He screamed for help, and the constables rushed in. Had they not, I verily believe I should have brought my career of crime to an earlier termination, for I saw a razor laid on the top of a glass over the chimney-piece, and had thought of dragging him *to it* across the floor.”

(He made a long pause here. I may state that during this latter part of the narration, the look of bodily suffering completely left his face, being supplanted by an expression of excited passion, evidently raised in his mind by the recollection of these events.)

“As soon as he could speak articulately, he directed them to seize me; and, while they held me fast, thrust me with his own hands out of the house. Immediately after, and while I yet stood almost crying with balked fury, and my face burning with shame, my wife was pushed out, lamenting and screaming, her chest being bundled out after her; the door was shut, and there we stood together among a large crowd that had collected, exposed to curiosity, compassion, wonder, or ridicule, according to the humours of the individuals composing it.

We found our way to a wretched lodging, with which, in my former days, my adventures had made me acquainted, and with the produce of some jewellery I had presented to her, and which was in her chest, managed to sustain life for some time.

Shortly after the above occurrences, I saw in a newspaper an advertisement, signed by my father, informing the public that all connexion between us had ceased; and that for any debts contracted by me after that date, he would not hold himself responsible.

Not long after, another appeared, stating that the spirit manufacturing business hitherto conducted by Patrick Erris, would in future be carried on under the firm of “Erris and Ormond,” John Ormond having been admitted as managing partner into the concern. This last was signed severally—Philip Erris and John Ormond.

When I read these announcements, I first perceived the full extent of the misfortune I had brought upon myself.

I went to Ellen, and with drooping spirits told her of the facts. A torrent of upbraiding was my reward, for I now began to find her wilful, spiteful, ill-humoured,—a perpetual scold; but, believe me as you may, not one whit had my passion for her abated: her fatal power over me seemed rather to have increased. When she was out of temper I was miserable, and her smiles became only the more precious from their rarity.

Judge then of my state, when I began to see her conduct, and evidently her feelings toward me, undergoing a rapid change. I was becoming indifferent to her—my pipe was out as they say; somebody else had supplanted me in her affections. Long I endeavoured to blind myself to the fact; but at last it became too palpable. I became jealous. Still my love fiercely burned for her; but it was equalled by hatred

of him, whoever he might be, whose image had thrown me into dark eclipse.

Gracious Heaven! were you ever jealous of your wife, eh? Oh, you don't know what it is! I stated to her my fears and suspicions—she looked at me with contempt, and said nothing.

I became very wretched; my spirits sank. Our funds, too, were now exhausted, and this added to the misery I felt. I never knew what this world was till I came to want money.

At once the thought rose in my mind, that if plenty once more smiled upon us, her affection for me would be rekindled. I resolved to go back to my father, state my penitence, and appealing to his natural affection, implore a restoration to his house, and to the station and prospects of his son.

I did this, and you may know the strength of the motive that could induce me to undergo such a humiliation. I found him at the works. He appeared much changed for the worse by the scenes that had occurred.

The moment he saw me, all his anger returned—a paroxysm of rage came upon him. I knelt to him, and prayed his forgiveness. I wept and grovelled on the earth in the abjectness of my entreaties: yes, in the presence of those workmen whom I had commanded as a master! His passion only increased. I turned to Ormond, who stood by, and reminding him of what I had done for him, urged his intercession with my exasperated parent. But the villain only laughed at me, and looking, as he mocked, to the men, they joined with hootings in the ridicule, and speedily my father, with their assistance, seizing me, gave me in charge to a constable, and had me removed to the stationhouse, where I was confined forty-eight hours for drunkenness—for I really had taken a glass or so with the view of screwing up my nerves for the nonce, and to this account the magistrate laid the extravagance of my behaviour.

But, after all, the thing that most amazed me was the conduct of the scoundrel Ormond. I could not believe my own recollection.

Surely, thought I, I must have deceived myself: he has been only acting;—aware as he is of my father's temper, he has been only feigning this treatment of me in order not to lose his favour. No doubt he cherishes toward me the warmest feelings of gratitude, respect, and sympathy, and is continually endeavouring, in the way he deems most safe and suitable, to turn away the old man's wrath. I will seek him alone, and we will concoct together some plan for a reconciliation.

Two or three evenings after that, when hunger—positive want of food—had been added to my sufferings, I watched for him, and at length observed him, after seeing the large gates of the distillery locked, walk away along the dark and lone street in which it stood.

I met him, and going close to him wished him a good evening, and began immediately, and with perfect confidence, to remark upon the circumstances I have detailed. Stopping short, however, as we walked, he interrupted me.

“Hark ye, Philip,” said he, addressing me with contemptuous familiarity, “I say it at once and for all, and pray keep mind of it for the future, I desire to have nothing to say to you, and nothing to do with you. It is not probable I shall require your interest with the old

gentleman any further. My income as junior partner, though only a sixth of the net returns, is amply comfortable just now, especially as I have in prospect the goodwill, you understand, and possibly something more: lucky fellow! eh? But now, good evening. Don't annoy me. Give my kind love to Ellen Lucas when you see her next; tell her I hope she has not forgotten her old man."

At the beginning of this speech I thought he was in jest, but soon I saw the truth. But what—what means that last insinuation? Would he have me believe that any one—that *he*?—oh, madness! As the idea swelled and took form in my mind, I became perfectly frantic. I sprang at his throat, almost blinded with fury, and actually fastened on him with my teeth.

But he was a great heavy fellow, more than six feet in height, and as strong as an ox. He shook me off, and with a light cane he carried rained lashes on my face and shoulders. I stood up before him unwincingly. I would not have called for help or have turned to escape from him for a world. After a minute of this down I dropped in a dead faint, partly from the pain of the cuts, partly from excess of impotent rage.

It appeared he walked quietly away. As for me, I had fallen with my head in the kennel, and the cold water from the street running along speedily restored me to activity. I started up and skulked home.

I saw at once that as far as frame went, he was much my superior. As this thought rose in my mind I laughed in my heart as I set my mind to scheme up some deep plan of retaliation, in which I did not care if I was myself involved, provided only my desire of vengeance was fully glutted.

But the wormwood was in the treatment I now received from her. Every object of mine that she could thwart she did: every word she contradicted, whilst she made me a subject of continual vituperation and ridicule to the wretched associates with whom our misery made us herd; and her murmuring and repining never ceased. This from any indifferent person would have been intolerable; from her toward whom my vehement love had as yet suffered no abatement, it was distracting. I flew for relief to my old consolation—liquor; and, for a while, I became a street pest; continually wandering drunk about the town; hooted by boys; an object of public sport and contempt.

At length, when I had been confined to hard labour in the house of correction and been kept tolerably sober for a day or two, I reflected that this was never the way to accomplish what was now the great object of my existence. I made a firm resolution to keep as free from spirits as, considering my habits, I possibly could, and on leaving the prison proceeded to carry the plan into effect.

But when I left it a complicated piece of news burst upon me:—

My father, it was stated, had had his reason so far impaired as to require seclusion in an asylum for the insane, which was no doubt to be accounted for from my conduct and its accompanying circumstances. This was quite possible, I make no doubt, for the behaviour of his whole previous life had been such as to indicate a constitutional tendency to mental disorder; which probably, by the way, you may think I have inherited from him. But a striking particular was, that the whole

business was in the uncontrolled hands of Mr. Ormond, into which also the proceeds were flowing.

It was curious to hear the opinions of people that knew us. My father's madness was admitted on all hands, as also my own; indeed I was given to understand that my proceedings had given a considerable bias to the opinions of the doctors, whose certificates had authorized his confinement. We were a pitied family, and Mr. Ormond met with every commendation for his steadiness, rectitude, and business activity. I was also informed that he had at one time expressed his intention of having me too subjected to judicial inspection, and, if possible, despatched to the same quarters.

All this,—moreover that my father was in a very dangerous state, and not expected to survive, was told me by the keeper of a whiskey cellar, from whom I had been in the habit of getting my small daily supplies, and whose house was of course the first place I sought on being set at large.

On leaving this place I set off homeward, if the hole I had harboured in could be called by such a name. As I went I reflected on, and was amazed at, the singular run of luck that had blessed this most consummate scoundrel, Ormond, who had thus in a few months found his way to fortune over the necks of his benefactors. With my mind filled with working thoughts I slunk along through lanes and alleys toward the place where I had left Ellen the day of my imprisonment. As I drew near the place I began to conjecture, to hope, to be anxious—to dread. What was I to expect,—joy at my return, pity for my misfortunes, upbraiding for my misconduct,—or could any thing have happened to her in my absence?

I entered the house. She was not there! I inquired when she would be:—a loud laugh was the reply; and when it ceased I was told she had gone to stay with a gentleman.

A gentleman! I staggered back as if I had been struck on the head, while my heart whispered the name *Ormond*, but my tongue was silent. I could not speak—I turned round and left the place.

It was getting late in the evening, and almost unconsciously, I took my way towards his house. On my arrival there I found a hackney-carriage drawn up opposite the door. Presently out they came together,—yes, there she was, leaning on *his* arm! My eyes were riveted on her, as he led her forth, beaming in her strange beauty, bright as when she first seduced me, and decked out in splendid apparel and ornaments. Oh doctor, doctor, the thought of that sight yet maddens me, though twenty years have passed since then!

The first regular theatre we have had in this town had just been completed and was that night to be opened, and they were on their way to the scene.

They both saw me as they crossed the pavement. He laughed, and motioned her to look at me;—while she, my wife, affected to turn away and hang down her head.

I was frantic, I cannot describe to you the feelings that settled in my mind. Hatred—jealousy—not that fantastic emotion built on trifles light as air, but the dread passion of one who knows—who with his eyes sees himself betrayed: these, mingled with intense, unquenchable, and sorrowing, supplicating love to her, even now, and with



bitter self-condemnation filled my bosom. I felt my heart, as it were, swelling and rising up in my throat. Oh, how it beat, as my eye moved and rested on him! My first impulse was to attack him; but it was useless, he had ten times my strength, and I would only be exposing myself to new contumely, and in *her* presence. Would you believe it?—all I did was to stand and grin at him,—make faces at him—upon my soul. I could not help it, my whole frame was quivering with the emotion I was suppressing. They entered the carriage and drove away.

That night I committed my first theft. I had been guilty of cheating at cards and other games before, but this was my first case of regular stealing. With the proceeds I bought a pistol at an old-iron stall, and some powder, and procured leaden slugs by cutting fragments from the rain-pipes on the walls of houses. Having ascertained that the weapon was trustworthy, I lay in wait for them as they emerged from the theatre.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and they walked towards his house. I shrunk in the shadow behind them and listened. They were talking and laughing together. At length, watching my opportunity, I crept up close behind them. I raised the pistol, and pointed it at the back of his head, he was not two feet in advance of it. I slipped my finger to the trigger, and was about to pull.

“Strange,” thought I, “revenge is not such a sweet thing as I thought. What, shall an instantaneous death compensate for the mighty wrong he has wrought to me?”

My arm dropped to my side, and I stood stock still, looking after them, as gradually increasing their distance they moved away from me, all unconscious of my neighbourhood.

Next day I sought employment as a working distiller—with difficulty obtained it. I did not, however, long preserve it: my habits of idleness and intoxication were altogether inconsistent with it, and I was dismissed from the work.

This being the case, my last resource was to join with some old connexions of my dog-fighting days, and commence the manufacture of potyeen among the hills.

There were nearly a dozen of us in the gang, and we carried on the thing in the most systematic manner, occasionally diversifying the pursuit by a little smuggling through the Isle of Man into England—more frequently by fishing and shooting.

Some of us had followed the employment from their boyhood, but most were broken-down characters like myself, who took to it for their bread, but especially to be sure of a continual and plentiful supply of spirits. My knowledge of the processes as conducted on a large scale, was decidedly an acquisition, and I speedily acquired much influence in the party. Our apparatus was of the simplest description, light and easily removed, for we had no fixed place of working, but shifted about as occasion demanded.

It was a week here, and ten days there; now in an old barn, now in a hut in the middle of a bog; anon in some lonely cave in the mountains, or among the rocks of the shore, but always within a convenient distance from this town, where the chief market of our produce lay.

The prime seat of the manufacture, previous to my joining, had been

the ruins of an old castle, about eighteen or twenty miles from the town, and a couple or so from the sea-coast. One tower of it only remained standing, the rest being a heap of masses of stone and mortar. Beneath this tower was a large, low-roofed vault, whose only proper vent was a square trap in the arch, through which you descended into it. In order, however, to admit a current of air for their furnaces, they had dug a hole through the thickness of the wall which opened on the outside, close to the edge of a stream, and covered by brushwood and ivy.

This vault, however, was found to be so damp, as materially to interfere with the delicate processes necessary, as well as with the health of the operatives, some of whom caught their deaths there; and finally, though admirably adapted in so far as concealment went, it was abandoned.

When I had been a few days connected with the set, we found it most advantageous to ply the trade at an old mill which had been for some years in disuse. It is situated at a place called the Mill Hole, a wild spot on the coast, about twenty miles from here.

This place possessed peculiar points of merit. It was surrounded, landward, by miles of mountainous, almost uninhabited, moorland. A stream, coming from the hills, found its way to the sea beside it, washing its walls, and among the rocks through and over which it gushed, were innumerable crevices, most suitable for concealment. Moreover, the sea hard by afforded every convenience for the transport of our commodities; and possessed of all these advantages, we soon began to extend our speculations, and shortly attracted the attention of the authorities of this town.

Several licensed distillers formed a society for the suppression of the illicit trade, and kept a very high reward continually advertised for the conviction of offenders. The secretary of this society, and he whose name was affixed to the placards offering the reward, was no other than my old acquaintance, Mr. Ormond, of the firm of Erris and Ormond.

But we were not very apprehensive of any immediate danger, as our agent in the town had especially informed us that we were not at all suspected. This person proved to be a traitor—the temptation of the reward was too strong for him, and he betrayed the whole concern to Ormond, who immediately communicated with the high sheriff of the county.

The result was, that early one morning as a man named Quin and myself were engaged within the old mill, he, who was lying along upon the ground, thought he heard it vibrate with a heavy tread. We thought this might be the rest of our crew who had gone up to the tower for some grain, having with them a light, rickety cart or car with which we used to transport materials; but, on listening further, we perceived a regular measured step as of soldiers on the march. We ran out, and about a couple of hundred yards off saw a party of military, accompanied by two civilians. One of these was an excise-officer, the other was Ormond, in his capacity of secretary of the Protection Society.

The instant they saw us they quickened their pace into a run. Ormond recognised me. I saw him pointing me out with violent gesticulations to the officer that accompanied him. He was mounted on a

blood-horse—an exceedingly beautiful and spirited animal, and immediately gave chase to us.

I stood for a moment looking at him, my blood boiling with astonishment, hatred, and rage: the next moment, however, the instinct of self-preservation overcame these feelings, and turning, I ran rapidly after Quin towards the shore, close to which we had a small hooker moored. We rushed into the sea, and swam off, using our utmost exertions. Ormond came galloping up, ere we had made three strokes from the beach. Enraged at our escape, he made furious attempts to urge his horse yet after us; the animal, however, refusing to take the water, stopped short, reared, kicked, and finally threw him among the sand. He had preserved his grasp of the reins, and immediately springing up, began whipping the beast with great violence.

As soon as we got on board the hooker, we cast off the line that attached it to its grapnel, and rowed out with all speed to sea. When we had reached a safe distance, we lay upon our oars to watch their proceedings. We saw them first read over, probably by way of form, one or two papers, and immediately after they fell to work, and demolished our whole apparatus.

All this while Ormond was riding about the mill, interfering, directing, and making himself the busiest of all, appearing to be exulting in his work with a devilish glee.

And there was I lying inactive on my oar—a spectator from a distance, while my last means of earning my bread was being annihilated by him who had already robbed me of every other thing—station, wealth, love! What could I have done to him that, not content with this, he should pursue me still with such rancour—persecute me with such exterminating malignity? I had raised him from the very dunghill, and sent him to my own place. Oh, ingratitude,—most mortal of the sins that sink men's souls,—surely from the smoke of the bottomless pit didst thou draw the deep dye that blackens thy hideous front!

I felt as if struck dumb. While Quin, my companion, shrieked oaths and maledictions at them across the water, I remained mute and calm looking on, but the state of my thoughts during that fearful time! It was as if my whole mind were not an aggregate of faculties, as you philosophers will have it, but one single dread passion, *revenge!* My heart beat slowly and laboriously; there seemed to be a dull heavy mass weighing down my bosom—my skin felt cold—I actually shivered. Then in the silent thoughts of my own heart I prayed to the fiend, that I felt was there at the time, that he would glut me to the teeth with vengeance, though I should perish with the surfeit.

At length as the work of destruction continued in the ruin, a large quantity of spirits appeared to have caught fire; they were the firstlings or products of the first distillation, containing a large quantity of essential oil. The burst of flame was sudden, loud, and very bright, flashing through the small windows and crevices of the old building. Thereupon Ormond's horse, wild with fright, darted from the building, and flew madly up hillwards from the shore. In vain he attempted to rein or manage it, it bore him furiously on, and they disappeared behind a rising ground, while we could hear the rapid sounds of the galloping lessening, growing faint, but not slower, in the distance. The excise-officer rode a short way after him, but soon turned and came back alone.

Shortly after having completed the destruction of the still, they marched in a body away along the shore in the direction of the highway to this town, which passed about three or four miles distant.

As soon as we were satisfied of our safety, we rowed ashore and landed. On going to the mill we found every thing broken or burnt, not a stave of a tub remained entire. With heavy hearts we left the place, embarked again, and reached a quiet cove, a couple of miles down the shore; here we drew our boat up on the beach beside some fishermen's houses that we knew, and went up the country towards the tower.

On reaching this ruin, what was our surprise to find Ormond's horse standing among the fragments of building, tied to a stone, and dripping with perspiration! A loud sound of altercation reached our ears from the inner part of the tower, and presently out rushed two or three of our band, and immediately, with eager exultation, informed us that Ormond had been borne by his horse to the immediate vicinity, where it had terminated its race by falling to the ground.

They had immediately secured both the horse and its master, and he was now fast in the vault below, where formerly our still had been wrought.

When I heard this, the blood gushed to my head. I grew dizzy. I could hardly see; my heart beat with bursting force and rapidity; I could not speak; I felt a strong impulse to drop upon my knees, and return thanks to some superior power—not of heaven, certainly, for delivering him into our hands.

Not so Quin: partly by hurried speech, partly by signs, he gave them to understand the total destruction of our stills at the Mill Hole, and the active share in it of this our prisoner. The old building echoed with cries of execration, shouts of triumph, and for immediate vengeance. There were eight of us, every one excited almost to madness; but what was their joy, their fury, or their thirst for vengeance to mine?

We had a hurried consultation how we should proceed.

"Let me see him," cried I; "let me be sure of him. Bring him to look me in the face!"

Two of them immediately jumped into the vault and pushed him up through the trap. His hands and feet had been tied, and as they thrust him up into the light, he struggled much to avoid the sharp edges of the stones. As his head and chest appeared through the aperture, and while his eyes were yet blinded with the sudden change from darkness to bright light, Quin rushed to him, and dashed his fist with his whole force into his face. He fell back with a loud cry upon those below, but he was again pushed up, while the rest held Quin back. He was set upon his feet, and our boys dispersed from about him.

As soon as he saw me standing before him, his face, which had before been pale with fear, grew actually greenish-yellow in colour. He trembled violently, his knees knocked together, and he staggered; presently a flow of blood gushed to his face, and the red mingling with the yellow, produced a livid lurid hue, a satisfying indication of the thoughts that were passing in his mind.

I stood and glared at him with all the luxury of triumphant animosity, then going close to him—

"Now," I cried, "now you—"

(Here the narrator came out with a torrent of most ghastly imprecations, altogether unsuitable for any pages.)

"Now, whose hands are you in? Whose turn is it now? What have you to expect? How have you served me? Hearken, now, you black-hearted Judas, that betrayed your master—think over all that you have done to me, and reflect that with help from the devil, I will take the full equivalent of it out of your body! Before another sun rises, *you will be murdered!* I will have revenge! Do you know what *that is?*"

In this way I continued to rave in his ears till, in a paroxysm of fear, he turned to the rest, and imploring compassion, offered them rewards and immunity from the law if they would seize me and allow him to escape. But they laughed at him. Then he tried to intimidate us, telling us that if any violence were offered him, we should dearly pay the penalty; but finding this to be of as little avail, he dared to appeal to me, to promise me a sum of money, and a passage out of the country, if I would be his friend, and intercede with my comrades for him!

I was amazed.

"What!" cried I, "you have robbed me of every thing a man can have in this world—home, rank, wealth, and love. You are inhabiting my house, spending my fortune, filling my station in society, paramour of my wife! Yes, you most villanous of traitors—you have driven me to what I am! You have scoffed at me, whipped me, persecuted me to death, for no cause: and *now*, when I have you in my power, would it not be sweet revenge to take a few pounds of my own money, and go away from you out of the country?"

He remained speechless, and again the yellow tinge overspread his face as we seized upon him, and stifling his vain screams for mercy and help, put him down once more into the vault, and laying a broad, flat stone over the trap, heaped others upon it, to make assurance doubly sure.

We then entered into a consultation together with regard to his fate. We were unanimous in resolving on his death, and it was proposed to toss up who should despatch him. This I immediately volunteered—they would scarcely hear of it, insisting that the danger should be equally shared. But when I sued and prayed them to consider my wrongs, and grant me this satisfaction; when I told them the story I have told you, though many of them doubted that such things could be, and considered me at least exaggerating, yet my pleading was allowed, and it was agreed that I should do the deed, while Quin offered to stand by me, in case he should prove too much for one.

For themselves, the plan was this: They were to go off, collect four or five days' provision and water for the hooker, and settle their affairs in this country, for even they had much to settle on so short a notice. This done, Quin was to be sent to inform me that all was ready for our escape, when we should, immediately on completing our purpose, flee to a certain place on the coast, where they were to be waiting, embark with them, and make sail for the coast of England, there to lurk till the noise of the affair should blow over.

For all that night and next day I kept watch within the ruin, sometimes going to look after the horse, or for food, or drink, but mostly

sitting on the pile of stones over the entrance to the vault, in which I could often indistinctly hear him stirring about.

When the second night came round, Quin came to inform me they were all ready with the hooker. Thereupon, with stern and silent alacrity, we commenced removing the stones from over the trap, and lighting a splint of bog-pine, jumped down together.

To our amazement, Ormond was not to be seen. There lay the cord with which his hands and feet had been bound, but where was he? The question was immediately resolved. The vent which I have said we constructed to cause a current of air for the still fires, this he had discovered, and with the help of an old reaping-hook he had found, wherewith also he had cut the cords, had enlarged it from a few inches to several feet in size.

This was not so difficult, for the damp had regularly sapped the wall, and the great angular ill-built stones would come away in the hands of a strong man with much readiness. Our attention was directed to it by hearing a sound of violent struggling, and, on darting across the vault to where the aperture gaped, we found within it the body of our prisoner. His head was outside the wall, which was here about eight feet in thickness, and his shoulders had stuck fast in the outer opening, which, owing to the mortar being hard and firm, from proximity to the air, he could not so easily enlarge. With a wild shout of joy we caught hold of his heels and drew him gradually in, securing him the while by binding the cord firmly around his limbs.

Though much spent with hunger and thirst, and the labour of excavating the old wall, still he struggled much, and violently, and would yet have been a match for either of us singly, but in the hands of both it was unavailing; and at last, flushed and covered with perspiration, his eyes wildly glancing, his heart beating and his breath panting, he lay on the floor of the vault, his ankles and knees bound firmly together, and his hands twisted and tied behind his back.

We waited a minute or so. As we stood, Quin, wiping the moisture from his brow, whispered me,

“Hadn’t we better do it here?”

Ormond heard this and trembled excessively; then in a low whining voice he implored us to have mercy upon him; then, breaking out suddenly with a voice that made the vault and the whole ruin ring, screamed “Murder,” but kicking the iron-shod toe of my brogue into his mouth, I put an abrupt stop to this.

“No,” said I, in reply to Quin, “I have a plan of my own. Let’s hoist him out of the vault.”

Thereupon seizing him we dragged him, vainly kicking and wriggling his corded limbs, up through the trap into the cold air of night, and finally outside the ruin.

“Now,” said I to my comrade, “go and fetch me, first the cart, and put it here, then bring out his horse; you will find it tied to a stump close to Brian’s arch.”

He did so, I the while standing over my victim, who groaned deeply, but did not speak. When the horse was brought out, with the help of Quin, I proceeded to yoke him to the car, and effected it, though with very great difficulty, from the spirit of the animal, and his ignorance of those who were handling him. Having completed this, we placed Or-



mond in the cart, bound as he was, and springing up in front and catching up the reins,

"Now Quin," said I, "that is all I want from you, look out for yourself; off with you to the hooker, and tell them that if I don't come to them before sunrise, they may shove off, and leave me to my luck."

Upon that, allowing the horse to go forward, we moved on, and Quin standing for a little to look after us, plunged into the darkness, and was off.

As soon as Ormond saw himself alone in the cart with me, his first proceeding was another powerful but unavailing struggle to free his limbs. When I saw this, taking out my knife I gave him a small cut in the throat, and told him that the next struggle that he made it should go deeper. This had the desired effect, and he lay quiet and motionless.

Presently, in a state of mortal fear he began,

"Young master" (by the way, this was the title by which I was addressed formerly by my father's workmen, and which this same wretch had always used to me when he was a clerk in the counting-house), "young master, for God's sake what are you going to do with me? You won't slaughter me, surely, tied like a sheep. Oh, master dear, have mercy on me!"

"This is a nice horse of yours, Jack, what may you have given for such a tit?"

"Thirty-five guineas, Master Philip. Now, won't you be merciful, oh spare me. I have wronged you dreadfully, I own it! Oh, how it weighs upon my soul now! But I'll do any thing—"

"Now Jack," said I again, "what would you think of having one leg tied to the stump of a tree that I'm driving to, up the moor here, and this nice horse of yours yoked to the other."

I felt his shudder make the wood of the light cart shake perceptibly, while a deep groan of horror broke from him.

"Oh spare me, master, spare me, I have ruined you I confess;—it was the devil that led me—!"

"Did you not continually stir my father up against me?" cried I, my hasty passion rising fast to fury.

"I did, I did. Oh, for mercy!"

"Did you not betray to him my marriage with *her*?"

"Oh, Heaven help me, yes, Philip, master dear! Don't take my life!"

"Did you not scheme to ruin me, when I had been the making of you—did you not mock me—did you not lash me—did you not take my birthright? Did you not take the wife of my bosom?"

Here my passion deprived me of the power of speech, my voice ending in a fierce guttural cry.

"Oh, Heaven reward your kind, trusting heart, Mr. Erris, I confess I have been worse than a fiend to you: but have mercy! I will give you a share in the trade—"

A loud laugh of derision burst from me.

"I will burn your father's will. I will assign back to you the whole property,—only let me live, Master Philip, darling: don't murder me. I will have him taken from the asylum where he is dying: he cannot come out except through me! Spare me."

"Spare you! Will Heaven spare me for the deep sins you have driven me to;—your murder among the rest?"

"Oh pardon, pardon; you may be happy yet, master Philip. I will restore every thing, every jot, every farthing. I will serve you for life, be your slave. Oh, for the love of God in heaven don't kill me!"

"Tell me," said I, suppressing my emotions, "why did Ellen leave me for you?"

"Oh, young master, dear, if I tell you the truth will you have mercy?"

"Ask mercy of him whose affair it is: if you think he will give it to such a fiend incarnate. Answer my question or I will despatch you this instant."

He started abruptly in the cart.

"I knew her before she became your father's servant. She lived with me before ever you saw her. It was all a scheme to better ourselves. She gave me the money you gave her, and I lived upon it. We were not relations. Now will you let me go with my life, Mr. Philip? You see I am too despicable for your vengeance."

I stopped the horse, and jumped from my seat, and taking hold of him drew him from the cart to the ground.

"Enough," said I, "*I have it all now.*"

The deep, husky, unnatural sound of my voice as I said this struck terror to his heart. We had stopped close by a small tarn or mountain lake, which lay with its black waters glassy and still, dimly palpable to the eye, in the thick, cold, moonless night,—looking like a deadly snake, coiled up and motionless, but with its fatal eye glancing upon you.

"Oh," cried he, "do not throw me in there, tied up in this way, dear master Erris. It is horrible. Any death but such! Oh, will you, will you spare me? I will make restitution of every farthing—I will publicly acknowledge my villany—I will submit myself to any punishment the law may inflict. I will—I swear before that God that sees us two, whom I believe in, and dread to meet! I will go with you to the high sheriff, and confess my fraud; and not one word of this night will I ever breathe to ear of mortal! I can do no more, Mr. Philip. Now won't you, won't you, I will take any oath to this—oh won't you let me live?"

He was on his knees, bending forward his body, and looking upward in a supplicating posture, while the tears streamed over his face. I stood looking at him for a while. Now I knew what revenge was:—this was something like it;—not as on the night when I might have shot him, unknown, in the dark street. His hands were fast behind his back, and his legs encircled with the rope, from the knees to the ankles. There he knelt before me, utterly helpless; now looking at me, and now taking a glance at the dim, dark, silent pool below.

"Oh, my good young master," he continued, "what's the use of killing me? I could make you all you ever were. I swear I will do it, only I must live! I cannot die,—I dare not. *I shall be damned,—I feel it—oh, mercy, mercy!*"

In these last words his voice rose to a wild, maniacal cry of agonizing terror, while he twisted about, and danced upon his knees, in the extremity of his dread and anxiety. Approaching him I bound a rope firmly around each ankle, and passing them rapidly under the cart,

tied his feet fast to the axle, with his face downwards. All the while he continued hurried prayers for mercy, protestations and piercing cries of despair. Springing again to my place in front of the cart, I gave the rein to the horse, and it moved. I heard his head and face, as hanging down they were dragged along, go knock, knock, on the stony hill-side; whilst his shrieks rang and echoed far away across the untrodden moorland.

I was now in a frenzy of excitement; the horse broke into a trot, a canter, a furious gallop, as screaming, "Now—now you have it; this is indeed revenge,—full, glorious revenge!—now!—now!—now!"—I lashed the animal into madness. Presently the thick and murky night broke up, there was lightning, several peels of thunder, and a deluging fall of rain. The poor horse was furious. On it flew like the wind, while I clung to the cart, whipping it now on the one side, now on the other, with frantic violence.

In this way we dashed along for about three miles, when one of the wheels went to pieces. I was thrown to the ground, and the horse, after staggering on a few paces, fell among the stones, and lay on its side, struggling and kicking, smashing the remains of the cart, and the mutilated body of Ormond. All this while the rain continued to fall by bucketfuls.

I sprang up considerably bruised, but with my bones all sound, and that was enough for me. My first proceeding was to cut the rope-harness that bound the horse to the fragments of the cart: having accomplished this, I managed to get him upon his feet, where he stood trembling and drooping his head. Securing him to the sound wheel by the halter, I proceeded to search for and examine the body of my victim.

His face and head were completely gone—knocked off; only a small shell-like fragment of the back of the skull remained, attached to the neck. The forepart of his chest was torn open, and the body being still quite warm, a thin vapoury steam ascended from it into the cold night-air. But I see I have horrified you too much—I will not go on with the details.

I now began to scheme how I should dispose of the shattered remains of my enemy—a moment, and my purpose was formed. Catching the rope that tied the legs, I dragged it round to where the horse stood. As I came close with it, he snuffed the air, and started, tugging at the halter with all his force. Seeing this, I bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and with a little difficulty succeeded in fixing it across his back. Jumping up behind it, I spurred towards the sea, and after half an hour's gallop, reached the place where the hooker lay.

I found them waiting all in readiness—my account they heard without a word of observation. We took the body on board, and turning the horse adrift to seek a new master where he could find one, shoved off and made sail across the Irish Channel. When about halfway, we threw the body overboard along with the clothes I had worn that night, and two days afterwards made the Welsh coast.

We immediately sold our boat and dispersed: some went to labour at a great public work that was then in progress, others went to the harvest in England and Scotland; for my part, I became a wanderer over the face of the world for twenty years. During that time I had a taste of all the services—military, naval, and East Indian—but my ad-

ventures during that time have little to do with the story I am telling you—besides, I am afraid I will hardly have time to finish it.

Well, about a couple of months ago I found myself once more on Irish ground. I was then one of a gipsy party, and we had just crossed from Scotland to Belfast along with the crowds of reapers returning from the Scotch harvest, or shearing as it is called. We travelled southward, and as we drew near this town, I proposed to my brethren of the gang that we might commence distilling. This was not so much on account of the gain to be got by the trade, but in order that I might have always a ready supply of that stuff, without which life was now to me an unendurable torment.

The proposal was eagerly adopted, and we set about procuring a suitable apparatus immediately. On coming to this town to buy tinplate, wherewith to construct it (for we all understood tinplate-working in a degree), I was struck with the appearance of a woman I saw ballad-singing in the streets. She sang beautifully, and this added to the remains, very perceptible, of great beauty, drew her abundance of encouragement. It was herself—Ellen Lucas. Thereupon the single and potent passion I had formerly borne for her, and which still throughout my long wanderings had filled my dreams, returned in all its vehemence.

Yes, though she had betrayed me, I never hated her—my curses and my revenge were directed, not toward her, but against her accomplice Ormond; and now how I could have blest the gentleman I saw showering coppers into her bag—for she frequented the more aristocratic streets of the town, and seemed to find it profitable to cultivate an appearance of faded gentility—of one who had seen better days.

When I spoke to her and mentioned my name, she was struck dumb. She plainly knew me, yet she went away with me where I led without speaking a word. After a while, however, she recovered herself, and professed herself overjoyed to meet me. A long course of accusation, argument and recrimination ensued—which ended, as you will not be surprised to learn, if you are at all experienced—in my once more becoming the dupe of this Delilah.

Her connexion with Ormond before our marriage, she denied; and though I knew she was lying, I took her word. Her after connexion with him she excused on account of her poverty. She was starving and without a lodging. He offered her her former home, and she accepted it. All this I took from her as valid; and had she offered no excuse at all, it would have been the same thing. I was infatuated.

She was anxious to know what had become of Ormond. His horse, she informed me, had been found several weeks after his disappearance in the possession of some travelling hawkers, to whom, however, no connexion with him could be brought home. They stated they had found it grazing in a sequestered nook among the moors, and brought forward proof that they were in a quite different part of the country at the time implicated. With a strange delight I detailed to her the true account of his end. She listened in silence and without comment.

It was now agreed between us that she should adopt my way of life, and she forthwith did so, and became one of our gang. A most useful member, too, she proved to be. With a bottle of spirits under her shawl she used to go about from house to house in a quiet, stealthy way, giving the people glasses by way of trial, and making whispered bargains for the disposal of gallons of the same stuff.

By this means we were rapidly drawing around us a profitable connexion. Our still was set a going in the identical vault I have described—the tower was much changed in other parts, but the vault remained the same. Here I was constantly employed, the rest of our gang going about as gipsies, stealing grain, potatoes, and other materials, and also selling when they could the manufactured produce.

One day while I was thus employed, and sitting watching in a state of dreamy half-intoxication, I heard several voices speaking low and whispering about the ruin. This gave me no concern, for I distinctly heard my wife's voice, and I concluded it must be the rest of our band. There was much talking; presently the sound approached the mouth of the vault—

“Bless me, how strong it smells!” said a strange voice, and there was a sound of sniffing.

I was alarmed, and instantly on the alert.

“There, that is the trap, that square hole there,” said the voice of Ellen Lucas; “it's only four feet deep—but look sharp when you jump down—for he is a devil!”

I immediately saw what an egregious dupe I had been. Here was I caught like a badger in his hole, yet I determined to give them the double again—“And as for that archtraitress,” said I—and the rest was thought, not spoken.

Springing across the vault to the place behind the still, where was the vent in the wall, I crept into it, with the view of making my way to the outside; but close to the outer aperture a large stone had slipped from the upper part—the roof, you know, of the hole—and impeded my escape. Instantly—for I heard them descending through the trap—instantly I put my shoulder against it, and lying upon my front, I thrust my heels against projecting stones on each side, and bore my whole force against it. One strong shove, and it shook; the next—it gave way; but that instant I felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon and split me. The wall had fallen in upon me, the vent was filled up, and I lay in the bottom of it, crushed with tons of hard stone above my broken body. The agony was excruciating—my back was broken in several places I knew. Oh, the weight—the murderous weight of these mighty stones crushing my very bones to powder—I feel them now—they are hot—redhot—ah—Ormond, you hellhound—will you heap them on me—will you—will you—ah—a—a—ah——”

A quantity of fluid bubbled from his mouth, a convulsive grin passed across his face, a strange indefinable change came over his black staring eyes, and I knew he was dead.

I turned abruptly round, and beheld the soldier standing behind me with his terror-bleached face in vivid contrast to his red coat and glittering accoutrements. He had come into the room from the ward without, hearing the voice of his prisoner in continuous talking, and pausing behind the door, had heard nearly the whole narrative.

“Well, sir?” said he to me, “did you ever hear the like of that.—Them two, that is, this here and the other chap, must have been a pair of the dreadfulest villains—”

“Yes, my good man, they form two very excellent instances—the one of villany from ungoverned passion, the other from depraved and perverted judgment. But you don't understand these things.”

## ON SETTLEMENTS AND SETTLERS.

Or settlements there are various kinds; settlements by lawyers, settlements by statesmen, settlements by colonists, settlements by debtors, settlements by schoolmasters, and settlements by housemaids. Curiously enough all these several species agree in being either no settlements at all, or worse than none. As a general rule there is no operation so like settling as that of unsettling. They are as like as two eggs, and the world has seen only one man who could distinguish one egg from another, and he lived in Greece two thousand years ago.

A miserable bed in which one cannot settle for a single moment is happily denominated a settle-bed; and poets being proverbially the most unsettled of mortal men, it has always struck me that the most appropriate name poet ever bore was the name of Settle.

But to begin with the settlements by lawyers, the principal is your marriage-settlement! You have only to repeat the two words, one close after the other, to perceive the prodigious incongruity between the two ideas. A marriage-settlement may be compared to a moveable fixture, a serene tempest, or a stagnant whirlpool. Prudentio weds a prodigal, Tranquillus espouses a vixen, Constantius allies himself to a flirt;—all three unsettle themselves and their affairs for life, and the legal instruments that confirm their respective undoings, with all the formalities of signing, sealing, and delivering, are termed their marriage-settlements. This merits a distinguished place amongst the fictions of the law. Hence it is, no doubt, that in general when a man is ruined, people say he is “settled!” In like manner we say a person is “done,” when he is “undone,” and “dished” when he is undished, or has eaten the last dish he can call his own, and is obliged to put his finger in his neighbour’s pie.

Ardelio bitterly complains of the law’s delays, which defer the completion of the settlements and the hour of his union with the gentle Violenta. He is all impatience to be settled,—an eel languishing for the frying-pan—a mariner invoking tempests and tornadoes. Ardelio will be settled only too soon, and will wish (too late!) that the lawyers had wrangled to the day of judgment. Not long will the settlements be drawn when he would give Peru and Mexico that their “linked sweetness” had been “drawn out” for ever. Determined to settle, why did he not choose the quiet of a mill, or retire into the paddle-box of a steamer, or seek the repose of a wasp’s nest;—why did he marry Violenta? The matrimonial voyage commenced with airs; in a day or two these sprang up a breeze; before a week the lady stormed, and every day has been a gale-day since,—a hurricane with the regularity of the trade-winds. Ardelio is blown out of doors, and buffeted to and fro amongst the clubs, where he is daily congratulated upon being settled for life.

Step into the courts of equity and you will find that these marriage-settlements constitute the subject-matter of a large proportion of the “never-ending, still-beginning” litigation of those shrines of discord. The employment of five-sixths of the lawyers is unsettling settlements; proving that A, the settler, settled nothing upon B, the settlee; that the



settled estate is to all intents and purposes still unsettled, like an Irish moving bog, or the isle of Delos, before Apollo settled there.

Again, what is understood by a settled point, or principle of law?

"This is *settled* law, my lord," exclaims Serjeant Blackletter.

"Settled law!" interrupts brother Betsworth. "Who settled it?"

"Lord Thurlow."

"Did he indeed? But Lord Eldon unsettled it."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Betsworth," remarks the living oracle upon the bench.

"Well, my lord, if Lord Eldon did not unsettle it, your lordship, I have no doubt, will."

"Perhaps so, when I have heard what you have to say."

And the end is that his lordship not merely turns Lord Thurlow's law topsy-turvy, but Lord Eldon's also, and decides the case upon an entirely new view of his own, which continues *settled* law, until "another Daniel comes to judgment," or another chancellor *unsettles* it.

It is certain, nevertheless, that all principles of law are settled, until some authority or another unsettles them. In the same way men are said to be settled old bachelors, until they unsettle themselves by marriage-settlements. All things are fixed, until they are unfixed. The world is divided between the settlers and the unsettlers. Some are born to settle, some to unsettle. It is a kind of Manichean system.

The settlements of politicians resembles strongly those of the lawyers. What are all our great constitutional settlements, as they are called, but unsettlements of previous constitutional settlements. Cromwell unsettled the British monarchy under Charles I.; that political *restaurateur*, General Monk, unsettled the settlement of Cromwell; and the Prince of Orange came over from Holland to unsettle the entire Stuart family, who proceeded to settle in France, where they led a very unsettled life, until Death, the only true settler, settled the last of the devoted race, and by so doing secured the existing settlement better than the "Act of Settlement" itself.

Can any thing show the identity of settlements and unsettlements more clearly than that we call the revolution itself a settlement? There never was so great an unsettlement as the Reformation, which settled the protestant religion, and unsettled the minds of half Europe. The rotten-borough system was a settlement, until the Reform Act unsettled it, and it is a moot point now whether the Reform Act is a final settlement, or no settlement at all. In fact the British constitution has been unsettled twenty times over, and will probably be unsettled twenty times again; politicians all the time prating of settlements; some pretending to maintain them, others aiming at subverting them;—a contest which may be compared to the assault and defence of a castle in the air, there being no such thing as a settlement in any constitution save that of the realm of Utopia, the kingdom of Laputa, the empire of Barataria, the republic of Plato, the new Atlantis, or Rabelais's island of Medamothi, or Nowhere.

A political apothecary of our acquaintance once observed, "I wish the constitution were allowed to *settle*, that we might see the *grounds* of it."

One of the drollest varieties of so-called settlements is that of

your emigrants, who being unsettled at home, either from "truant disposition," or from financial causes, pronounce upon themselves the sentence of the first murderer, and go wandering and roaming through the earth to the air of

Oh, had I some bright little isle of my own,  
In the blue summer ocean far off and alone!—

and are *therefore* (mark the *vis consequentiæ*) styled *settlers*!

Adam and Eve were the first settlers, not while they enjoyed Paradise, but when they were ejected from it, and went forth "hand in hand" to settle in the wide world. Off the Cape of Good Hope you will see a great ship tumbling about in mountains of seas, and fighting for the bare life with all the ruffian blasts in the firmament; you ask what she is—

"The Halcyon from London to Australia."

"The Halcyon!—A merchantman?"

"No."

"What then is she? Heavens, how fearfully she rolls!"

"She is taking out settlers."

"The Halcyon with settlers; what notions some people have of settling? That last pitch, I think, was a settler; but for my part, I prefer a glass of soda-water and brandy on *terra-firma*."

The truth is, the name of the "*Pacific Ocean*" beguiles myriads of our poor countrymen. There would not be one-half the number of settlers if that tremendous sea was christened anew by the name of the Stormy Ocean, and there is certainly no want of water for the baptism, if the divines have no objection to salt. It is observable that there is no tide of emigration to the Black Sea, whose name indicates its surly and inhospitable character.

Upon more reflection, our first parents were not the first settlers. The first was Machiavel's namesake, Old Nick, who emigrated to Pandemonium, or rather was transported there for his diabolical misconduct. He was not only the first settler, but the first *squatter*, for the angel found him, we are informed by Milton,

*Squat* like a toad, fast by the ear of Eve,—

an expression which must have given offence to Milton's puritan friends who crossed the Atlantic in such numbers to *squat* upon the rivers of North America. However, squatting was certainly a practice of great antiquity, even supposing it not to have been of satanic origin. The Romans used to *squat* on the Severn and the Dee, just as Englishmen now squat on the Mississippi. Melibæus, in the eclogue of Virgil, talks of squatting in *Old England* as coolly as a presbyterian tailor in 1640, could have talked of squatting in the *New*.

At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,  
Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Another facetious description of settlement is what is called settling with one's creditors, which takes place when some unfortunate gentleman—

A great man struggling with the storms of fate,

is compelled by the unfeeling decree of an Insolvent Court, or the pitiless orders of a Commissioner of Bankrupt, to surrender the uttermost farthing of his property to glut the rapacity of tailors, boot-makers, and hotel-keepers.

When he is plucked to the last feather, in this "*implume bipes*" you behold a *settled* man! Indeed, the creditors are settled as well as the debtor: they are settled *with*, receiving each no less a sum than three half-farthings in the pound, upon the total amount of his demand, which to the bootmaker, whose bill is 100*l.*, comes to something about 2*s.* 6*d.* sterling money of Great Britain—a very handsome remuneration for his leather and work, considering that his boots pinched confoundedly, and that his shoes put the insolvent to the expense of an incredible deal of French varnish.

Another pleasing settlement is that which the instructors of youth, "abroad" or at home, male and female after their kinds, occasionally make with their youthful subjects, aided by sundry sprays of the tree of knowledge, than which not the rod of Circe, or of Hermes, ever performed more specious miracles. Dulness brightens into genius; vice reforms into virtue; gardens of lilies change into beds of roses,—at once a mental and physical metamorphosis! These may be called back-settlements. They are not so common in these days as when Solomon wrote his Proverbs, or even when Shenstone sung the "*Schoolmistress*." The rod of the Proverbs is now understood to be metaphorical, and the power of opinion has unsceptred the Busbys and disarmed the Trimmers.

Boys now become smart without smart, and the academic demand exercises but a slight influence on the price of brooms. The Muses flourish without the contributions of the Dryads, and the seats of honour are no longer identified with the seats of morality and science. The settlements in question are now, therefore, rarely to be heard of, or witnessed, save in the back-settlements of civilization and refinement, where a Squeers may still be found only classical in imitation of Orbilius, or a Brownrigg, constitutionally tenacious of the wisdom of our grandmothers.

But who is he who has lived in lodgings, or dwelt in chambers, and knoweth not that queen and empress of settlers,—that mob-capped, pink-jacketed, red-handed incarnation of the genius of settling, Madge, or Dorothy, the chambermaid,—that Minerva, with a sweeping-brush for a lance, and a dust-pan for an *Ægis*—that eternal foe to Arachne and all her works—that orderly spirit of disorder—that Marat of the drawing-room—that Robespierre of the bedroom, whose every step is a revolution, who but touches your books and papers, and lo! "*chaos is come again!*"

When Madge has settled your apartment, contemplate it! *Circumspice!* If this be settling, what is unsettling? If this be a settlement, what is disorganization? Define a hurlyburly!

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is the veteran bachelor's fundamental law, and the first canon of the ancho-rite of chambers.

"A place for nothing, and nothing in its place," is the principle of Madge. You learn that she has settled your apartment with the feel-

ings of a monarch receiving tidings of a general insurrection. Every body, I suppose, has some favourite arrangement of his furniture, or mode of marshalling his goods and chattels,—some particular locality for his sofa, some chosen point for his arm-chair, some position which he has pitched on after a thousand trials as the only spot that will answer for the desk at which he acknowledges his remittances and accepts his invitations.

Many there are who determine the exact distance at which the chair on which they sit at breakfast shall stand due north of the fireplace, and south-south-east of the handle of the door, or the bridge of the Duke of Wellington's nose, in the print between the windows. To a mathematical nicety they have ascertained and decreed the latitudes and longitudes of the places for their chess-board, their violin, or their snuffbox; and establishing their tea-table in a certain proximity to the fender, have said within themselves, "So far shalt thou come and no further."

Alas! how vain, wretched bachelor, is all this care and regulation! "*L'homme propose;*" but the power that disposes, or rather *transposes*, is the housemaid! "*Diis aliter visum,*" may faithfully be rendered—"Madge ordained it otherwise."

"Never allow any thing to remain in the spot where your master or mistress placed it," would be a proper supplement to Swift's directions to the housemaid. By the by, Swift's directions to servants are the only rules they implicitly obey; and we have serious thoughts of revising the code, with a view to adapt it to the existing state of society, and the altered relations that now subsist in many respects between the masters in livery called servants, and the slaves in plain clothes called masters.

But to return to the housemaid,—"*ex unâ disce omnes.*" Here is my own case. I am the least *particular* man, perhaps, in the universal world, but I have a particular snuff-box which I love to keep in a particular spot upon the mantelpiece, and I am fond of having my elbow-chair at the right side of the fireplace, at a particular angle of inclination to the wall. There is no person less precise or fidgety than I am about small arrangements; but there is an inkstand with depositaries for all the equipage of writing, which it is my will and pleasure should be found at all times and seasons upon a certain table, provided with drawers for papers, and from which (without being at all particular) I peremptorily forbid certain books of hourly reference, such as the red-book, the blue-book, a "Gazetteer," the "Peerage," and "Johnson's Dictionary," with a few reviews and magazines, to be removed or abstracted for one instant.

In addition to this, without the slightest touch of the habits of an old bachelor, I have a small couch or sofa, on which it is my diurnal practice to expatiate for some short interval by way of repose after exercise, or to aid the digestive process after dinner; and this couch has, of course, its due place assigned it, which happens to be left of the hearthstone, where it must abut perpendicularly against the surbase, otherwise I might as well court Morpheus upon the bed of Procrustes. These, with a few other dispositions and collocations, comprise what I call the constitution of my apartment,—a far more important matter to me than the constitution of the country.

The comparison is not so remote as it appears, for order is as essential to a house as to a kingdom, and housemaidism is to one what Jack-Cadeism or chartism is to the other. It is manifest that the British constitution would exist only in theory, if socialism or chartism were to gain the ascendant; just as the apartmental arrangements of which I have given a sketch are the mere "fabric of a vision," through the detestable instrumentality of the revolutionary jade who *settles* my rooms. Her name is Anne, but it ought to be Anarch; the only point in her favour is, that she is not the "Anarch old;" yet I am convinced she is a daughter of the house of Chaos, and at the furthest second cousin to Demogorgon. There must certainly exist in this country some vast secret society or institution for indoctrinating the lower classes in the principles of anarchy and confusion; and in this seminary there is, I have just as little doubt, a class or section devoted to the education of housemaids.

I know there is such a thing as a heaven-born genius for *bouleversement*; but there is a degree of system in the subversive proceedings of some anarchists, an organized process of disorganization, that can hardly be the result of any thing short of natural talent, improved by the most anxious and persevering culture.

You have only to glance at Anne's cap and gown to see that she has graduated in the college of Higgledy-piggledy. Never have I returned to my chamber at night and found chair, table, couch, snuff-box, almanack, Court-Guide, or aught else that is mine, in the situation where in the morning I disposed and left it. Imagine a *Jacquerie* amongst chairs and tables! Conceive the furniture of a drawing-room in a general rebellion! My monarch-chair, my throne, the rightful occupier of the place of greatest dignity and comfort beside the sacred hearth, is disposed and turned adrift as unceremoniously as the heroes of the barricades discard a Bourbon; and where do I find the illustrious exile—where, but in the obscurest nook of my overturned empire, its venerable cushion laden with the "Johnson's Dictionary," torn by the same remorseless hands from its legitimate table, and both chair and dictionary utterly inaccessible, save by scaling the sofa, which has been not only displaced with the same daring spirit, but metamorphosed into a sort of omnium-gatherum for the gazetteer, the magazines, my chessboard, with perhaps a cigar-box, inkstand, and open penknife! If there is not an open penknife, there is sure to be at least a corkscrew,—such are house-maidenly notions of preparing a bed of roses. Habit has made me stupidly patient of these daily outrages; and I even take a miserable pleasure in marking the ingenuity displayed in upsetting every arrangement essential to my peace and comfort. Sometimes I question the pest of my repose, to enjoy the seeming unconsciousness of wrong with which she acknowledges the commission of the most flagrant breaches of order.

"Where is the blue-book?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"Where did you put it?"

"Sure I put it in the red slippers."

"And where did you put the red slippers?"

"In the backgammon-box, I'm sure, sir."

Now there is either inspiration in this, or it must be the fruit of early

discipline and deep study. No common untaught hussey would ever have thought of placing the blue-book in the red slippers, and the red slippers in the backgammon-box.

Again :

“ I had a box of dinner-pills ; I left it on the chimneypiece, at that corner,—do you know what has become of it ? ”

“ I’m sure I can’t tell, unless it’s on the sofa.”

A very likely place, and so the sofa is searched, but in vain ; there are more improper places than one for a box of pills.

“ Could you have put it into the tea-caddy ? ”

“ Oh, then, so I did—now I remember.”

But Anne was out again : the hippo was not with the hyson, nor yet the colocynth with the congo. At length she really did recollect the doings of the day, and had she known Greek, would have screamed *Ευρηκα !*

“ I’m positive I put it into the antelope-box ? ”

“ The antelope-box ! ”

Probably the reader conjectures that I am of the same trade with the man on Waterloo Bridge, and keep a portable menagerie. However, I do not, although if I did, why should I blush to own it ? The truth is, that housemaids settle the Queen’s English much in the same way that they settle apartments, and mine invariably calls an envelope an antelope. Did I actually possess such an animal, I wonder where she would place it,—probably to swim in the reservoir, the last place in the world where she would dream of putting a fish !

Will housemaids never learn the great truth inculcated by the poet in those immortal verses—

In trap mouse is,  
In jug none is,  
In mud eel is,  
In clay none is ?

What can be more monstrous than a mouse in a jug, or more preposterous than an eel in a geranium-pot ?

There are a few questions which I would wish to put to the reader relative to the subject in hand. Did you ever see a table with drawers that was not moored fast against the wainscoting upon the side so provided ? I never did. Did you ever see a pincushion with a pin in it ? I never did ; although every other cushion, in all the houses I have ever lived in, was stuck with pins like a porcupine’s back, the points where the heads ought to be, for the comfort and satisfaction of sitting members. Did you ever find a match in a lucifer-box ? If you did, you are a lucky dog, for I never did, although I have found those sulphureous conveniences a hundred times in my dressing-case and hat-box.

All this comes of the spirit, or rather the devil of settling, which possesses housemaids beyond the reach of human exorcism. Nothing is to be “ let alone ” but the jade herself. Moveables are indeed moveables with her, the genuine inventor and patentee of the perpetual motion.

It is not generally known that chambermaids are profound algebraists ; but that the fact is so, I have satisfied my mind perfectly. When I was a student of algebra at Leadenhead College, there was a



problem with which Professor Cube delighted to puzzle the pates of unfledged arithmeticians. The question was, to find all the possible arrangements (or "combinations" as he used to term them), in which the letters of the alphabet, for example, or the men of a chessboard, are capable of being disposed. Now this is precisely the problem which the anarchy of my domicile proposes to herself every time she *settles* my apartments. Were the moving cause of the hurlyburly invisible, like other demons not more tormenting, I should infallibly conclude that the furniture had, in my absence, been entertaining itself with a set of quadrilles, or that a couple of hobgoblins had been using them as chessmen. Will some kind lawyer inform me whether the Lord Chancellor would not in such a case grant an injunction to stay such mad proceedings? If his lordship would only settle the settlers, I would sell my property in Airshire, and my fair estate in the Isle of Sky, together with my *Chateau-en-Espagne*, and my shares in the mines of Eldorado, to erect a statue to his glory of pure gold, upon a pedestal of solid diamond.

But alas! the chancellor is a settler himself, and the very king of them. Therefore there is no house of refuge from housemaids.

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### EVERY-DAY LYING.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Believe none of us!—*Hamlet*.

As speech was given unto the wise man that he might conceal his thoughts, so (*vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*) thought must have been given unto the same personage that he might conceal his speech. This apparent contradiction was necessary to the interests of truth. Many lies are thought which are never spoken, but there are as many spoken which are never thought.

If every deviation from truth's straight line constitute a falsehood, then the human tongue teems with lies; we breathe them in myriads. Not a creature has opened its mouth this day without telling ten thousand. Plain speaking in that case is false speaking, and silence is the sole remedy for the evil. Lying is our language.

The best, or the worst, of it is, that the moralists who have written upon lying are so imbued, to the heart's core, with the universal vice that they are not to be believed on their oaths. Essays upon lying are only additions to the stock; and nobody who casts an eye upon this page is so absurdly credulous as to suppose that one grain of truth lurks in a single syllable that blots it. We write lies, speak lies, think lies, and dream lies while we are lying in bed.

Those who admit a multiplicity, only recognise two classes of lies; black and white. But there is the gray lie, which goes *into* black and white, and lives to be venerable; there is the green lie, which from its simplicity is easily detected; there is the red lie, which is glaring; and the blue, which is a favourite with the literary. These, however, are well known, though not classed. They are more or less premeditated,

all of them. Some have their origin in utter malignity, some in mere selfishness, or wicked sport.

But the lies uttered in courtesy and goodnature exceed them in number as a thousand to one! They are spoken in perfect innocence, and never had in a single instance the slightest chance of harming any human being. The true white lie, which is selfish and defensive—"not at home," and "I promise to pay," may be received as illustrations), frequently takes people in; but the undeceptive conventional lie, uttered in pure tenderness for others, is as superior to the selfish white, as the white is to the scandalous black.

There is something consoling in the reflection, that great as is the vice of lying, nine-tenths of it as now in practice spring from the virtues! The vilest miscreant, for one lie uttered in malice, tells a hundred in pure courtesy, in compliance with refined usages, or charity towards the feelings of another. Why do people request "the honour," and "feel very happy," a dozen times a day? Why, are they so "excessively glad" to hear something, or so "extremely sorry" on the other hand! They experience neither pleasure nor regret, we know, as the words expressive of these sensations pass their lips. They are notoriously telling lies when they profess to be truly concerned, or positively delighted. But they are lying upon a philanthropic, a sympathetic principle. They intend no deception; no self-interest prompts them; they are vicious out of kindness and delicacy. Can the spirit of self-sacrifice be carried further, than in thus surrendering truth for the sake of pleasing an every-day acquaintance who agrees to dispense with sincerity!

When it is urged, as it constantly is, that these courtesies, because hollow, are worthless—that the expression of "deep regret" or "extreme pleasure" is but a mockery without the feeling—the answer is, that the philanthropy is deep in proportion to the insincerity. Where there is no real love, the words of affection are indeed an amiable and gratuitous kindness. No thanks to friendship for being friendly; but is it nothing that a mere acquaintance should be ready at any time to tell a lie upon our account?

Not a word could be advanced in behalf of this order of lies, if they were ever likely to be believed. But against this calamity people guard themselves in the most scrupulous manner by tones and looks quite at variance with the words. Nay, to convince their hearers that they are merely lying, they declare that "they shall be only *too* happy," and at the same time that "they are quite *too* distressed." They vow with a brazen countenance that they are "absolutely ashamed," and protest with great energy that they "thought they should have died" on some occasion when death was the last thing they were thinking of.

How much greater still is the kindness when the offer of sympathy is made to extend through us to remote antiquity! A great talker, proud of his family, was describing the other night the exploits of his famous progenitors, until he came to one who in Henry the Seventh's time had the misfortune to break his leg—an accident which drew from a lady-listener the tender remark, that "she was extremely sorry to hear it."

In fact, any thing or any body will serve for a peg on which to hang a profession of sympathy—so necessary is the shew of it felt to be, where the substance is not. It was not long after the death of Weber, that a little group of admirers of that amiable man of genius, were deploring his early and sudden loss, in a foreign land and in the hour of

his triumph;—and the name of Weber, Weber, was repeated sorrowfully by several voices; until the lady, whose guests we were, drew near, and observing the melancholy tone of the conversation, caught as she *supposed* the name which was the subject of our sad discourse. Then, deeming that a polite regard for our feelings required her to fill up the pause which ensued, she sighed mournfully, and in a plaintive voice, uttered the following words:

*“Poor Cibber! poor Colley Cibber! Well, I’m sorry he’s dead!”*

To be sorry for Cibber! Who could possibly have expected to live long enough in this world, to hear any mourner it contains, obligingly lamenting with sighs the loss of Colley Cibber!

Cobbett, remarking upon the “regret” with which the press very naturally announces the demise of eminent persons, declared his conviction, that if the devil were to die, some newspapers would notice the event “with deep regret.” Still we could never have anticipated a sigh for the untimely fate of Cibber!

There is no lie that people will not tell to express a becoming sympathy on their own parts, and to excite it in others. When a young person is drowned in the river or crushed on the railway, how does it *always* happen that he was “going to be married on the following Sunday,” or that he was “only married the Sunday previous.” Few persons have the slightest interest in the relation of such fables; but all have the deepest interest in the progress of sympathy, and the sadder they make the story, the more surely they elicit the symptoms.

The most moral persons in society will lie egregiously from a mere habit of civility, to agree with you when agreement is not wanting. Some lie without any motive—their untruths are mere matters of course. What could have been the direct prompter in the case of that serious and solemn dame, who only yesterday, seeing somebody reading (the book was Shakspeare, opened at a large engraving of Caliban, of which the dame had a glimpse), inquired what that was? The reader, supposing she meant the volume, said “Shakspeare.” “Oh!” ejaculated the serious dame, and then added, “Ah! *I thought it looked like him!*”

All that is not religion in that old dame is morality; in her composition nothing else mingles: yet it is certain she never thought so. Had she been told “it’s the Thames-tunnel,” her remark would equally have been, “I thought it looked like it.” At the same time, perhaps, no influence on earth could prevail upon her to utter a deliberate untruth.

We may easily perceive how very trifling and insignificant in number are the lies annually told for purposes of wilful deception—in trade, in politics, and in social intercourse—with the view of filling pockets or gratifying base passions—in self-defence and in defaming enemies—from vanity, from knavery, from malice;—when we contrast their amount with the enormous multitude daily uttered in courtesy and in sympathy;—and then again proceed to estimate the myriads which have their birth in good fellowship, in gaiety of heart, and a desire to keep the world alive and merry.

Of this latter class, one all-sufficing example offers itself in the practice of Dick Whisk. Dick indeed was a class in himself. He differed from other liars, not so much in the length of his bow, as in never departing from the principle with which he set out—that of drawing it incessantly. He must have abandoned all idea of the truth before he

quitted the cradle. When he began to lisp he began to lie. His motto might have been borrowed from Mr. Fag—"Oh! I lied sir, I lied; I forget the particular lie, but they got no truth from me."

The water of truth's well produced in his moral frame a terrible shudder—his was a sort of hydrophobia. He had an unconquerable repugnance to facts—yet he might have related them with perfect safety, relying upon his astonishing power of translation. There was no mistaking a statement falling from his lips for any thing but a lie. Nobody was ever known to insult him with the supposition that he was telling the truth; and, talking continually, he passed through life unsullied by the breath of suspicion. It was his proud boast that no man ever believed a word he said—that he had not an enemy in the world. The character he had earned in early youth he never forfeited in maturer years; for he found when he first went to school, that the verb "*to lie*" constitutes exactly three-fourths of the verb "*to live*." To lie and die were almost all he had to do. A *hic non jacet* is upon his tomb. The inscription required the addition of a *non* to mark the change that had fallen upon him, and distinguish death from life.

Dick's lies were the perfection of lies. They were not tremendous thumpers, save when the occasion called for something in the enormous style, when he would fling you out a fine spanker off-hand, big enough to frighten Munchausen into a fit of truth, and make Pinto stare in his coffin.

But generally he kept to the Every-day style;—it was good *level lying*, save, as we have said, when a regular erammer was wanted. This was when he was provoked to a flight by some aggravated truth that could not otherwise be topped. And this brings us to an anecdote.

It was summer weather, and a swimming-feat was boasted of by a companion. Unluckily there was a witness present, who vouched for the authenticity of the story. Dick hated the maxim of *magna est veritas*, and never would allow an authentic anecdote to prevail. He was born prior to the date of the new school, and knew fiction to be stranger than truth. When a lover of accuracy plunged into the Serpentine, he took an imaginative leap into the German Ocean—if duly provoked, as he happened to be on this occasion. So he began.

"Very good—at least not so bad." (Dick begrudged the least scrap of praise to an authenticated fact.) "Not so very bad it must be admitted. You remind me of an odd incident that dates as far back as the time when, according to the old almanack, 'George III. was king.' I was living by the sea-coast then, and went down to the beach to bathe. Not a soul was in sight—nothing visible but land, water, and sky. I was accustomed to go about half a mile out, but the sea was delicious, I was in good spirits, and on I went, buoyant as an ocean bird. Now and then, I checked my course, to sport about a bit, and dally with the wanton waves until I could almost fancy myself a sort of thinking fish. Then I struck out again, heedless of the distance from the beach, until it occurred to me it might be time to turn back. Just then, as I was about to set my face towards the shore—what do you think happened?"

—"The blue sky looked suddenly gray, the sparkles upon the water were extinguished, and I heard a *noise* behind me. It startled me, and instead of turning to the beach, I struck out. With every movement of my limbs I breasted the billows, and went rapidly forward; but still I

heard the same noise—following me. Again I struck out, and another mile was accomplished without producing a symptom of fatigue—but the noise was still audible, and the object that occasioned it could not be very distant. I thought it rather strange, but struck out once more—and now the noise seemed nearer. It was a puffing, splashing sound—evidently produced by the effort of something pursuing me. A grampus or two fighting could never make that queer noise.

“A feeling of wonder now seized me, soon succeeded by a feeling of alarm. Bolder swimming still was necessary, and exerting all my strength I dashed through another mile or so of water at a few strokes—for I was really terrified. Still onward and onward, close to me, rushed the splashing Mystery—it seemed almost at my heels. I heard it breathing deeply, then blowing like the four winds at once, then dashing aside the waters, with the ease and rapidity of a tiger breaking through the jungle. It could be nothing less than a shark. I almost felt him nibbling at my lower extremities, and joyfully would I have given one leg to save my life. Swimming could alone save that, and once more I struck out with superhuman energy.

“By this time I was some miles from the beach—I seemed carried away into the great deep, and the green waves looked considerably bluer. I was “alone on the wide, wide sea”—no, not alone, for my dread pursuer, whatever it might be, was by this time a still closer companion, puffing, tumbling, and splashing continually, as though there were an insurrection among the porpoises. You think it was a steamer, but it wasn't. Steamers were rather scarce in those days, and I had hardly heard of them. I once or twice fancied it might be a seventy-four giving me chase, or old Neptune out upon a lark.

“No, it was something living; not one shark certainly, nor a half-dozen. It seemed at last nothing short of a young whale. Snorting and blowing and splashing up the foaming water incessantly, it advanced in my wake. It was as close to me, as an unpleasant postscript is to a letter.

“All was over with me; the fear, as I struck out my extremities behind, that I should never be able to draw them back again, deprived me of the due command of my limbs, and I could swim no further. I resolved to be seized head foremost. Accordingly with one desperate plunge downwards, one toppling movement in the water, I turned and faced the Sea-Mystery, prepared to meet any monster of the deep that a horrible destiny might set against me. And now, right before me, as close as I am to you at this moment, I beheld—what do you think?”

[And here Dick paused, for up to this moment he had not the slightest idea of the form in which his climax was to come, never pre-meditating a catastrophe.]

“*It was—Lord—Byron!*—as I'm a wicked sinner!”

Poor Dick Whisk! This was one of his holiday lies. His *Every-day Lying* would fill libraries. His peculiar glory consisted in the wish never to be believed. The man who “lies like truth,” forgets that he must necessarily tell truth like lies; now Dick's fictions were not so dangerous, but to himself they had the same result. Had he solemnly asserted that Cæsar invaded Britain, or that Wellington won at Waterloo, nobody would have believed him.

## LITERATURE.

## SHAKSPEARE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

SUPPOSING the title of a recent work to have been advertised, some forty years ago, and to have excited our literary curiosity, we should certainly have guessed that “the *Glory and the Shame of England*” had reference to Shakspeare and his Critics.

For two centuries the Great Dramatist had been placed by universal suffrage at the head of our national Literature—his name had become a household word—his phrases as familiar as proverbs, and his Plays were the staple of the stage,—he was emphatically the Glory of our country; and yet to the shame of our literati, a well-edited edition of his works was still to seek. The task required, it is true, an unusual combination of natural endowments and acquirements—good taste—good feeling—a good ear—a good deal of reading—a good memory, and be it said, a good moral nature. Strongheaded, well-tuned, and mellifluous editors could not, therefore, be expected in droves like buffaloes, in flocks like larks, or in swarms like bees;—but as little reason was there to anticipate the extraordinary bad taste, bad feeling, bad ear, bad faith, and even bad language, that were brought to the work by the Critics and Commentators. “The composition of Shakspeare,” says one of his Editors, “is a forest in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air; interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses.”—The more shame of the Doctor and his predecessors to have treated such a pleasure-ground like a piece of waste land with the notification of RUBBISH SHOT HERE—the more sin to have pitched among the myrtles and roses the empty oystershells of commonplace, the mere mud and road-drift of criticism, the broken crockery of controversy, and the old pots and kettles of personal abuse!

Strange to say, the worst of the Editors were not the dunces. Poor Theobald was often right; whilst Warburton went perversely, ingeniously, and elaborately wrong. Pope was a Poet and a scholar—yet so little understood his vocation, that he contemptuously described what ought to have been a “labour of love,” as “the dull duty of an Editor.” The Colossus of Literature was certainly no Ignoramus, but his connexion with the “Undying One” was unfortunate for both parties. Not that he was sparing in expressions of admiration; but it was evidently of that vulgar kind which regarded the Plays of Shakspeare as very creditable from an Actor, but wonderful from a Poacher and a Linkboy! He allowed the Author to be an original genius; nay, that going even beyond Columbus he had “exhausted worlds, and then imagined new”—but what are we to think of the sincerity of these panegyrics, when the extraordinary conclusion of the Critic is that “perhaps not one of the plays, if it had been exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer”—that is to say, in the time of the Rambler—“would have been heard to the conclusion!”

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\* Shakspeare. The Library Edition. Edited by C. Knight.



A severe reflection, if well-founded, not on the Dramatist but on the playgoers. The facts, however, lead to quite an opposite inference. A French critic, coeval with Johnson, asserted, intending a sarcasm on the Author of *Hamlet*, that he was the idol of English playgoers, down to the London chairmen, sailors, hackney-coachmen, butchers, and clerks, so passionately fond of dramatic entertainments—in other words that there were better though raggeder judges in the pit and gallery than in the stage-box which contained the full-dressed author of *Irene*. It is but reasonable, then, to suppose, that what had been so universally popular, and had survived for two centuries, contained some hardy principle of vitality that would have prevented its being still-born at any epoch of gestation. Be it remembered, besides, that any piece is a new one to the man who sees or reads it for the first time; and we should like to be shown, for a shilling, the playgoer who ever felt disposed to damn a Tragedy or Comedy of Shakspeare's under such circumstances. For our own parts we cry O! for the chance of hissing such new plays as were brought out at the Globe at Bankside! O! a thousand times O! for the opportunity of catcalling such dramas as were submitted on their first nights to the lieges of Queen Bess and King James!

The truth is, Doctor Johnson was particularly ill-qualified for the office of Editor to Shakspeare, and he is here selected because an inventory of his defects would include most of the faults of his predecessors. As the first and worst of his imperfections, he wanted a due reverence and regard for his author; and was sadly deficient in the humility with which any mortal and fallible critic should have approached a work that Time, the sternest and surest of all censors, had so deliberately recommended to Posterity. Witness the arrogant summary appended to each Play, wherein the Dramatist is called forward at the fall of the curtain, after our modern fashion, not however to be overwhelmed with bouquets, but to receive a wreath from one hand, and a cabbage-stalk from the other!

The praise and blame are, indeed, so evenly balanced, as to prove that the Critic wanted that essential requisite, a congenial spirit. But "Surly Sam" had little in common with "Gentle Willy." Large of heart and liberal of hand, his mind, nevertheless, was narrowed by party views and sectarian prepossessions which rendered him incapable of sympathizing with a writer, who, if ever such mortal lived, was a Man without a Prejudice! He could not comprehend or value the catholic toleration, the Socialism (a good word sadly abused) which is the essential characteristic of Shakspeare—as distinctive of the individual as the totem of the American Indian. The soul of goodness, the love of virtue, the pure-mindedness, so omnipresent in his author, the Doctor was better fitted to appreciate, yet even these, for want of a declared ethical purpose, and a didactic formula, the great Moralist has undervalued.

As little could he detect or relish the excellence of the Shaksperian language, or the singular beauty of the versification. The great Lexicographer indeed tells that his author deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language; but assuredly he means one of those bad masters who ill-use their dependants,—for he tells us

afterwards that Shakspeare had corrupted our tongue by every mode of depravation. But on this point the parties were far as the poles asunder—and time has decided against the LL.D. The Johnsonian diction was one of those inventions which it is quite unnecessary to secure by a patent: it was adapted exclusively to his own mode of thought, his own pen, and his own mouth; it was born of him and died with him; whereas the style of Shakspeare, while that of his contemporaries is crabbed and obsolete, is still fresh and flexible. The language of genius and the genius of language happily embraced, and the issue is an idiom that is and shall be living English to the end of time.

The versification of Shakspeare is unique. Like Milton, he has a blank verse exclusively his own—and as excellently adapted to its purpose. The Epic Bard has painted Man before the Fall, the Dramatic Poet has described whatever he has been ever since—in metrical harmonies as distinct as the condition of humanity in and out of Paradise. Thus the solemn and sustained tone of Milton seems to retain the pitch and cadences of the time when Adam discoursed with his Maker and the Angels; whilst the fluent rhythm of Shakspeare accords with the diversified passions and variegated course of human life. The Miltonic music has tones like modulated thunder,—sounds as from some antediluvian instrument, fabricated in those ages when earth pastured the mammoth, the megatherium, and other brute monsters that have perhaps degenerated into the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the hippopotamus; Shakspeare's organ is a panharmonicon or full band—with a *vox humana* pipe,—as in the famous organ at Haarlem,—particularly fine. Yet it was this wonderful instrument that Steevens undertook offhand to set to rights, just as a journeyman from Broadwood's would propose to rectify an old harpsichord, a very tolerable machine for its age, but wofully out of tune! But our Apollo found more than one Midas. Pope, even, an adept in the established peals and changes of metre and rhyme-ringing, had not ear enough to appreciate the Shakspearian versification; and Johnson chiefly praised it for its smoothness—a commonplace merit to be found in most copies of verses, and in all paintings on teaboard.

Thus was the Glory of England edited and criticised—illustrated by notes as transparent as barricadoes, and illuminated by lamps as lustrous as ebony:—his grammar tested by that of Lindley Murray, his orthography by Entick's, his refinement by Chesterfield's, his learning by Doctor Busby's, his metre by the finger-ends of Steevens, his morals by the fable-ends of Gay, and his dramatic skill by that of the Author of "Cato." Any thing more? Yes—he was purified by Bowdler, and whitewashed in effigy by Malone. Nothing but the Shakspearian stamina, a tenacious vitality like that of the Grisly Bear, with the same animal's capacity of carrying off an unknown quantity of lead, could have survived such treatment!

Fortunately for the national credit, a new school of criticism arose with Coleridge and Charles Lamb, each endowed with an intense love of the beautiful, a keen sense of the ludicrous, a fine ear, and above all, a veneration towards the great Dramatist, as if he had been a departed Prophet, and a loving pride in him, as though he were a living

relation. So should Englishmen feel towards Shakspeare.\* Hazlitt, Wordsworth, De Quincey—(*vide* his admirable essay on the knocking at the gate in “Macbeth”), and others, followed in the same path, no tinkers of the text, making more holes than they mended,—no metre-mongers pretending to give “a decent flow to the obstructed versification,”—no macadamisers professing to ninnyhammer the “rugged pavement” into a smooth one, but devout expositors earnestly seeking to interpret the oracles of a superior intelligence—faithful ministers striving conscientiously, lovingly, and humbly, to expound the Englishman’s lay Bible.

Coleridge (for whom in lieu of the Germans, we must claim of Mr. Knight the merit of leading the way in teaching us to understand our own great poet) was the first to encounter and overthrow the pragmatic notion that Shakspeare was a sort of Orson, a powerful savage,† or, according to the favourite mode of expression, a pure “Child of Nature.” If he resembled a child at all, it was that gigantic infant in Rabelais, who, by sheer original vigour, guided by instinct, found the use of his legs, and taking up his cradle on his back, “like the shell of a tortoise,” give incontestable proof, to the great offence of the inventors of leading-strings and go-carts, that he was able to go alone. But the phrase involves besides an egregious error in the implied opposition of Nature to Art, as if they were antagonistic, instead of being as vitally connected as the Siamese Twins. Pope was much nearer the mark when he wrote

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee.

Whilst the ensuing line,

All chance, direction which thou canst not see,

applies pointedly to the Critic who detects in the highest works of Genius neither skill nor cunning, rule nor method. But

Nous avons changé tout cela.

The great Poet is no longer supposed to have extemporised a series

\* We do not here forget our obligations to Schlegel, Tieck, and the Germans, our very dear friends, as we have proved by constantly bantering them; a proof of latent affection that such acute metaphysicians ought to have detected. Ulrici, however, overlooked it between Benedict and Beatrice, when he said that “after carrying on a campaign of words without real enmity, they were entrapped into a marriage without real love.” In reality, these skirmishes of wit are delicious to the parties, from the very assurance, understood on both sides, that with all the show of hostility, there is no more actual war than in the manœuvres of a sham fight. There is no more real malice in such encounters than in the coarser raileries of our carmen, cabmen, bargemen, and watermen (a relic of the ancient flyghtings), made up of oaths, abuse, nicknames, threats, and defiance, but ending on both sides in a laugh. Thus Lamb apologetically describes all the bad comparisons he has been applying to Tobacco as

“Irony all, and feign’d abuse,  
Such as perplex’d lover’s use.”

Such, in fact, as Beatrice employs in the play, where her very first words are an inquiry if Signior Montanto be returned from the wars, and being assured of his safety, she immediately “borrows language of dislike” to conceal the interest she feels in him. On this point, and the character of the lady, sharp, sweet, and spirited, as essence of punch, we agree with Mr. Knight.

of random melodies, like the Æolian harp—the great Dramatist to have only presented a felicitous series of images, like the kaleidoscope, some of the combinations casually beautiful, and the rest commonplace or grotesque. The energy of Genius is admitted to be controlled and guided by a *Nous* analogous to the moral Conscience—an internal censorship not acting capriciously, but in accordance with certain innate principles, compared with which the Dogmas of Aristotle are still in their puppyhood. In short, we now recognise in Shakspeare a composite Genius, an exquisite Poet, a powerful Dramatist, a profound moral Philosopher, a first-rate Naturalist,\* and a consummate artist.

In this new college of criticism Mr. Knight has wisely and worthily enrolled himself; and accordingly exhibits a large share of what La Harpe called “l’obstination des Anglais sur le sentiment qu’ils ont de Shakspeare.” This spirit is visible in his own observations, and in his extracts from the later English and German commentators. But the first duty of an editor is to settle the text of his author; and we fully concur with Mr. Knight in the authority he attaches to the Folio of 1623, and the faith he places in the professions of Heminge and Condell. There is a great air of sincerity in their affectionate mention of Shakspeare, a serious tone as of truth in their anxiety for the perfection of the work, and of candour and modesty in their account of the clear, unblotted state of the MSS. (to which by implication they referred), and consequently the comparative lightness of their own labours. Eighteen of the plays, indeed, appear for the first time in their collection; and of four others they seem to have had the only authentic copies. Add that the folio was not put forth like a catchpenny publication immediately on the death of the author, but seven years after his decease, and the disclaimer of personal fame or self-profit, as the object of the editors, becomes plausible and probable. The commendatory verses of Digges plainly ascribe to the “pious fellows” a worthier design; and Ben Jonson distinctly recognises the literary executorship of Heminge and Condell, and the true legacy, by the very title of his lines, “To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakspeare, *and what he hath left us.*”

The previous quartos were of course well known to Heminge and Condell, who from their intimate connexion with Shakspeare and the theatre, would be able to distinguish which were printed from the ge-

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\* It has always surprised us that Walton, who was of age when Shakspeare expired in the blaze of his fame, has made no allusion in his “Angler” to one who was as devoted a lover of Nature as himself. There were lines spun by the Dramatist that ought to have caught the Fisherman—sentences which ought to have been taken—passages which ought to have been gorged—but Izaak delighted rather in orthodox divines, like Dr. Donne—to whom, by the way, Ben Jonson addressed some verses quite as probably glanced at Shakspeare, as some that have been charged with the same air. The sarcasm, like Voltaire’s, ascribes a vast but vulgar popularity.

“Who shall doubt, Donne, if I a poet be  
When I dare send my epigrams to thee?

\* \* \* \*

My title’s sealed. Those that for claps do write  
Let puny’s, porter’s, player’s praise delight,  
And, till they burst, their backs like asses load,  
A man should seek *great* glory and not *broad.*”

nuine, or from "stolen and surreptitious copies." It follows that for the text in general, the folio of 1623 must be the best, and in many instances, the only authority,—yet not altogether superseding the quartos, some of which were evidently legitimate publications, with the author's occurrence if not superintendence. From these Mr. Knight has occasionally adopted a reading, and with advantage.

"The stolen and surreptitious copies" it is now difficult to determine, inasmuch as a stolen one would not necessarily be incorrect. But in this class we should certainly include all such Plays as appeared "maimed and deformed" when compared with those in the Folio,—for instance, the unmetrical *Lear*; and perhaps, though correct, the *Othello*, as suspiciously anticipating that of 1623. Indeed, its publisher, T. Walkley, appears to have brought out an unauthorized edition of the "*King and no King*" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The singular rarity of publication after 1600, compared with the four preceding years, is very remarkable. Perhaps the troublous times and the important public topics in the commencement of the reign of James I., were unfavourable to literature,—or the Drama had come under new regulations, and there was greater difficulty in obtaining an imprimatur; for the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have been subject to the same influence, some of the earliest and most popular of their plays not having been printed till 1619, a rather notable year,\* when the press appears to have resumed its activity. But whatever the obstacle that kept so many of the Plays of Shakspeare for so long a time in MS., the more reason we have to be grateful for the Collection by Heminge and Condell, without which some of his finest works would probably have been lost or destroyed in those evil days when the stage and its companies were put down by a fresh set of performers, who acted the hypocrite and played the devil.

The Library Shakspeare, as far as published, is chiefly occupied by the Comedies, some of which, with the notes, and introductory and supplementary notices, we have gone through with great pleasure and satisfaction. For instance, "*The Tempest*." Mr. Knight very properly rejects the theory that the Island of Prospero was Lampedusa, or indeed any real Island at all. The Poet had imagination and fancy enough to have invented an Archipelago. We should as soon have dreamt of identifying the flying Laputa with the Island of *Ascension*. But if we must be literal and geographical, there was an Island which Sinbad landed on, "very like a whale;" and the one where Trinculo swam ashore, belonged probably to the same groupe.

In the same literal spirit Malone and Chalmers contended for the "still vexed Bermoothes" as the locality; but a sea, violent by habit and repute, was not essential. The Tempest raised by Prospero's so potent art, he could have excited in Buttermere. It was a storm as brain-begotten as that wherein a company of Drunkards, by way of lightening the ship, began to heave the chairs and tables out of the tavern windows. It was founded, however, according to Chalmers, on a real tempest in England in 1612.

"Surely," as Mr. Knight says, "this is all admirable fooling;"

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\* The *Maid's Tragedy* in 1619, *King and no King*, 1619; *Philaster*, 1620; *Thierry and Theodoret*, 1621; then Shakspeare's *Lear* in 1622; and the Folio Collection in 1623.

when a document, recently discovered by Mr. Peter Cunningham, proves that the Play was performed in November, 1611. But conjecture is free to all; and for our share, we guess that Ariel was derived prophetically from the Invisible Girl, and Caliban from Peter the Wild Boy, or the Chimpanzee.

With far better reason might a retrospective ferret attempt to hunt out the identical Ship and the voyage that supplied the Dramatist with his knowledge of the sea-terms, and the proper manœuvres in a storm. He had certainly sailed on salt-water, perhaps on his way to Italy, which Mr. Browne insists that he must have visited. Let the reader turn to the opening scene of the "Sea Voyage," by Fletcher, and observe what a lubberly piece of work it is to the true Tempest and ship-board, where every sentence works its passage. Raleigh,\* indeed, might have helped the author to the technicals of seamanship, but Neptune himself must have supplied that inimitable "Boson" of a breed still as extant as the sea-dog, and as characteristically marked as with a blue-anchor in gunpowder. The best of our Naval Novelists never produced such a "pitched piece of reason, caulked and tackled," within the same compass. His "what, must our mouths be cold?" has the very twang of iron nerves braced taut by the salt sea-breeze! Stephano's song—more pitchy than any of Dibdin's—was composed in the fore-peak.†

The original text in the "Tempest" in the Folio of 1623, is pronounced by Mr. Knight to be unusually correct; and judging from his restorations, the Editors from Rowe to Johnson had certainly improved it for the worse. With equal judgment a stand is made against some more modern emendations, and particularly the substitution of a line-tree for the clothes-line, on which the gown and jerkin, so coveted by Stephano and Trinculo, have hitherto been suspended. The stage practice, perhaps traditional, has always used a cord—and the glittering apparel being intended for a *bait*, we give our vote as fishermen, for a *line* instead of a tree to it. We believe, even with Mr. Knight, that a *hair*-line might be intended; but we are less confident about a hint which the speculative spirit has just suggested, namely, that the line-trees were so called from being generally planted in lines, as in the famous Linden-street at Berlin.

The present Editor of Shakspeare seems, indeed, to be laudably averse to unnecessary alterations. Thus, in spite of its questionable meaning, he retains in Prospero's narrative,

A rotten carcase of a *butt*,‡

instead of the modern reading of a "*boat*," and in Iris's invocation,

The pioned and twilled banks,

\* To hazard what Sir T. Browne calls a wide solution, "the remainder biscuit after a voyage" that was found so dry by Shakspeare, was *perhaps* brought from America to the Mermaid Tavern by Sir Walter.

† The sweet snatch of song improvised by Ariel—

"Full fathom five"—

is exquisitely toned to the circumstance of the case. Its announcement is knowingly false: the inspiration of melancholy feeling is wanting; and hence the melody is more airy, and the images are more fanciful, than would befit a dirge in earnest for a true death.

‡ Perhaps *hull*—the printer mistaking *h* for *b*, and the writer inadvertently crossing the double *l*.



which have so puzzled the Commentators. With less reason in the address of Ferdinand to Miranda, he has adopted a word from the fourth Folio in lieu of that in the first—"maid" for "made." The Prince exclaims,

Most sure, a Goddess!

but anon, in doubt of her divinity for want of the celestial attributes, desires to know how he shall bear himself, as an admirer or a worshipper, and therefore asks if she be made (of earth) or no? We also greatly prefer the original phrase to the "boil'd" brains in page 207, The elision of the relative pronoun is Shakspearian—the cooked article is Kichinerish. With these exceptions we coincide with Mr. Knight, and especially in repudiating the notion that the *Tempest* is identical with the "*Love's Labour Won*," mentioned by Meres. The passion of Ferdinand and Miranda is on neither side laborious. On the contrary, it illustrates that favourite dream of the young and romantic, love at first sight, and which, when the smite is mutual, is certainly one of the most light genteel businesses that a gentleman or lady can engage in.

In *Love's Labour Lost*, on the other hand, the majority of the characters are laborious triflers; and are all losers. The very pedants toil at the composition of a Masque and get nothing but mockery for their pains. Every one has been rolling a stone, big or little, uphill, and it has rolled down again, as if what the Germans call the fundamental idea of the play had been derived from the fable of Sisyphus.

Having touched on this Comedy we will just notice a question discussed in Mr. Knight's Introduction—the connexion of Armado and the Schoolmaster with Lyly and his "*Euphues*." The name of Holofernes was doubtless derived, as well as a hint of his character, from his namesake the pedantic Latinist, who was selected for tutor to Gargantua, because, as Grangousier remembered, Aristotle was intrusted with the same office to Alexander: an exquisite satire, by the way, on parents in general, who, while they acknowledge the vital importance of education for their children, are singularly negligent in the choice of schools and preceptors. Now, Rabelais revelled in jargons, and that of the Limousin, who affected to speak in learned phrase, is nearly akin to the discourse of Armado and Holofernes, and very like the style of Andrew Borde's "*Breviary of Health*," published in 1547. To this answers Pantagruel, "I understand thee very well: when all comes to all thou art a Limousin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians." It appears then that a strange fantastic phraseology was in vogue, not only in England but in France, long before the production of "*Euphues*," or the "*Anatomy of Wit*." In fact, when Ben Jonson, in his "*Cynthia's Revels*," wrote, "You know I call Madam Philauthia my Honour, and she will call me her Ambition," it was the very jargon of the Island of Ennasin, where Pantagruel overheard a native, who "called his she-relation my Crum, and she called him my Crust."

Rabelais is again alluded to in "*As You Like It*,"—that delicious sylvan Comedy which we never read but our heart seems sprouting out fresh Midsummer shoots. There are other coincidences with *Love's Labour Lost*, which make us believe that these two open-air plays were composed about the same period, and in the Spring of Shakspeare's authorship.

Fain would we here wander with Mr. Knight into the Forest of Arden, and discuss the folly of the "two fools" (according to Ulrici), Jaques and Touchstone: nay, generally the Clowns, and Fools, and Wags\* of Shakspeare, their puns, "the conceits, the miserable conceits," and the "clumsy joking." But we must not bestow any more of our tediousness on our readers. Perhaps we may hereafter return to the work, and gossip a little on these levities. In the mean time we heartily commend the Library Shakspeare to all Libraries, circulating or fixed, inland or marine, family or bachelor, standard bookcase or hanging shelves. The text is substantially the same that was furnished by the literary executors of the immortal Dramatist; and the bottom of the page is not encumbered as heretofore with a substratum of rubbish, the deposit of a critical Deluge, as luminous as mud and as readable as the London clay. Some of the foot-notes of the present Editor might indeed be spared, as when he explains that "all wound with adders," means twisted round with them; but he has withal contributed most unostentatiously, a great deal of valuable information and ingenious speculation. These with judicious quotations, from the best English and German Commentators, make the Introductory and Supplementary Notices to each play, very pleasant and profitable reading; whilst the woodcuts, introduced between the Acts, are curious, appropriate, and interesting. In fine (without disparagement to Mr. Collier's, which we have not seen), we consider the "Library Edition" to be the best "Shakspeare" that has yet come before us: and a practical answer to a question somewhere asked in print, whether the Great Dramatist would have derived any benefit from being Knighted!

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### THE CZARINA.

It cannot be said that ignorance of her manners, habits, and localities, or that want of materials in her social and political record, has kept Russia from being turned to the account of the romance writer: for her history is one long romance, the stirring strangeness of which may defy invention to compete with it. But whatever may have been the causes of the unaccountable neglect of Russian history and manners as the *matériel* for fictitious narrative, the reading world is indebted to Mrs. Hofland for having overcome or repudiated them; since the result is a romance, full of an interest no less stirring than that of the historical records on which it is founded, and which interest is held together and heightened by a vein of domestic and personal feeling, which history is for the most part compelled to pass by, but which, even when blended with fiction as in the present case, comes more home to the business and bosom of the reader, than those events on which the fate of millions depends.

The scene and persons of this romance belong exclusively to the Court of the Empress Catherine the First, in 1726, which opens shortly after the death of Peter the Great, and when all the noble projects of that

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\* We venture here to offer a guess at a given-up riddle in "Much Ado about Nothing."

"And sorry wag, cry hem! when he should groan."

## THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

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TIME has not allowed us to visit and inspect the Fresco Paintings by Mr. Mills, in the Literary Institution at Gravesend. Besides, to be candid, the subjects as described in the *Kentish Herald*, are not attractive. We have heard from Mrs. Malaprop of "Allegories on the banks of the Nile," and are sorry that they are come to the banks of the Thames. The proper place for such Abstractions is the Frigid Zone.

The communication from India has come to hand.

ANONYMOUS. Some gentleman—if he be a gentleman—has favoured us with a letter without his name. Will he now oblige us with his name—if he have a name—without a letter?

C. C. C. Authors are expected to retain copies of their brevities. The long *Peace* would not suffice to return the short ones.

\* \* \* is advised to send his communication to some scientific Journal, and to drop the first letter in "Heditor." The word should begin with an E, except when, as Mr. Weller says, it is spelt "with a *We*."

L's paper shall be attended to when it arrives: but such slowness seems fearfully to imply its carriage per waggon.

X. is declined for a reason he will probably divine. X ought to know Y.

N.B.—Refer to the Schedule. We have received several papers on the Income Tax, but they were not properly "filled up." Besides, the thing is settled, and nothing remains for us but to attend to the Marquis of Conyngham's motto—*Over, fork over!*

### EPIGRAM.

ON READING OF THE ADULTERATION (WITH GLASS) OF SNUFF.

I SAID to myself after reading the *Times*,  
As I restlessly toss'd in my bed,  
'Tis glass then destroys all my snuff-taking joys,  
And that makes this great *pane* in my head!

C. C.



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## NEWS FROM CHINA.

IN the absence of direct advices or official despatches from the Far East, the following Correspondence may possess some interest for the Public ; and especially for such persons as have fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, or cousins attached to the Chinese Expedition. Of the genuineness of the letters there can be no doubt: the parties are all known to us, and if necessary, we could swear to the handwriting. But the internal evidence will satisfy any competent judge who knows any thing, by books or travel, of the Celestial Empire. No corrections have been attempted, whether in style or in the orthography (for example, Morfius for Morpheus, and Romus for Remus, in No. II.), and the only suppressions are of real names, and a few domestic particulars too private for the public.—*Editor.*

### No. I.

*To Mr. Abel Dottin, Grocer, Manchester.*

Dear Brother,

In spite of differings and I must say hashness on some points you will be delighted to hear I have at last got a letter from dear Gus. How it came I do not quite know, but a most gratifying one to maternal feelings and I should hope to others, however some peoples prognostications are proved to be in the wrong. But I am not going to triumph over any one, tho if I did motherly joy might be my excuse, for her pride will rise up when a beloved son turns out such as to justify my fondest hopes and do honour to her system of bringing up. That repays for all. Nobody knows the sacrifices I have gone thro for his sake, indeed such as nothing would reconcile to, except the reflection it was all for his dear welfare, whatever others might think to the contrary. I have pinched myself in many ways both inside and out, and even more than prudence or health dictated, or even keeping up appearances, but a mother like a pelican of the wilderness will go shabby genteel or any thing for a beloved child. For of course his outfitting came very heavy, and I had to part with the Japan buffet and all my beautiful old chaney to make him fit for the Celestial Empire. Not to name all his little desideratums which at such a time I could not grudge or refuse any thing he set his heart on to an only departing son for a foreign land. As is more than some people per-

haps will sympathise with, but uncles an't mothers. Indeed his goold watch and other nicknacks ran rather over than under your kind thirty pound. Then what with bullock trunks and regimentals and other items besides chains and trinkets to barter with the natives, came to a pretty penny, so as obliged me to sell out of my long annuities and has sadly scrimped a narrow income. However I am now repaid for all my efforts and privations, and only my due and a proper reward for my own sagacity and foresight in putting my dear Gus in a line of life adapted to his uncommon cleverness. Some people I know thought otherwise, but in common justice ought to acknowledge I always predicted my son would be a *shining character*. Those were, my very words, and they have literally come as true as if I had been a fortune-telling gipsy. So much for cultivating genius, and which you'll excuse my saying, the mother it springs from must naturally know more about than even the best of uncles. Indeed you know yourself, to be candid, I always said he was a genius out of the common way, and was the first to put it into his head. And now I have reason to be thankful that I never thwarted him, as some people wished, but always let him have his own way in every thing, and the consequence is, instead of his being a plodding tradesman, or a low mechanick, my Augustus has distinguished himself as a shining character, and for what we know may be at this very moment a colonel, a general, or a plenipenitentiary. Every bodies nevies do not get up to *that*! As for himself, poor fellow, whatever other people may have said or done agin him, it is plain he harbours no malice or anymosity, or he wouldn't joke so good-humoured about your pigtail. But he always was of a forgiving disposition, bless him, and a generous nature besides, and no doubt when he comes back will bring heaps of foreign presents for all his friends and relatives. For my own part I seem to see the house turned into a perfect British Museum, what with great porcelain jars, and little tiny shoes, and bows and arrows, and the frightfullest staring idols. And the Chinese make the most beautiful carved ivory fans. So I need not grudge the Japan buffet and the old chiney,—and instead of going shabby genteel, who knows but I may some day go to routes and parties, in a rich filial silk, and be fetched home with a splendid illuminated lantern? But those are pictures some people won't or can't enter into, so I say no more. But it stands to reason one's sister must surely reflect more credit on him properly consulting appearances according to her rank in life, and handsomely dressed and set off as if she had just walked out of the Book of Beauty, than if she had just come out of Mrs. Rundle's Domestic Cookery—which is too often the case.

I enclose dear Gussy's letter of which I hope you will take religious care of, and not file it into holes like a common trumpery business letter as some in trade are too apt. Some sentences read oddish, but you must not be set agin it by his style, which to be sure ought not to be exactly like other people's who have no shining parts. At any rate, it shows uncommon cleverness and a good heart. I don't mind owning I enjoyed a good cry over those infantile Chinese fondlings, and then that savage beast! But some people are of more untender natures, not having had any family of their own. How would you like *your* Gus if you had one to be shot and peppered at by a set of long pig-

tailed savages, contrary to all laws human and divine, as if he was no better than a preserved pheasant or a poached hare? I do hope the wretches will be well civilized for it with a broadside! But what can one expect from such wicked heathens? I only hope he won't be tempted ashore among them, but he's very venturesome, for if they once catch my dear Gus near any of their nasty Joss houses they idolize him as sure as fate!

A full sheet compels to conclude with my love—with which your nevy if he was here would unite—but alas there's oceans between. Lord preserve him from that and all other perils by sea and land, not forgetting the barbarous inhabitants of China and Tartarus! With which I remain, dear Brother,

Your affectionate Sister,  
JEMIMA BUDGE.

Wisbech, 13 October.

No. II.

Dear Mother,

SINCE my last from the Cape,\* I suppose you have been in a regular slow fever of maternal solicitude to hear of my arrival among the Mandarines—enquiring at every Tea Warehouse and Crockery shop whether they have heard any thing from Canton, and expecting twelve general posts a day, and twenty particular ones with a letter from “my son in China.”

Well, here it is at last, warranted oriental, and if it don't go thro' the parish like the Asiatic Cholera I know nothing about letters from sons in foreign parts. Of course Mrs. Dewdney will have the first reading of it and Mrs. Spooner the last, as she always has of her own novelties in her Circulating Library. I think I see her with her hands flapping up and down, and hear her clucking with her tongue and saying,

“Well—dear me—I never! To think of Mister Gustavus being where all the tea comes from—By the by, Mrs. B., you don't want any real Howqua?—and the ladies can't walk for their little shoes—Captain Pidding's you know—well, I'll order Lord Jocelyn—in catty packages, you see, ma'am—for the Library—and so Mister Gustavus really is at Kang Tong—did you ever read *Letters from the Dead to the Living*—well I never!—dear me!”

However, here I am—knocking about in the Chinese waters, not black or green though, as Mrs. Spooner would suppose, but decidedly yellow. Just fancy an ocean of pea-soup, such as you used to make at home and then talk of throwing it over the house,—quite as thick and of the same colour, with lots of weeds floating about in it like the mint, but whole instead of crumbled—in short, so like the real thing that I was spoon enough to taste it; and really it might pass for work-house pea-soup, only salted with rather a heavy hand.

Well, after soup, fish—and what do you think of square miles of it, as we neared the land,—whole shoals, big and little, from sprats up to porpuses, with strange sorts never seen before, all floating on the surface belly upwards, just like old Parkington's carp when somebody had hocused them with *Cockulus Indicus*.

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\* This letter never reached its destination.



However this time it was that old buffer Commissioner Lin who had poisoned all the finny and scaly tribes by throwing such lots of opium into the river at Canton. Even the gulls were affected by it, from feeding on the small fry, and sat rocking on the waves dead asleep. So the drug really must be as diliterious as the Quakers said it is—even if we had not come across a more striking proof it, namely a man of war's launch with a middy and twelve hands in her, all as fast as tops and as hard to be waked up as Dr. Watts's sluggard. Luckily there was oceans of cold pig at hand, and didn't we give it them, as Dibdin says, with the gravy, which at last brought them to their senses, when it appeared that hearing so much talk about opium, and finding a package of it adrift, they had chawed a little out of curiosity, which being an overdose had sent them all into the land of Nod. On comparing notes they had been drifting about three whole days and nights in the arms of Morfius. We got some capital yarns out of them, telling their dreams, turn and turn about, and the middy's was, that he had been down in Bedfordshire a week of wet Sundays, and dozing all the time as fast as a church in the family pew.

Poor fellows! it was lucky we picked them up, before falling into the power of the pigtails instead of the ninetails—for they had two dozen a piece on rejoining their ship, but one of them an old deep file took another dose of the opium beforehand, and so was flogged in his sleep, they say, without feeling it, which if true, beats somambulism by long chalks.

Well, the next morning the watch reported that the ship was surrounded with floating spars and timbers, some being black and charred, from which we concluded either that some ship had been accidentally burnt and blown up or else that hostilities had begun with the Chinese, and which proved to be the fact. One of our gun-brigs had had a brush the day before with a fleet of mandarin boats, and of course beat them into fits in no time; but with consequences rather inconvenient to the winners. You know we have in the river Thames a floating Chapel and a floating Infirmary but what do you think of a floating Foundling Hospital?

However it's fact: and here's the way of it, up and down. The Chinese towns are very populous so much so that there isn't room for half the inhabitants on dry land, and accordingly hundreds and thousands of families live, where *you* wouldn't, namely on the water, in regular swimming houses, with no ground floors. This arrangement of course prevents the rising generation from playing as ours does about the streets, so they play about the deck instead, which being wet and slippery it often happens that some of them, especially what you call the little toddles, plump overboard, and would be drowned but for a great empty calabash that their mothers tie to their backs, and which acting like a cork jacket keeps the dear little ducklings afloat, till their industrious parents are at leisure to haul them out with a long boat hook. An operation they never hurry themselves about knowing the darlings are perfectly safe, as well as doing their own washing, while the young uns from the same sense of security are far from particular about their footing, but drop in and float about as if they were paid for doing it, like the aquatic actors at Sadler's Wells.

Well, you see when the mandarin boats bore down on the gun-brig

she began to fire away like blazes, right and left, and one or two of the random balls falling among the floating houses, the proprietors considered it as a notice to quit, and away they went helter skelter—*sove qui peu*, which is the French for devil take the hindmost, some up the river and some into the canals,—whole Water Lanes and River Terraces moving off in double quick, with such screaming and howling, they say, as never was heard. In such a skurry the juveniles got knocked overboard, poor things, like fun, some of the unpleasant or snubbed children in large families perhaps getting a kick on purpose, however in they went, plump after plump, like frogs, frightened into a pond,—the brig all the while kicking up a regular smother, and chattering away like thunder as long as she could get an answer, and rather longer. At last she stopped firing, and the smoke clearing off lo and behold there was not a mandarin boat in sight—the swimming town had gone into the country, and all round the ship the sea was alive with little Chinese brought down by the ebb tide, all floating about with their life-preservers, and screaming like sea-gulls for their absent fathers and mothers.

As common humanity required they were all picked up and taken aboard the brig, one hundred and sixty four in all, from a year upwards, and after a little warm grog apiece which some took naturally and others quite the reverse, the captain sent them all off in the gig and the cutter, with a white ensign to each boat. Not that the Chinese would mind firing on a flag of truce, which they did so unmercifully that the officers in charge out of humanity gave orders to pull round, and brought all the little innocents aboard again, as well as some six or seven more which they had picked up in their passage. Well, when Captain —— saw them all come back on his hands, he looked at them they say, like an ogre, for he thought the barbarians had contrived it on purpose, to prevent his fighting his ship, and he swore, so soon as the flood made, he would heave the brats overboard every cherub, and let them tide back again. But when the time come, being a family man himself, his heart always misgave,—so the children remained aboard,—and there was Her Majesty's gunbrig the —— turned into a regular Foundling Hospital.

By good luck our commander took me with him on a visit to the brig, and sure enough she was literally swarming with little flat-faced Chinese, some put to bed 3 and 4 in a hammock, and the rest sprawling about the decks, each looked after by a strapping he-nursemaid six foot high,—the carpenter's nurseling excepted, which being called off to a job he had tied by the leg to a ring bolt. And oh thinks I if my dear motherly mother, could but see the boatswain!—a great red-faced monster and almost as hairy as the beast that suckled Romulus and Romus, a sitting on a carronade, with a brown foundling on each knee, one getting up a squall and the other sick, from being tried with a soft quid of tobacco, because it couldn't manage hard biscuit! And then the noise!—for at least half of the children were screeching like parakeets, I don't think for want of toys for one had a marlinspike, and another the tarbrush, and another an old swab, but by degrees the whole kit of innocents on deck had set up their pipes as if King Herod had got among them—and nobody knew why. Some thought

it was at the black cook, and others said the Newfoundland dog—however the secret came out at last.

“Forward there!” sings out the first lieutenant, “what is that noise?”

“Why then, if you please sir,” says the coxon, “it’s all along of the ship’s monkey. He’s got so infarnal jealous of our nussin and fondlin the Chinees babbies that he’s crept round on the sly and give ’em all a bite a piece!”

What became of the interesting Foundlings afterwards, I don’t know to a certainty, our ship being ordered off the same day to proceed up the river; but somebody said, that the captain exchanged the whole boiling for the Newfoundland dog, which had somehow been inveigled on shore by the Chinese.

As yet our ship had never fired a gun except by way of salute. In going up the river, a few shot had been aimed at us which our commander wouldn’t condescend to answer. Our fellows have indeed the greatest contempt for the Chinese batteries which they call their *piany forts*. At last we got liberty to return their compliments, and I determined to have a shy at the pigtails, so I had a gun run out forward, took aim at a Joss-house, and fired it off with my own hand,—bang! whiz! and away flew the ball howling through the air. Where it went or what mischief it did I have no notion; but after watching a minute the captain sings out,

“Who laid that gun?”

“I did, sir,” was my reply.

“Mr. Budge,” says he, “you will be a shining character.”

“I hope, sir, I shall.”

None of us have yet been allowed to land, but we hope soon to have a spree on shore. Some of the fellows in the gun-brig have been into the country and had a famous lark. Such cockshying at the China jars! Such cheying after the natives for their tails! and finishing off with a row in a Joss house, which they set fire to, after dragging out the Idol, a regular old Guy, and running him up, Jack Ketch fashion, to the bough of a tree. If that does not convert the pagans I don’t know what will!

Some day I suppose it will be our turn to have a set-to with the war junks, or an army battle ashore, in which case unless he gets knocked into the Tiger’s Mouth, or is chopped in two by a two-handed sword, or has a wriggle like an eel, or an ugly sort of three-pronged spear, there is a chance of Mr. Gustavus covering himself with glory, as well as coming in for part of the swag. One of the middies of the gun-brig told me, that he had for his own share fourteen tails, three pair of chopsticks, a beautiful ivory fan, carved as delicate as Brussels lace, two rattan shields, a fighting quail, three odd women’s shoes, a state parasol, and a superb lantern! No bad lot, and says you wouldn’t the lantern look well in our passage at home, I should say Hall, and lighted up with gas.

In the mean time our jacks and jollies are full of the best spirit, and only want a chance to slaughter the Chinamen like pigs. And sarve ’em right, they say, for calling Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria a Barbarian Eye—besides which, they have a notion of their own, that the war is intended to force the Chinese to smoke and chew ’backy

instead of opium, and therefore a very just and legitimate business, and even of a friendly character. Be that as it may the natives do not seem to relish the sport. It's a very good game as the hoop said to the stick, only I get all the licks.

But it is time to belay. Tell uncle Abel, with my duty to him, he may cut off his queue as soon as he likes, for I'll send him one, six times as thick, and twelve times as long, if I kill a mandarin on purpose. Likewise a *Swan-pan*, being quite in his line. Cousin Rouzel may depend on a *Tung-lo* to charm his bees with; and Susan shall have a pair of ladies' shoes almost too small for this world. As for yourself you would not object I dare say to a *Pow-kwa*—some of the swell mandarins by the way are first chop dandies, with splendid satin pelisses and silk petticoats that would make up easily into gowns—a *Chin-tow* of course, and maybe you would like a *Kang*. You have only to say which you would prefer, and it shall come by the first ship and no mistake. I should like to see you in a *Kew*!

With love and duty to yourself, and remembrances to all friends and relatives,

I am,

Dear Mother,

Your affectionate Son,

AUGUSTUS BUDGE.

P.S. Since the above a native-boat has come alongside and I've done a little barter. One of my rings for a fishing cormorant, and the amethyst brooch for a regular game cricket.

### No. III.

*To Mrs. Budge, Wisbech.*

Dear Sister,

THIS is to acnollige your faver of the 13th currant includin one from my Navy. And am sorry to observe he have put no Date to it which is neglectin what I call one of the three correspondin W's,—namely When Where and What.

As for you and me difering its what we always did and always shall do like the 2 sides of an Account. Becos why whatever you place to Credit on one Side I set down Per Contra. For exampel what you call proper sperit I call impudence and what you considder generosity I consider extravagance. Thats how we don't ballance. Time will show whose Itums was the correctest, yours or Some Peoples, a Firm I Know as well as if their Names & Addresses was in the Directry & not many doors off from my own. But its early days to say Im no Profit afore knowing more of the returns And for all that apears as yet you may have a bad Speck in your Sun.

As such I am sorry to hear of your Sellin out Stock & narrowin your Incum, partickly as it was under 150 afore, & so no savin as to the Tax. Also your pinchin Yourself in Your vittles, & in course narrowin your Figger, in that way too, which is more then I would for any dear Gus in the world. But as you say I cant feel like a Muther & am glad I cant. I am neather so soft in the Hed nor so tender brested, like the Pellican you rite of & which I take it must be some sort of forin Goose, to go

Shylockin a pound of flesh from my own buzum to satisfy extravagant bills. And that such is the case is proved by your own Entries as to uniforms and trinkits and so forth, whereby my thirty Pound have gone it appears for Dux and Drakes instead of buying his Sextons and Squadrons and nortical Instruments. What bisness has a yung fellow jist startin in life with little desideratums? There was no such things in my time—no nor bullocks trunks nayther, ony elefants. So in course thats a sham entry. Praps insted of a goold snuff box to match his repeter. Or praps for a dandifide sute of Close, to wear turn about with his uniform, for the last time I had the pleasure, my Navy reminded me a good deal of a Monky. Which reminds me if you want his picter in his absence, there's the very moral of him, in old Snitch's the tailer's winder, drawn and culled at full lenth, as a sample of the last ally mode. I mean the one a switching a little refined lickerish boot, as no man with a grate Toe could get his foot into. He's the very immage! Now in *my* yunger days a respectabel yuth was content with a decent coat and hat, and provided he could go into church with a clean shirt, well blackt Boots, and a pair of unholy gloves. But them was plain Johns, not dear Gusses. As to his goold Watch its like his impudence when his Uncle have gone thro life with a Pinch back—and whats more never had a Watch at all till five an twenty. The Cock was my Crownometer. Four in summer and six in winter from years end to years end. But I supose erly risin was none of my Navy's habbits and till 12 or 1 he would have been letting himself down by getting up. The later the genteeler,—and I have herd of one fashionable riligious lady in Lonnon who always got up singing the Evening Hym. However thats your way of bringin up, namely to give a sun his own way in every thing, which being a very take it esy stile of edicating to my mind hardly justifies a Parent in braggin of it so much as she do in your letter. It would have been better praps to have thwarted a little more, for all his lively parts. My flebit Horse in the Spring cart is much such a Genus, with a remarkable tallent for Kickin, and not unclever at backin, and an uncommon quickness at running away. But I dont give him his Hed for all that. He would soon be distributing orders at rong doors if I did. But says you dear Gus isn't ment for a plodding tradesman. He's to be a shining caracer, as to which it seam to me, from the letter, my Navy's cannon bullet went nowheres watever, and the Captin only intended to say he'd be such a shining caracer as a mackrel, when its good for nuthing.

As to his Corrispondance, not having your advantige of a bording Skool edication, I am no judge of stiles, how genuses ort to rite or not, but it do seem to me, from my own pickings up about the streets that he have much the same flashes of Fancy as the littel dirty ragged genuses that inquire arter perfectly strange gentelmens muthers, and if so be they have parted with their mangles. Still to give the Devil his do, as the saying is, there is parts of his letter not so much amiss. The Yellow See reads almost like filosofy—and the Opuim bisness sounds correct, and so does the Chiney Orfins, tho I can't weep over them being as you say a Batcheler, and therefore all the children I havent got are to be chuckt in my teeth. The same, of your own picter of yourself, which not being a Female, I cant fancy myself into, any more then you can into my inwizible green and drab shorts.

All I can say is I hope I may live to see it, Lantern and all, and dear Gus a ridin arter you on an Elefant, like a nabob, or a Mandarin, which reminds of his libberty taken with my tie. As to cuttin it off praps I may, *to leave as a legacy*. In the mean while he may keep his Shan Pan to fry his own fish in. If he had been reely solicitus to please, a pair of them noddin figures, such as stands in some grocer's shop winders, would have been a more likely and nateral present.

I think now I have answered every pint in your faver: and have only one thing to add namely trade is dredful flat, and money uncommon scarce and tite every where, which I mention in case that you or my nevy may not look to me for the needful in any dilemmy as is far from unprobable. I have no more thirty pounds to give away: and as to lendin on lone, of course it will be expected without sekurity from a Nateral Unkle, whereas the Unnateral ones always get something or other if its ony a flat irun for their advances.

With which I remane

Dear Sister

Your loving Bruther.

ABEL DOTTIN.

Manchester.

October the 26th, 1842.

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## PERSONS WHOM EVERY BODY HAS SEEN.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

### 3.—PERSONS WHO “KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.”

WHEN people draw their chairs close to the fender, stir the fire vigorously, rub their hands upon their knees, assume a look of complacent sagacity, and proceed to open up a long story with the confidential remark that they are going to tell us “all about it,” they oftentimes remind us—dull companions though they be—of that outrageous and incomprehensible piece of drollery of Foote's, which the wise reader who loves genuine nonsense never forgets:—

“So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie, and who should be coming down the street but a great she-bear and popp'd her head into the shop. What, no soap?—So he died; and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Joblilies, and the Garruyillies, and the Piccalilies, and the great Panjandrum himself with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-us-as-catch-can, till the gun-powder ran out at the heels of their boots!”

There is only one suitable termination for stories of this simple and lucid character, and it is that which custom always has ready—“and so now you know all about it.”



Where there are a great many facts to relate, with great anxiety to pour them out all at once, a little crowding and confusion must be considered excusable. But it is frequently much the same where there is but a solitary fact to disclose; for then the innocent meaning falls a victim to the turbulent rushing of a mob of words. Thus the spirit of the "great Panjandrum with the little round button at top," breathes intensely in the following—the opening passage of a printed circular which a learned schoolmaster in the City lately addressed to the authorities of Aldgate.

"Gentlemen,—Thank you for the unbounded confidence which you have placed in my management during a period of six years and upwards, in every part of which I may fearlessly assert the faithful discharge of an arduous duty. Circumstances not less to my prosperity than, under the blessing of God, to my happiness, induce me to this otherwise unpleasant task: but, should that which I have glanced at not be the reality anticipated, then I am sure it will be highly gratifying to learn that it is ascertained, more by the frequent observation of others, than my own experience, that a considerable fortune awaits me in another profession."

The writer not only intended to resign, but he intended to say so, only the great Panjandrum would not let him. When schoolmasters thus flourish in print, who can wonder that pupils persist in playing the game of catch-us-as-catch-can until the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots!

You may know the man who means to tell you all about it, directly his countenance comes in view. His cheeks are puffed out with words "that breathe," and his eyes are distended with thoughts "that burn" to find utterance. His appearance is that of a man who must tell his story at once or explode. To be still talking, as Beatrice says (only not, like Signor Benedick, to the purpose), is the necessity of his nature. (Truly, his is more the vein of Dogberry, who must have been prodigious at the game of telling a simple listener all about it.) Yet when you come to hearken, you find he has nothing to tell. He has plenty of passages leading nowhere, and they are all "to be continued."

He is for ever wandering in a maze, conducting you all about, but not out of it; he is coming to a sure exit at every fresh turn, and yet is always where he was. He never finds out the right track but to lose himself in it, and misses his way only to feel all the more confidence in his own cleverness. He is continually busy in disclosing vast secrets, not a word of which does he ever communicate; and is eager to offer you the clearest explanations, which never can be explained themselves.

He is the original of Sheridan's interpreter, who was the more difficult to understand of the two. He never spoke without saying too much, and yet never said any thing in his life. When he tells you all about it, it is about the shell of the nut, which he never cracks—and you hear not a word touching the kernel. He resembles the old riddle—"Round the house, and round the house, without touching the house." His wits, like Iago's, are "about it," but the invention never comes from his pate at all, and if it did, there are no brains to pluck out. He is a spendthrift in words and a miser in meanings. He must needs go

beating about the bush, when he knows all the time there is no game there.

Life is too short to warrant the expenditure of a single hour upon the remorseless prolixities of these roundabout rambles. Their yarns are like the Irish sailor's long line of rope, of which somebody had "cut off the other end," so that pull in as he might there was no coming to it.

"Grant me patience, just Heaven!"

Yes, we have all need of it—only grant me not enough to listen away my little lifetime in an easy-chair, sleepily nodding assent to the never-ending monotonous hum of the daily drawler, as he perseveres in telling one "all about it."

If he have any thing to say before he dies, let him say it. Every man has a right to address his fellow-creatures before he is turned off; but he has no right to cheat me of my morning, because he is doomed for his sins to get rid of his own.

If he have a romance to relate, let him introduce at once his bore of a monk or beast of a baron, without stopping a long hour to "gild the western hemisphere." If his tale bear date the 19th of October, let him state the fact; and not indulge in an insufferable dissertation upon that bleak autumnal season, when the leaves of the forest, &c., like human hopes, &c., suggesting lessons of mortality, &c.

If he *must* tell us something about John Smith, let him at least allow John Smith's father to sleep quietly in the grave, and not rip up ancient grievances by beginning like those abominable nuisances, the brown-coated old baronets on the stage, with "Let me see, it is now exactly twenty-three years ago this day, since——"

If the gentle Howard himself had failed to hiss furiously at this point, he would have proved himself more fool than philanthropist.

Above all, if he have only the regular bit of daily news, the appropriate morning gossip to communicate—why, out with it. Has Beau Tibbs gone into the Bench? say so simply. Has old Sir Peter Teazle's wife run away with Doricourt? there are just ten words necessary, with one note of admiration.

Grant that they have had "goose three days running" at No. 6—that Hicks's man has been taken up for swindling—that the nurse-maid opposite has got another clean clerk to walk round the corner with—and that the Bolts have gone away in the night—still there is no necessity for a volume upon each incident, the incident itself being after all left out of the volume.

Tell us the event, if you must—but spare us "all about it." We shall not stint the man of brevity in his choice of subjects. He shall tell us that a relation of ours is going to be hanged, or that a friend has met with a piece of great good luck; the unwelcome news shall not sour our temper. He shall announce the loss of our foreign scrip, the death of a favourite dog, or the return of a tyrannical dowager to our tranquil domicile when least wanted—we shall not wince much, if the tale be not long. Nay, he shall gently intimate that the income-tax is doubled—fourteenpence in the pound; but unless he would see an image of

Moody madness laughing wild  
Amidst severest woe,

let him not aggravate the injury by telling us in cold blood all about it, or affecting to explain the terrible mystery of the schedules.

The witness-box is often an excellent place for the display of "Knowledge under no Difficulties." There you continually meet with people, who are prepared at a moment's notice, whatever the case may be, to tell his worship all about it. Bring them to the point, however, his worship cannot, although he is many times assured that "that's what they're coming to." They know every thing and every body, except the circumstances of the affair, and the parties about whom they are interrogated. They saw nothing done and they heard nothing said; but they have been informed by one whose name they don't know, that something did take place, and they have certain thoughts of their own which are much at every body's service. This is what they call knowing all about it.

The same phrase is in use, by a similar class of persons, at the hustings and at public meetings: where, directly a speaker blessed with lungs and listeners, declares that the question of wool, timber, sugar, or corn, then and there agitated, has been utterly misunderstood, and he shall make bold to tell that intelligent audience for the first time all about it—you know your fate. If you have nothing to do, go and do it—but stay not there, unless the great Panjandrum with the little round button at top be the god of your idolatry.

If these knowing persons would be content with their knowledge, all would be well; but knowledge is power, and people who have power love sometimes to exercise it unmercifully. Thus, we cannot mention the philosopher's stone, but we find they know all about it. Shift the conversation to every opposite subject in turn—from Pompey's pillar to the songs of Ossian, the round towers of Ireland, the late mysterious murder, the Homeric birthplace, the last of the antediluvian turn-ups, or the authorship of Junius's letters; and in every successive instance, wherever a field is opened for doubt, or a mine of speculation and research is sprung, it invariably happens that they know all about it. Should you relate a private dream which you had last night, or invent a chain of impossibilities expressly for the occasion, you find them equally foreknowing, and can only wonder in what profound depth they picked up the information.

They have always an exclusive story of their own, which is, like a worn-out shilling, without head or tail to it. Every story, nevertheless, is furnished with two heroes—one is a cock and the other a bull—and these are constantly in one another's way.

If ignorance be bliss, verily each of these persons might be supposed to cry, "Me miserable!" On the contrary, to the confusion of the melancholy sons of wisdom, they are the happiest dogs living.

#### 4.—PERSONS WHO ARE NEVER WITHOUT AN EXCUSE.

It is almost a proverb in the land that you can never catch a woman without an excuse ready made, be her surprise or her emergency what it may. Rosalind tells us that we shall never catch a woman without

her answer ; and the brilliancy and affluence of *her* "woman's wit," confirming her own confident assertion of its unfailing qualities in her sex, almost establishes her case. But it must be recollected on the other hand, that all sweet Rosalind's pearls and diamonds can never shed a single ray of light that may show us how to estimate truly the riches of a woman's resources in that respect ; for this simple reason, that Rosalind is not the author of the play, and that, in reality, her "woman's wit" is the wit of a man ; if, indeed, we can bring ourselves to think of Shakspeare as only *one*.

If women have at command a greater store of pertinent answers and apt excuses than men, it is only another proof that wealth is often heaped where it is almost superfluous. As her fewer faults require fewer excuses than our large batch of grosser sins, so again she less needs the resource of an excuse, in virtue of that consideration and indulgence with which we habitually regard the smaller foibles of her character ; her little every-day transgressions, which brutal husbands alone call "whoppers."

Perhaps it was her reputed superiority in the art of making excuses, that by degrees suggested to vast numbers of the sex she rules ("rules," so long as she doesn't "show she rules") the expediency of cultivating it to the utmost, of employing it as an invaluable ally. At all events, we now live in the heart of a great world, which, want what it may, never wants an excuse. The exemption conceded to all kings is claimed by most subjects ; who "can do no wrong," because each in his own personal case is ready to prove it right. Every individual atom of the sovereign people becomes upon this plan an imperial Cæsar, and, we know,

Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.

That's just it. We never do wrong but upon right principles, and never commit a fault without an excellent reason for it. The justice of our cause vindicates the injustice of our deeds ; and the purity of our motives covers the grossness or want of charity of our speech.

Among our law-makers, high and low, the art of excuse-making is carried to perfection. An act repealed, or an act passed, may be in itself an ill deed ; not so, if it can happily boast a good excuse. The change might not be just—what then ? it was expedient.

You will as soon catch a tortoise without his shell as a minister without his excuse ;—it is his case-armour, and, worn guardedly, he is seldom crushed in it. He never wanted an excuse for promoting a public servant, or for neglecting one—he has an excuse for giving away a place, or for refusing it,—or for promising without the slightest intention of giving. He has a capital excuse for peace, and a sound one for war. He has his excuses for office, and his excuses for opposition.

The bewildered patient, hearty last week, dies amidst a countless multitude of phials and pill-boxes : but the M.D. has his excuse—the obstinate man would have the wing of a partridge for his dinner ; besides, his disease was evidently mortal—look at him, and you see the fact in his face.

The client walks out of court, winning his cause but losing his land ;

the lawyer has his excuse—the estate was only just large enough to pay the costs of suit.

The dramatist writes a tragedy and fails, but he has his excuse—the acting was execrable. And the actor who played so villanously, he has his excuse too—Garrick would have been hooted in the part, and have felt his genius in such a play buried in a leaden coffin.

Two classes of characters—extremely numerous ones—are especially famous for excuses. The man who, when asked, does not mean to lend his money; and the man who, when he has borrowed, does not mean to pay it back. The fertility of invention and the dexterity of fence displayed here are incessant and surprising; there is a continual play of genius on both sides, and it is difficult to say in which party is vested the greatest ingenuity, or the most unwearied perseverance. The firmness and fortitude of human nature are in either character worked up to the utmost.

The rich have an excuse for giving nothing away—the dread of encouraging rogues; and the poor offer at least as good a reason for not paying their debts—they have no money.

The man with the gout—what is his excuse for taking turtle twice?

“Oh, why it was sent to me; and then that fellow Jones had it three times; moreover, I’m fond of it.”

And he who staggers from the half-upset table and reels home on both sides of the road at midnight, has he no excuse for the drunkenness which is delicately phrased down into inebriety? Oh, certainly; he had met with the best friends in the world, and hadn’t an idea that whiskey-punch affected the head—thought the port really capital, and was inclined to blame the bottled stout; the excuse for being drunk generally ending with the emphatic appeal, “And besides—besides, mind—I’m s—s—sober.”

The drinker’s excuses, however, are innumerable. If it were of any use to attempt an enumeration, we should say that they run—1st. That it is ungentlemanly to pass the bottle. 2dly. That it is the anniversary of his wedding-day—of his marriage with his first wife. 3dly. That his heart is *almost* broken. 4thly. That he only drinks at night to enable him to relish his plain glass of porter next day. 5thly. That he has one wife and six children weighing heavily on his mind. 6thly. That he is writing a volume of poems. 7thly. That these are not times for a patriot to flinch from supporting the revenue. 8thly. That his heart is *quite* broken. 9thly. That he cannot tell whether it is to be a girl or a boy. 10thly. That he means to start for America, being sick of the United States in England, &c.

The very apostle of temperance is not without an excuse for an outbreak. It was Father Mathew’s birthday; or there must have been something in the water that he drank after supper—not a doubt of it.

Indeed, the only thing for which there is no excuse is—to be under any circumstances without one.

The daily journals, those acres of paper, are thickly sown with excuses for human nature, in all its infinite forms of meanness, venality, and crime. Their motto should be “Whatever is, is right.” There the judge excuses an excessive punishment, not that the offence de-

mands it, but that the state requires an example. There the culprit puts in the plea of poverty in answer to the charge of theft.

There the honourable member excuses his bribe on the ground that the other side bribed quite as high, and his broken promise to a constituency on the ground that a system of pledges is injurious to public morals.

The defrauded tradesman excuses his own carelessness—rather say his own willingness to be cheated; the bankrupt was so smooth-spoken, and went regularly to the same parish church. The fraudulent bankrupt in turn finds an excuse for his frailty in the intense force of domestic affection;—his wife had a passion for point lace and a drive in the parks, while his children would never have got through their measles comfortably, unless indulged with a promise of real French dancing-masters on their recovery.

The beauty of virtue is—this is rather a new doctrine—that it is so exceedingly profitable. One bit of true virtue stops the gaps created by the detection of several vices. The girl who drops her master's child out of a second-floor window in the morning, and innocently sets the house on fire at night, is excused by the general verdict of the family;—she is so extremely modest, and never stops to chat with the policeman. The footman who, having stolen the plate and carried off the cash which he was to have taken to the coal-merchant, is found senseless at the Bag-o'-nails, is not without his excuse—it was all owing to his devoted attachment to “that creature” who is a disgrace to her sex, and utterly unworthy of such a man. One virtue goes a great way—but a mere half-dozen vices count for nothing.

Even the lady who elopes from her lord finds more favour than is openly accorded to her. It turns out that she was three years younger than her husband; that she was sometimes left for the same number of hours at home while he who should have been her protector and companion was seeking enjoyment (talking politics) at the neighbouring tavern; and that Mr. Lungs, the lodger, had a surprising voice for “Is there a heart!” It must be an ill-wind indeed that blows nobody an excuse.

The faithful husband has numerous excuses for stopping out late. One is, of course, the politics aforesaid. The next seldom fails to appear, though it rarely succeeds—he positively had no idea of the time. Thirdly, he waited for that Tomkins, who was coming his way;—and never again will he wait a single instant for an unscrupulous sitter-up who has no wife and family—or at least no wife—to go home to. Then there was somebody in company who began to talk in the most admiring and affectionate strain of little Lucy (the disturbed wife's darling), and for his life he could not tear himself away. Then somebody else had detained him by the offer of a box at Covent-Garden, which certainly would afford a rare treat to the dear children. Afterwards he had staid a little—could he help that?—to return thanks upon his wife's health being drunk, which toast the Rev. Mr. Jobbins had most feelingly proposed;—and lastly—for even a string of excuses has its lastly—there was not a cab to be got. Yet, after all, he must frankly confess that he does not very seriously repent of his long stay, since he finds his Juliana in such a kind forgiving temper, and looking as fresh as a lark!



With the myriads of small excuses for small crimes committed momentarily a volume would in an hour or two be filled. Sins of omission, with respect to morning-calls and answering notes, afford a field which produces daily a large crop of excuses. We know a young lady whose innocent excuse for not writing was, that she did not know the day of the month. Her pedigree might possibly be traced back to the time of the ancient matron, who stated in excuse for the badness of her spelling, that she wrote the letter with a bad pen.

And really in an age when all kinds of excuses are freely admitted, and allowed to pass current without question, this should be as fair an excuse as may be adduced by an author for the insufficiency of his argument, or the feebleness of his imaginative flight. That he wrote his essay, or his epic, with a bad pen, should at once account for all blots. Should the consistent critic, jealous of innovation, still persist in abusing the work, he too might, in due and convenient season, produce his honest excuse—that he had never read a line of it.

Charles Lamb once gave a kind of pattern-excuse for appearing at a wedding in a black coat; yet a little bird had been before him. It was, if we remember, the excuse of the blackbird for appearing at the goldfinch's wedding in a sable suit—that he had got no other. The apology, founded upon such an extreme necessity, may serve to give the authority of an excuse to the many—the antipodes of the Charles Lambs of the world—who perpetually parade their one virtue before the public eye; whether it be their sobriety, their chastity, their horror of vice, or a supreme concern for the interests of their family—"they have got no other."

It is hardly consistent with a virtuous feeling to be hard upon a solitary virtue; yet this we may venture to say, that while for some positive vices, constituted as life is, some excuses may be found, we meet now and then with a case of singleness of virtue for which there is no excuse. Virtue however is much less prolific than her sister—weeds are of quicker growth even than flowers (weeds and flowers, vice and virtue, have paired off ever since the date of paradise).

And this reflection leads to the observation with which we close; that daily reviewing, though vainly attempting to enumerate the world's multitudinous excuses as well for grave as trivial transgressions, we see upon what a grand scale vice, by her agent hypocrisy, pays her homage to virtue. When we observe with what energy men labour to bury their offences from the common eye, with what dexterity they cloak their more venial trespasses, with what a degree of artifice they put on the smile in place of the scowl, and yet with what constancy they pursue the old game only to give themselves new trouble, we must come to the conclusion that intellect is more tasked to make human character appear what it is not, than to be what it was designed for. The first lesson we derive from social life is, that it is far less anxious to narrow the boundaries of vice than to discover passable excuses for it; to mask rather than to discard the grossness which weighs down the spirit.

## THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

"My dear," said Major Allen Barnaby, on waking the morning after Colonel Beauchamp's dinner party, "I am afraid I won rather too much last night."

"Won too much? What can you mean, good man?" replied his wife, rousing herself from sleep that had produced many delightful dreams. Does your tender conscience reproach you, my Donny? If so, make over your winnings to me, and the generosity shall atone for—for whatever you reproach yourself with, my dear."

"I don't think it would answer," he returned, in a tone rather too grave for jesting. "The thirst which gets hold of one in this hateful climate forces a man to drink, whether he will or no, and I have a sort of confused recollection of having got rather excited last night, and going it, may be, a trifle too fast."

"Mercy on me! I hope you did no such thing!" she replied, looking a good deal alarmed. "Just think of the horror of having our beautiful smooth-sailing here spoilt by such a piece of folly as that!"

"Think of it? I can't bear to think of it," said he. "Our only hope is that the others were in the same condition as myself, and will recollect nothing very clearly. But tell me," he added, "wasn't that stiff young Egerton buzzing about me all the time? He looks like one that might be as dry as Etna before he'd ever think of recruiting himself by a dram. Wasn't he hanging about the table, wife? I have a confused sort of notion of having been bothered by it."

"He did nothing the whole evening but watch the players," she replied, looking considerably alarmed. "If this is to be the Curzon-street business over again, what is to become of us?"

"Don't lose your courage, my dear," said he, with a degree of composure that he thought was well calculated to reassure her, "if things don't prosper here, we must go ahead, as the natives say."

"It may be easier to say than to do, Major Allen," she replied, not a little provoked by the indifference with which he appeared ready to sacrifice all the advantages which she had obtained with so much ability. "You may go ahead, as you call it, with such a stone thrown after you, as may pretty speedily bring you to a standstill."

"Very likely, my dear; especially if you get a fancy to forget the name I ought to go by. I must beg you won't take to calling me Major Allen, Mrs. Barnaby, or mischief will be sure to come of it. But don't let you and I quarrel, wife. It is too late in the day for either of us to profit by that now. I think we had better change our quarters, I won't deny that; but I dare say that your cleverness will find out some excuse for doing it, that will set all right again. That is to say, if we once fairly get off; for I won't stay, mind that, if you please, so don't waste your wit in trying to contrive it."

"Good Heaven! have you really brought matters to such a pass as that, major?" said the unfortunate lady, her eyes flashing, and her

cheeks becoming redder than ever rouge made them. "What a return for all my enormous exertions for you! And such unequalled success too! It is enough to drive one mad!"

"Not enough to drive such a woman as you are, mad, my charming Barnaby," said he, with a coaxing smile. "Besides, my dear, you have never yet asked how much this rather bold winning may amount to. If we get clear off with it, that may make some considerable difference, I promise you."

"What difference," said she, "can it make to me, sir, I should like to know? You have taken care to keep your winnings pretty snugly to yourself, you will please to remember; whereas I have been labouring, as you well know, to make the great and *honourable* celebrity I have obtained as advantageous to you as to myself, and this is the return I get for it."

To do my heroine justice, she was not a weeping lady; but at this moment, and especially as she pronounced the word *honourable*, which not only set off with great effect the indiscreet proceedings of her spouse, but brought fresh upon her memory the delightful feelings with which she had listened to the demands for her autograph, at this moment tears certainly started to her eyes, and she seemed determined to make the most of them, blowing her nose a good deal, and even producing at intervals something very like a sob.

Major Allen Barnaby had left his bed when this conversation began, and had been employing himself from the moment he had thrown on his dressing-gown in the necessary operation of shaving, but upon observing the condition of his wife, and at the same time feeling the force of the words she had spoken, he laid aside the instrument which he was employing upon his chin, walked across the room to the spot where he had deposited the garments he had worn the night before, and extracting his pocket-book from the receptacle in which it was lodged, walked back again to the bed, and laid it unopened on her pillow.

"There, my dear," he said, as he quietly renewed his shaving; "there! you never had that little book in your hands before, to the best of my knowledge and belief; and now I recommend you to dry your handsome eyes, and look at it. It is just the first packet you will come to that you will find the most worthy of observation."

The mind of my admirable heroine was not formed to dissolve in watery woe at such a moment as this. She instantly sat up in bed, opened the pocket-book, and obeying exactly the instructions she had received, came upon a packet of exceedingly dirty papers, among which however was one little scrap newly written upon, and looking like a bit of first-rate letter-paper. The dirty papers were, as the lady well knew, uncleanly thumb'd bank-notes, and their whole amount was seven hundred and eighty dollars, but the scrap of letter-paper was worth them all put together, and a pretty considerable bit of money besides; being an order, payable at sight, upon a bank at Washington, and signed "Themistocles Joseph John Hapford," a name already well known to the attentive ears of Mrs. Allen Barnaby as that of a senator of first-rate standing, a very wealthy planter, and lastly, as one of the brilliant company who had been invited to meet them on the preceding day. The paper thus satisfactorily inscribed might,

therefore, be fairly estimated at the value indicated by the figures it bore, which amounted to the pleasant sum of one thousand five hundred and fifty dollars. For a moment the countenance of Mrs. Allen Barnaby became radiant, but in the next it faded again, and she exclaimed with a deep sigh,

“ Yes, Donny, yes ! This might atone for much ! but what did you find the paper you got in Curzon-street worth ? ”

“ I don’t wonder it should come into your head, my dear,” replied her husband ; “ but I am happy to say that we have a considerably better chance this time. I am sure, my dear, that I shall be as sorry as you can be to take you away from all the honour and renown that you are so cleverly making for yourself here, and indeed I shan’t think of doing it, whatever I may be obliged to do myself, if upon reflection you prefer remaining behind. But the state of the case is this—I remember it all perfectly now that I have dipped my head in cold water, and set about recollecting a little—the state of the case is this, my Barnaby : the bank-notes that you find there, were lost between Colonel Beauchamp and his other playing friend, Judge Wilkins, who lives close by ; but the draught came, as you see, from Mr. Hapford, who drove above fifteen miles to his own house, after the table broke up, that I well remember, for there was a deal of talking about wanting him to stay. Well now, it strikes me, that the only safe thing for me to do, is to declare this morning that either you, or I, or Tornorino (Patty must know nothing about it), but some one of us three must be taken ill with a terrible complaint that we have perhaps been long used to, and set off, without losing a moment, bag and baggage, to look for the best medical assistance. We may promise to come back again, you know, and so we can, if we like it ; that is to say if nothing comes of what passed last night, besides the quiet cashing of this neat check. Half of that whole sum of two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars I mean to present to you, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, for your own particular use and benefit, to make up to you for any inconvenience which this accident may have occasioned.”

These last words were pronounced with a low bow performed at the bottom of the bed, where the major stood wiping his razor upon the sleeve of his dressing-gown, while his eyes were fixed with a slight expression of anxiety upon the august countenance of his wife. He had, however, no longer any thing to fear in that quarter ; the noble generosity of purpose which he thus announced not only stifled every sentiment of anger, but created an emotion of admiration which in her generous heart left room for no other.

“ You may at times be thoughtless and indiscreet, my dear major,” she replied, in a tone of deep feeling, “ but there is a fund of just and honourable delicacy about you, sufficient to redeem a thousand such trifling errors. I accept your present as frankly as it is offered, and will not deny that it is as just as it is generous ; for the blunder you have made has certainly stopped me short in a very glorious career. Not that I mean to abandon my project, observe. It is much too well imagined, and has in fact already been far too successful to be given up. However, we need not talk about that now, I shall be able to manage the bringing it forward again, I dare say. What we must think of now, my dear Donny, is how to get off with flying colours here :

and that too, I dare say I shall be able to manage; your generous conduct will inspire me with spirit to get through it all. But it is *I* who must be sick, major. I should not like, my dear, to see you undertake such a troublesome job. All you need do, is to be in a dreadful agony of terror about me, and insist upon having me removed to some of the great cities directly—you understand?"

"Oh yes, my dear, I understand most perfectly well, you may depend upon it, and the only improvement I can suggest is, that whatever city we decide upon going to before we set out, we should hear something as we go along that should make us change our minds and send us to another."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby looked grave.

"Indeed! Was the circumstance that occurred last night so—so very much out of the common way?" said she.

Her husband laughed.

"Why no, my dear," he replied, "I can't say that it was any thing very extraordinary; but it is always impossible to say, you know, how a joke of that kind may be taken by strangers. Some people think a good deal of it, while others again treat it quite lightly. But we ought to be prepared for the worst. If I can but get that bit of paper honoured however, I shall care very little what any of the folks in this nasty, frizzing, frying, burnt-up, negro-driving country, may think, or feel, on the subject. We have nothing to do but keep moving, my dear, and I have a notion that you and I, between us, may snap our fingers at the whole world."

"All I can say in return, major, is, that we must do our best," replied the lady, with an encouraging smile. "And now, my dear," she continued, "set off directly, catch hold of one of the blackmoors, and send in word to madam that you must beg to speak to her without delay. She won't keep you waiting, you may depend upon it, and when you see her just look and speak as a devoted husband ought to do when he thinks himself in danger of losing the best of wives, and then send her to me, and you shall find every thing beautifully arranged for our setting off in the twinkling of an eye."

"How many more times shall I have to tell you that you were born for me?" cried the major, suddenly saluting her with all the fervour of young affection, "though I can never hope to equal you in any thing," he added, "you shall see at least that your example is not altogether lost. If I do not enact the agonized husband with spirit, then never trust me again. But upon my soul, my Barnaby, I shall only have to fancy that the thing is real in order to be in cue for acting despair to perfection."

This tender assurance was received with a very charming smile, and then the fond husband tore himself away, to perform the part assigned him. This part, as it speedily appeared, was instantly acted by the alert major, and with undoubted success; for almost before Mrs. Allen Barnaby had time to arrange every thing about her in proper order for her own part of the drama, her door was opened with a hurried and agitated hand, and Mrs. Beauchamp stood before her.

Short as the interval had been, however, Mrs. Allen Barnaby had found time to wash all traces of rouge from her cheeks, and the effect

of this to one who had never seen her but in the fullest bloom, was really startling.

"Oh my!" exclaimed the terrified lady of the mansion, to whom the idea of yellow fever had immediately suggested itself,—“oh my! you are sick, sure enough! My dear, dear lady, I'll send off to Euripedesville this very moment, for it is there that bides the smartest doctor we have. Only to think of your being caught so, all of a minute! I'll come again in no time,” she added, turning towards the door; “but first before every thing we must send for the doctor.” A low groan indicative of the very severest suffering, arrested her steps, “Oh dear! oh dear! I do believe she's dying already!” exclaimed the terrified Mrs. Beauchamp, wringing her hands, and then flying to the bell she rang it violently.

“Come to me!” murmured the sufferer, “oh come to me, my dearest friend, and let me speak one word to you.”

Delighted to find that so much strength was left, Mrs. Beauchamp hastened to obey her, but before she could reach the side of the bed where she lay, half-a-dozen woolly heads appeared at the door to answer the bell.

“Shall I tell the creturs to get you a hot bath, my dear?” said the kind hostess hanging over her.

“No, no, no, groaned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, “only send them away, and let me speak to you for one single moment alone.”

The wish was instantly obeyed, the slaves dismissed, the door closed, and Mrs. Beauchamp hanging over the bed to catch the slightest sound.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby now appeared to make a strong effort to enable herself to speak intelligibly, and then said, lowly and slowly, but with perfect distinctness,

“*My friend, I am poisoned!*”

Mrs. Beauchamp's only reply was a piercing shriek.

“Compose yourself, my dearest friend, compose yourself, I entreat you,” resumed the invalid, “let me be but prompt in what I have to say, and what I have to do, and I may yet be saved!”

“Speak then, speak, my dearest lady,” returned poor Mrs. Beauchamp, with tears running down her cheeks, “and I will obey you to the very smallest particular.”

On receiving this assurance, Mrs. Allen Barnaby raised herself by a great effort in her bed, in order to make what she was about to say more distinctly audible, and then, though occasionally interrupted by pangs which caused her to groan terribly, she said,

“Yes, my friend, it is but too certain that I am poisoned. Among the many studies to which I have given attention, the effect of poisons is one, and this enables me—oh! h! h!—to tell you with the most perfect certainty that I am now suffering from the effect of some mineral poison administered about twelve or fourteen hours ago. That some revengeful slave, or slaves have done this, I have not, in fact there cannot be the slightest doubt. I am the victim of my principles. Nor shall I regret it, even if death overtakes me, provided I am assured that you, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, and those you most value and esteem—oh! h! h!—shall do me justice.”

It is impossible to describe the agony of feeling into which these



words threw poor Mrs. Beauchamp, but Mrs. Allen Barnaby suddenly checked all expression of it by saying, with all the energy of lingering hope,

"Then save me! Save me by instantly lending me a carriage and horses to convey me to a steamboat that shall take me with the least possible loss of time to New York. Fortunately I have an antidote, which indeed I have already taken, that will for many days so far check the action of the poison as to give me hope of life if I can reach that city; for, somewhere amongst my effects, I have the address of a practitioner there who is greatly celebrated, even in London, for his skill in cases of poison. Will you do this for me, Mrs. Beauchamp, and without an hour's delay?"

"Will I?" exclaimed the good lady, running towards the door, "oh! what is there I would not do?" And she was out of sight in a moment.

The affectionate major, whose anxiety naturally kept him hovering at the threshold, entered the room as Mrs. Beauchamp quitted it, and carefully closing the door approached the bed and directed an inquiring glance towards his wife.

"I am very bad indeed, my dear," she said, as her black eye twinkled laughingly up to his. "I am poisoned, major, please to observe that. I am poisoned by the wicked slaves who have found out my principles; so of course every thing ought to be done that can be done to get me out of their way, and within reach of a certain learned man at New York, who I happen to know cures poisoned folks to a miracle."

"But, my dear," returned the major, looking very grave, "do you remember how many days' journey it is between this place and New York? How is it possible that you should survive till you get there?"

"How sweetly anxious you are for me!" returned his lady, tenderly. "But don't be alarmed, major; by the greatest good luck in the world I happen to have heard of an antidote which *delays* the action of poison in a most remarkable manner, and this antidote I have already taken, my love; so don't agitate yourself, but just tell me if you don't think this would be an excellent opportunity for us to get rid of those tiresome Perkinses? Patty and I are both of us as sick of them as possible. The truth is, you see, that every thing is perfectly different from what we expected. I had no idea of our getting on as we have done, and as I have no doubt in the world that we shall do again, if we can contrive to get off before that senator man comes to look after you. But these lanky Perkinses are ten times more plague than profit, and I'd give any thing to be fairly quit of them."

"That's very likely, I think; but I protest I don't very well see how you are to set about it," returned the major drily.

"Leave that to me, my dear, I'll just have a try for it, at any rate. And now I think you had better get sight of Patty, and tell her that I am very ill. You may tell her the poison story, if you like it, only don't frighten her, poor thing. As to her Don—"

"Oh, as to her Don," interrupted the major, laughing, "you may depend upon it he will be exceedingly intelligent upon the subject."

"Pray don't laugh so very loud. Just fancy any one hearing you!" whispered his wife.

Major Allen Barnaby promised to me more discreet, and after a little further conversation concerning the necessary packing, and the best means of setting the Perkinses to do it if they could be left behind without offending them, he departed.

It is unnecessary to follow every stage of the process by which the whole business was finally arranged; it will be sufficient to state that before noon, on the day following the great Big-Gang Bank dinner-party, Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby was laid, amidst an inconceivable number of pillows and cushions at the bottom of a Deerborn, with her adoring husband sitting beside her, to watch every movement, and administer every attention, as it drove gently along towards the place at which they hoped to meet a steamboat; while Patty and her Don followed in another carriage, having "another still" behind them, conveying their baggage. A very few words had settled the Perkins question most satisfactorily to all parties.

Mrs. Beauchamp rejoiced with no common joy at the idea of still retaining near her a fraction of the enlightened English party, whose introduction to her friends had been attended with so much *éclat*; and the Miss Perkinses were by no means sorry for the transfer, being, to say the truth, rather tired of the patronage under which they had left their native land. Not to mention that the worthy Louisa began to suspect, from various conversations which she had held with her friend Annie, that, even in a pecuniary point of view, they might manage a good deal better without them. Fortunately, this gentle-hearted lady, though rather more than sufficiently yielding in some particulars, never suffered any body to interfere with her money matters. She had very snugly made all her own little arrangements of this kind before setting out, without any other assistance than that of the banker, whom she found was the proper person to employ upon the occasion, and she knew to a fraction how much, to a day when, and to a street and a number where, she might reckon upon her resources. The parting, however, though not regretted, was exceedingly affectionate, and many were the assurances exchanged that they should meet again, somewhere or other, very soon.

It would be difficult to say why it was that neither of the Miss Perkinses believed one single word about Mrs. Allen Barnaby's sudden indisposition; but such was the fact, though they hinted not this scepticism to any human being, save each other. Perhaps Miss Louisa might retain in her memory a sufficient number of by-gone make-believes, to generate doubts upon the present occasion; and perhaps the sympathizing Miss Matilda might discover something life-like, and even healthy, in the anxiety expressed by her dear friend, whenever Mrs. Beauchamp left her side, concerning the safety of such of her suits as had been unpacked since their arrival at "the Bank." Whatever the cause, the fact was as I have said; neither of the sisters gave faith to her statement concerning her dreadful sufferings; and I mention this in justice to the spinsters, who, notwithstanding their various little peculiarities, were not so hard-hearted as to have seen any lady of their acquaintance poisoned, and packed up, in so very alarming a state, without feeling much greater concern for her condition than they now did for that of Mrs. Allen Barnaby. They were both of them too wise, however, as I have before stated, to hint their suspicions to the

amiable lady who cherished them both so kindly (and so very conveniently) for no reason in the world but because they were Mrs. Allen Barnaby's *attachées*.

## CHAP. XXIX.

BEFORE I follow my heroine in her further progress, I must say a few words concerning some of the personages she had left behind her. For the Miss Perkinses the reader need have no anxieties for several months to come. The noble emotions of admiration and gratitude to which Mrs. Allen Barnaby's efforts in favour of the slave system had given rise, were not of a nature to fade away hastily; for all the strongest passions of the planter race were roused in the cause, and it was impossible to mention her name without producing among them an universal murmur of affectionate applause. So deep, and so sincere was this feeling, that many of the families who had been looking forward to a visit from the enlightened traveller, were but too happy to sooth their disappointment at not seeing her, by obtaining a visit from her dear friends and travelling companions of sufficient duration to permit their being shown and exhibited in all directions; in proof that their hosts, for the time being, were really and truly among the happy few who were personally acquainted with the illustrious lady.

‡ During the whole of this vicarial ovation, the two sisters were, in their different ways, exceedingly happy. Miss Louisa, it is true, never saw any other American young lady that she admired quite as much as Annie; but her spirits were sustained in a most delightful state, made up of brilliant hopes and comfortable certainties. She was feasted, waited upon, and in all respects treated with the highest consideration, while her little purse scarcely became lighter by a single cent.

This was a sober certainty: while her hopes were sustained by watching day by day the prodigious politeness of the American bachelors to her sister, which she would not suffer herself to doubt, must, in time, come to something. And as for Miss Matilda herself, she lived in a state of continual ecstasy. She was handed about by the elbow wherever she moved; nobody ever seemed to forget that she was in the room; the ladies taught her how to arrange a "spit-curl," so as to defy the moistifying effects of the climate and the season; and in every drawing-room she entered, the very first and best of the gentlemen, single as well as married, seemed to take a pride in showing how greatly they admired her.

We will leave our old acquaintances in this happy condition, and turn to take a glance at poor Annie Beauchamp. All the joy that the departure of Mrs. Allen Barnaby and Co. might have given her, under other circumstances, was merged and forgotten in the deeper interest of a scene which occurred immediately afterwards.

Frederick Egerton had, as I before mentioned, again been induced to watch the peculiar manner in which the dark-eyed, silent son-in-law of Major Allen Barnaby seemed to float round and round the card-table, at which his father-in-law was engaged. Had he never observed it before, the circumstance might not so completely have awakened his attention now; but his observation being stimulated by the suspicion

he had previously conceived, he very soon became convinced that the father and son were in league together, and that the former did not play fairly.

Having at length fully made up his mind on this point, he retired to bed. Had there been no such being as Annie Beauchamp in existence, it may be doubted whether the young Englishman would have thought himself called upon to interfere in so very delicate a business, especially as he had no power of bringing forward any positive proof on the subject; but the idea of suffering the father of one who was becoming every hour more closely interwoven with all his future hopes, to suffer wrong, to permit, in short, the father of Annie to be cheated and betrayed by a travelling swindler, and that swindler an Englishman, was intolerable; and after long cogitation with himself, he at length dropped asleep with the determination of mentioning the circumstance to Annie himself, and leaving the future management of the affair to her discretion.

It was very late when Egerton went to sleep, and it was not very early when he woke; but upon summoning a slave, and inquiring whether the family had breakfasted, he was told that the house was in great confusion on account of the English biggest lady being taken ill, and like to die. He then ventured to inquire for Miss Beauchamp, and was informed that she had not yet left her room.

Vexed and harassed with the uncertainty of what he ought to do in this new state of things, he entered the usual breakfast-room, and finding it entirely unoccupied, though there were symptoms of several persons having breakfasted there, he sat down alone, broke his fast upon what he found, and then rambled out upon the lawn, determined to occupy the interval, till the next hour of family meeting, as he could, and then to be guided as to what he ought to do, by the position of the parties who should then assemble. If he should find that the illustrious authoress was really at the point of death, he generously made up his mind to let her die in peace; but in case it proved, as he strongly suspected, that the slave he had questioned had talked about that of which he knew nothing, he was equally determined by some means or other to put the family upon their guard.

In pursuance of this intention, he strolled away into the rice-grounds, his curiosity to see the cultivation of a crop so new to him, making him for an hour or so forget the fatigue which the intense heat produced. He questioned several of the slaves, but found them uniformly unwilling to converse, a sort of sullen reserve which equally surprised and disgusted him, till he was enabled to judge the cause of it more fairly by the finesse of a negro youth, who, while he was attempting to elicit some local information from the man next him, said in a low, but very distinct voice, and without, for an instant, intermitting his labour, or changing his attitude,

“ Massa besser no talk nigger slave. White looker watch.”

Thus put on his guard, he took care to give no immediate indication that he had been thus warned, and moved on with an air of idle indifference; but ere he had taken many steps he was enabled to comprehend the necessity of the warning by perceiving that there was indeed a white looker on the watch; for a fellow of that complexion,

but with a scowl as black as night, was following his movements from behind the shelter of a palmeto bush.

Rendered cautious, for the sake of the poor negroes, by this discovery, Mr. Egerton determined to pursue his study of statistics, in this direction, no further, and immediately returned to the house. In the usual *keeping*-room he found the eldest Miss Perkins seated alone, in expectation of the arrival of her friend Annie, who had promised to lead her to some retreat in the grounds that had the reputation of being first-rate cool.

Egerton immediately desired her to inform him if it were true that Mrs. Allen Barnaby was dangerously ill. Miss Louisa simpered a little, and replied,

"Oh dear, sir, I hope not."

"I wonder, then, what the black meant who told me that all the house was in confusion, and the biggest of the lady visitors at the point of death."

Miss Louisa laughed outright, for she never felt at all afraid of Mr. Egerton, and she was greatly amused at the phrase used to describe her illustrious friend.

"You must not accuse the poor black of meaning to tell stories either, Mr. Egerton," said she; "and, indeed, what he said was strictly true, as far as the confusion of the house goes, for most certainly the confusion *was* very great; however, it is all over now, and Major and Mrs. Allen Barnaby, their daughter and son-in-law, are all set off for New York."

"All set off for New York?" repeated Egerton, in an accent that seemed rather to puzzle Miss Louisa.

"I suppose you are very much surprised, are you not, sir, at hearing that they are all gone, and we left here? I am sure it seems to me quite like a dream."

"I am not very greatly surprised that Major Allen Barnaby should have taken himself off," replied the young man; "but I am very glad," he added, with a friendly smile, "that you are left behind."

"That is very kind of you, sir," said the grateful spinster, looking up in his face, however, as if she wished him to say a little more on the subject. "But I wonder you are not a little more surprised, sir."

"My good lady," he replied, "will you tell me if you and your sister have any intention of joining them again?"

"Oh dear, yes, I suppose so," she answered, but added, after a moment's reflection. "Not that any thing was exactly settled as to the time, but they all seemed to talk as if they should see us again soon."

"I hope, Miss Perkins," said Egerton, earnestly, "that you will never see them again. I have every reason to believe that the major, as he calls himself, is little better than a common swindler and cheat; and I am quite persuaded that you and your sister must have been greatly deceived, or you would not have travelled in his company."

These words came like a thunderbolt upon poor Miss Perkins, and her distress and astonishment were so great, that her goodnatured countryman entered more fully into the subject with her than he had intended, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that his good counsel

was not thrown away, but that she was very stoutly determined never to renew the intercourse thus fortunately broken off between them. Her gratitude to him was equally great and sincere, and the simple but earnest expression of it so plainly bore the impress of truth, that the somewhat incongruous-seeming friendship between them became closer than ever, and he ventured to speak to her of Annie, not exactly as a confidant, indeed, but with more freedom than he would have used with any other individual in the family.

He told her that as the English party invited by Colonel Beauchamp must now be considered as broken up, he should himself take leave almost immediately, but that he should be sorry to do so without finding an opportunity of saying farewell to her young friend and favourite, Miss Beauchamp.

"I hope," he added, "that the indisposition she complained of yesterday is not serious, but it effectually prevented my speaking to her all day; nor have I been fortunate enough to see her at all this morning."

Miss Perkins shook her head mournfully in reply, but did not answer him in words.

"You do not think her seriously ill, Miss Perkins?" said the young man, changing colour.

"No, sir, no, I don't indeed," said the kind soul, endeavouring *sans façon* to sooth the anxiety she saw he was feeling. "It is not her health, sir, that makes me uneasy about her, but I don't think she is happy."

"What do you suppose makes her otherwise, Miss Perkins?" said he, with a degree of emotion that he had no power to conceal.

"Why it puzzles me, sir. I never did see any girl exactly like this American young lady, and that's the reason, perhaps, that I don't quite understand why she is unhappy. She is so sweetly kind, that when we are talking together she always seems gay and cheerful; but I think that is only to give me pleasure, for I never come upon her unawares—that is of late, I mean, that I don't see the tears in her eyes."

"Is it not possible," said Egerton, "that she may have seen reason to disapprove the great intimacy her mother has been forming in so absurd a manner with those Barnaby people?"

"I don't believe she likes it," replied Miss Louisa, musingly, and as if recalling things that had past.

"Then she shall never be exposed to it again," he eagerly replied. "But perhaps there is no chance of their ever meeting again?"

On this point, however, Miss Perkins immediately set him right, repeating many of the affectionate phrases on both sides which predicted future intercourse and continued intimacy. On hearing this, Egerton immediately decided upon communicating his observations to his hospitable entertainers; a communication which he would certainly rather have avoided, but which, from what he now heard, appeared to be a positive duty.

A few minutes after this resolution was taken, a favourable opportunity arrived for putting it in practice, the colonel and his lady, their daughter, and Miss Matilda, all entering the room together.

"Oh, here you are," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "we have been looking for you that we might go all together to the spring-house. I have had



it all got ready for you, with flowers, and the nigger-girls churning, and every thing. I am so sorry that my dear, darling Mrs. Allen Barnaby didn't see it before she went. But I pray to God we shall soon have her back again."

Upon this hint he spoke, and quietly and concisely gave his hearers to understand that accident had discovered to him some particulars in the conduct of the person calling himself Major Allen Barnaby, which made it his duty to caution them against any further intercourse with him or his family. It is impossible to describe the vehemence of rage and anger with which this statement was listened to by Mrs. Beauchamp.

"You are a false slanderer, sir!" she exclaimed, as soon as she found breath to speak; "and happily for the peace and happiness, and perhaps the lives of me and mine, I am capable of proving my words against you, in a different sort of manner, I expect, from what you can pretend to offer in defence of your most wicked falsehoods. It isn't ten minutes ago, colonel," she continued, with vehement gesticulation, and a degree of anger that seemed to make it difficult for her to articulate; "no, not ten minutes ago that I met Tomkins in the passage leading to your room. I asked him what he wanted, and he said he only wished to tell you that one of your company, describing him,"—and here the angry lady pointed at Mr. Egerton,—“he only wanted to tell you that this young traitor had been seen this very morning talking and cajoling with the slaves, and that he thought it had better be looked to. And how did I answer him? I told him he was a fool, and didn't know who he was talking about, so perfect was my confidence in his honour. But now see if the words of Tomkins are not proved to the very letter? Who is there can doubt, I should like to know, this wicked young man's motive for trying to make mischief between me and my dearest of friends? He is an abolitionist. Let him deny it if he can. He is come here, I'll bet my life, to raise a rebellion amongst the slaves; and not content with that, just see the vengeance with which he falls upon the excellent people who have now left us, for the alone reason that they would be likely to stop his wicked plottings if they could. And now, who is there will take upon them to say that it wasn't himself, and no other, that contrived to give the dose that threatens the life of our invaluable friend? It is not my business, but yours, Colonel Beauchamp; but as I live and breathe, I would have him taken up and sent to prison on suspicion."

Here the indignant lady stopped, and it would be difficult to say which of her audience felt the most astonished at her attack. It required a minute or two for the colonel to recover himself sufficiently to speak; but when he did, it was in terms scarcely less vehement than those used by his wife.

The fact of Egerton's having been seen in conversation with his slaves, was in the eyes of both almost the deepest crime he could commit, as it would have been, probably, in those of nearly every other proprietor in the State; for the jealousy on this subject amounts to a passion as vehement as that of Othello himself. Nevertheless, the prudent colonel did not appear to approve the scheme of sending the offender to prison, although he entertained no doubt whatever that his

lady's conjecture was perfectly correct as to the cause of the imputation thrown on the character of Major Allen Barnaby. He had been himself exceedingly tipsy the night before, and all he recollected or knew as to the result of the long hours of high play in which he and his friends had indulged, was that he had discovered himself in the morning to have been the winner of twenty dollars. To him, therefore, it appeared quite evident that nothing but malice could have dictated the statement they had heard, and accordingly he scrupled not to say as much, adding that the object of the slander being as evident as the slander itself, the sooner the utterer of it was out of his house and off his premises, the better.

For half a moment Egerton stood silent, as if uncertain what he should reply, and in that half-moment he caught sight of Annie, who was standing at the other end of the room, her cheeks and lips as colourless as marble, and with both her hands resting on the back of a chair, as if to prevent herself from falling. A wild thought of flying towards her, of proclaiming his love, and rebutting the charge brought against him, rushed through his brain; but soberer thoughts succeeded, and a more dignified line of conduct suggested itself.

"Colonel Beauchamp," he said, "there is no chance at this moment that my telling you I am wholly innocent of the charge brought against me, should be listened to either by yourself or your lady; and therefore I shall abstain from all protestation on the subject. I beg to thank you for your obliging hospitality, and to assure you that I shall remember that, when your very idle suspicions against me shall be forgotten. As I have no servant with me, I must beg permission to enter the room I have occupied for a few moments, that I may throw my things together preparatory to their removal. Farewell."

Having spoken these words, the young man took his leave of Miss Matilda Perkins by a very civil bow, and then passing on to her sister, who was standing at no great distance from Annie, he took her hand, and said in a tone that could be distinctly heard by none but herself,

"Miss Perkins, I feel convinced that I have not lost your esteem, and therefore I venture to ask a favour of you on which the happiness of my life depends. Will you contrive this evening to bring your young friend, Miss Beauchamp, to the house we all visited together on Tuesday last, and at the same hour?"

These words were uttered very rapidly, and he looked to the good lady's eyes, rather than her lips, for the reply. It was given with equal caution and kindness, and with one more glance at the trembling Annie, he left the room. The result of this rendezvous must be told hereafter, for it is now absolutely necessary that we should look after the fortunes of my heroine.

#### CHAP. XXX.

ON reaching the little village of Shakspeare Town, at which it was the purpose of Major Allen Barnaby to embark, he had the considerable satisfaction of hearing that no steamer for New York was expected to stop there for a day or two; he therefore dismissed the conveyances so zealously lent for the use of his beloved and suffering

wife, and her family, wrote a few affectionate lines to Mrs. Beauchamp, stating, that though violent spasms had returned on the road, the precious object of his care was again so far relieved as to encourage the delightful hope that the final result would be favourable; and then shut himself up with his suffering angel at the hotel, reiterating very audible orders on all sides, that notice should be given them at whatever hour of the day or night a steamer bound for New York direct, should reach the station.

During the extremely comfortable little *tête-à-tête* supper which followed (for the negro attendants and their horses were to repose for that night at Shakspeare Town, which rendered it necessary that the every-way interesting invalid should confine herself to her chamber), a discussion arose between the major and his wife as to the necessity of keeping Patty in the dark respecting the real state of the case. The major was of opinion that it would be better for her morality that she should continue to live in ignorance of his peculiar mode of playing cards, as well as the extraordinary facility with which her mother could seem the thing she was not; but Mrs. Allen Barnaby did not altogether agree with him.

"As to her knowing no more than you choose to tell her, Donny, about your rules of play, I have no objection; though, after all, you know, her ignorance or innocence, as you call it, must depend altogether on her husband. He's up to every thing, and if he should choose to live on the same pleasant confidential terms with his wife, as you do with me, Donny, I don't see how we can interfere to prevent it. But Patty's no fool, and not a bit more likely to make a fuss about nothing, than her mother was before her. But with all this we have nothing to do; and for you, my dear, you may just tell or not tell, as much as you like. But for my own part of the business, I have made up my mind, as I always have done throughout my whole life, to act in strict conformity to my principles, and nobody in my opinion can be in any degree worthy of esteem who does otherwise. I have always endeavoured, my dear major, to impress on the mind of our daughter, that it is a woman's duty to sacrifice every thing for the interest of her husband; and as far as I am concerned, I shall merely tell Patty that you had had enough of Big-Gang Bank, and requested me to facilitate your departure in any manner I could devise—and of course, I shall add, that in conformity to the unvarying line of conduct which I marked out for myself from the first hour of my becoming a wife, I instantly feigned illness, as being at once the most prompt, and the most effectual mode of complying with your wishes."

"Well, my dear, that is all very right and proper," replied the major; "and no man, I am sure, could find in his heart to say a word against it. But suppose she should take it into *her* head, wife, to ask what it was that put it into *my* head to be in such a monstrous hurry to get off, what should you tell her? I do love the girl, and I don't want her to think me worse than I am; and upon my honour and life, my dear, what happened the other night, the accident I mean upon which the luck turned, was just exactly nothing. So I think, if you please, that if she should take a fancy for questioning you, the best thing to do will just be to refer her to me; saying, you know, in your own charming manner, which I am sure gives the finest example that

ever girl had, that it was enough for you to know that I wanted to be off, and that you didn't care three-farthings, or something like that, you understand, whether you went, or whether you stayed, provided I was pleased. And then, if she wants to know more, of course she will come to me—and I don't much fear but what I shall find something or other to tell her, that will set her mind at rest."

This point being satisfactorily adjusted, the truly conjugal couple retired to rest, and when the major sallied forth the next morning, he had the satisfaction of finding his black *cortège* all ready to depart, and only waiting to receive the very latest account respecting the health of the "missis."

This was given in such a manner, as while it sustained hope, left no room for surprise at the too prompt recovery of the assassinated authoress—and then the carriages and their guard of honour retreated, leaving the major and his charming helpmate at liberty to rejoice at their ease, at the perfect success of a stratagem which had enabled them to escape from an embarrassment that might have proved not a little perplexing.

"Now for it," exclaimed Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as she watched from her bedroom window the last of the three vehicles disappearing behind the trees, "now, my dear, let us look after Patty, and settle all together what we had better do next."

"We will settle, my dear," replied her polite husband, "as soon as you please; but as to our doing it *all together*, I see no need of that. Neither the Don nor his lady, as I take it, will make any objection to follow, let us move which way we will."

"I am decidedly for Philadelphia," said the lady.

"And I, with grief I confess it, am decidedly against it," responded the gentleman; "but I will give you an excellent reason for it. There is no high play at Philadelphia."

"And that is precisely the excellent reason for which you ought to go there," rejoined Mrs. Allen Barnaby. "Why was it, if you please, that we made such a forced march from our snug quarters at the Beauchamps? And why did I consent to lie for the best part of two days like a sick dog in a basket? Wasn't it wholly and solely for the purpose of your removing yourself, my good Mr. Major, from the place where a certain Mr. Themistocles Joseph John Hapford (you see I have not forgotten the precious name to which I am to owe my darling dollars), was likely to find you? And where, I should like to know, would he be so little apt to look for you, as in a city where there is no high play going on?"

"I hope I shall never be such a fool, wife, as to fix downright upon any thing without first taking your judgment upon it," said the major, with energy. "You most decidedly are what our admirable friends have called first-rate. Philadelphia then let it be. I'll go and mystify Patty a little; but I think I shall only say I was tired, and got you for fun to play sick, because I wanted to be off. There is no need to frighten her, you know, and make her fancy that every bush she sees is a constable running after me."

"But stop one minute," returned his wife. "Just tell me before you go, whether you mean to take what the ladies here call 'a spell

of boarding,' or whether you shall prefer going into private lodgings?"

"As you will, my dear," replied the major, who certainly became more and more convinced every day of his life that his wife was one of the cleverest women in the world. "I really had much rather that you should settle that point yourself."

"Then we will board, major," she replied, with her usual decision of purpose. "As we are absolutely without letters or introductions of any kind, it is necessary now, as it was at first, that we should get where setting ourselves off a little will turn to account."

The major kissed his hand to her and walked off, saying, as he went,

"*Bravissimo!* You are the best trump, my dear, that ever fell to my share. And now I'll go and do what is needful with our Patty, and then give orders that notice shall be given us when the first steamer for Philadelphia arrives."

Nothing could be more prosperous than the little voyage, which partly by river, and partly by sea, brought my heroine and her amiable family to Philadelphia. They had made themselves sufficiently agreeable on board the steamboat, to have obtained a good deal of useful local information in return for the answers they had thought proper to give in the national cross-examination to which, as a matter of course, they had been subjected during the voyage. The name, and all other particulars relative to the most fashionable boarding-house in the city, made part of this, and they immediately made use of it, by ordering their baggage to be conveyed at once to No. —, Chesnut-street, following themselves on foot.

On inquiring for the Mrs. Simcoe, whom they had been instructed to ask for, as the head of the establishment, they were ushered through an exquisitely neat hall to a large handsome parlour at the back of the house. At the moment they entered it was unoccupied, save by the glossy furniture which shone with all the brightness that horsehair and mahogany can show, when not a single particle of dust is permitted to tarnish its brilliance.

"It's a clean place, at any rate," observed the major.

"But the sofa is not half so soft and comfortable as those at New Orleans, or at the Beauchamps' either," exclaimed Patty, very nearly getting a fall, by sliding off the firmly-stuffed, and treacherously-sloping imitation of a couch, upon which she had thrown herself at full length with her usual vivacity.

"I can't say I over-much like the style of it," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby; "the things all look as if they were set out more for show than use."

The Don said nothing, but he took the liberty of looking about him, and his pale yellow nose assumed an attitude between his black mustaches, which expressed sufficiently well a feeling of distaste and discomfort.

But ere another word could be uttered by any of them, the door was opened, and a lady appeared at it, whose aspect must have had something in it calculated to inspire respect, for Patty actually put her legs off the sofa and sat upright. The person who inspired this unusual

sensation in the breast of the lively bride, was a quaker lady, of about forty years of age, with a countenance as beautiful as very small features of exquisite regularity, and a complexion as delicate in its pink and white as the blossom of the eglantine could make it. Her dress was perfect in its kind, being composed of fawn-coloured silk and snowy lawn of the best quality, and arranged with such exceeding neatness, that one might have fancied a quaker fairy had been her tire-woman, so guiltless of the contamination of human fingers did she look. She bent her pretty little head four times successively, while her light blue eyes, which shone with a sort of gentle moonlight gleam from beneath the smooth bands of her flaxen hair, were directed in turn to each of the party.

"We have been recommended to this house for boarding," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, in a tone a little less peremptory than was usual with her.

"May I ask who it was that sent thee?" demanded the gentle quaker.

"Upon my word, ma'am, I don't know the name of the gentleman," replied my heroine, a little offended perhaps at the doubt, or the caution, which the question seemed to indicate. "But perhaps you may know the name of Colonel Beauchamp? We have been staying with him and his lady for a long visit, and if you know any thing about them, that must be quite recommendation enough I suppose."

"No doubt of it, friend, if I chanced to know them, but I do not; and thee canst understand that this makes all the difference," replied Mrs. Simcoe, in a voice, the bland tones of which seemed greatly less suited to express doubt than welcome.

"Well, ma'am, they are people enough to take dollars when they're offered, without our wasting our time to find out whether you know our friends or not. I think we had better go somewhere else, major," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, looking exceedingly indignant.

"What must we do with the baggage, Mrs. Simcoe?" said a white *help*, opening the door, and presenting a face and figure as unlike those of her mistress as possible. "What rooms are the porters to carry it into?"

This appeal caused Mrs. Simcoe to look forth into the hall, and it may be that the sight of the abundant packages assembled there, suggested the idea that the lady's boast of being well furnished with dollars had something better to support it than any acquaintance, however intimate, with all the colonels in the Union; and having gently said to her hand-maiden, "Thee bide a bit," she returned into the parlour, and addressing, like all other Americans when doing business, the principal gentleman of the party, instead of the principal lady, she said,

"Thee art welcome to remain here for a spell, if such be thy wish, friend. My terms are eight dollars a week for each person, provided they occupy the best rooms; six if they take the second best; and five if they content themselves with the third."

The bargain was soon made, and the party established under the very respectable roof of Mrs. Simcoe, at the rate of six dollars a week for each of them.

Having seen the various trunks and boxes disposed of in her own room, and in that of her daughter, Mrs. Allen Barnaby seated herself



in a commodious arm-chair, and began to meditate upon their new position, and the mode in which her genius might be now best employed for the benefit of herself and her family. The major had walked out into the town, to find which were the most frequented coffee-houses, and to pick up whatever intelligence he might be able to meet floating about; the Don was gone with him, and Patty had proclaimed her intention of lying down on the bed till dinner-time; so that the speculations of my heroine were not likely to be interrupted in any way.

She soon found, however, that she wanted a *carte du pays*, and that there could be little profit in devising schemes, while the circumstances and peculiarities of those to be acted upon remained unknown to her. Mrs. Allen Barnaby was probably not the first person who, when wishing for a precise knowledge of men and things, has had recourse to servants for assistance. Having puzzled herself for a minute or two as to the best means of finding out what sort of people they were got amongst, she suddenly started up and rang the bell. It was not answered by the white "help," whom she had already seen, but by an exceedingly well-dressed negress, having the steady aspect of an old and respectable servant.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen Barnaby, "I thought there were no blacks here."

"As servants, ma'am, there are more blacks than whites," replied the woman.

"Do step in for a moment and shut the door," said the lady, in an accent of familiar kindness. "Tell me what is your name, will you?"

"My name is Ariadne, ma'am," said the negress, demurely.

"Bless me! what a fine name! But I wish, Ariadne, you would just tell me something about the company you have got in the house, and about yourselves too. I am quite glad to find blacks again here, for then I suppose there will be no occasion to change—I mean to say that the people think much the same here as elsewhere about it. How many slaves has Mrs. Simcoe got?"

"Slaves, ma'am?" said Ariadne, while a considerable portion of anger flashed from her eyes. "The Philadelphia folks know better than that, thank God! We have got no slaves here."

"Dear me! how very odd! I thought all black people were slaves?" said the puzzled traveller.

"You will know better than that, ma'am, when you have been a little longer in a free state," replied the woman, frowning. "I am as free as Mrs. Simcoe herself, ma'am, and so are all the rest of us," added the offended negress, moving towards the door.

"Don't go away in a huff like that. I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you, my good woman," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, coaxingly. "You must remember, Ariadne, that I am just come from Carolina, and that I never heard there of any blacks that were not slaves. So don't let's quarrel about that, but just tell me a little about the ladies and gentlemen that are boarding here. Have they none of them got any slaves or plantations?"

"No, ma'am," said the woman, sternly; "they'd scorn such wickedness, one and all of them."

"Well! to be sure that is queer after all I have heard—and in the

very identical same country too! If that isn't enough to puzzle a traveller, I wonder what is?" returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, adding in a mutter, "When at Rome we must do as the Romans do, I suppose, and so I must pitch my voice for singing another tune."

She then proceeded with a good deal of her usual cleverness to examine and cross-examine the woman, till she had made out, pretty tolerably to her satisfaction, what style and order of people composed the party at the boarding-table, at which they were about to take their places; and having learned all she could on the subject, she dismissed the negress, first presenting her with a "levy" in token of her gratitude. She then sought her daughter's apartment, which was at no great distance from her own.

Patty was lying on the bed fast asleep; but as time pressed, Mrs. Allen Barnaby could not yield to her maternal tenderness, by permitting her to sleep on, but felt absolutely compelled to arouse her to the necessary duty of dressing for dinner. Patty grumbled and scolded, and indeed scrupled not to tell her attentive mamma that she was a great brute for waking her; but no such trifle as this could move the steadfast spirit of her high-minded parent.

"Don't lay there abusing me, there's a darling, but wake up this very minute, and dress yourself," was her reply. "And mind, Patty," she added, "that you dress yourself very carefully and very decently, if you please. Don't put on that fine showy low dress that you wore the other day, with the blue and pink bows, because I happen to know perfectly well that it won't do here. I shouldn't wonder, I can tell you, if we should be turned out of the house in no time."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied the lately-married lady; "I shall wear exactly what I like best, I promise you, ma'am, so you had better not bother me with any more such vagaries. I shall certainly desire Tornorino to bid you hold your tongue, if you do."

"Tornorino may chance to have the worst of it, my darling," returned her mother with the utmost good-humour; "so good by, dearest, and wear your dark-green gown, and a high collar, there's a love."

With these words Mrs. Allen Barnaby retreated, leaving her daughter not only very angry, but very much puzzled. Her Don had already been throwing out hints respecting the probability that her respectable papa might get into a scrape or two if he did not mind what he was about, and had also declared that he should not be at all surprised if it ended by their being obliged to shift for themselves, and that he would not mind setting about it to-morrow, if they could only screw a few hundred dollars out of the old folks. To all of which Madame Tornorino had paid very little attention, supposing it the result of some trifling dispute or other that no ways concerned either her own comfort, or her own interest. But now that she heard her mother talk of their "being turned out of the house in no time," she fancied these different warnings alluded to one and the same thing, but what that might be, she was totally at a loss to conjecture.

Upon the return of her husband she told him of her mother's queer ways, and insisted in a manner, somewhat peremptory, that he should tell her the short and the long of it at once, for that she was determined she *would* know what they all meant.

The Don shrugged his shoulders and did not seem disposed to reply with the readiness that was evidently expected from him. He had, in fact, been very strictly charged by his father-in-law to say nothing to Patty upon the *accident* which had occurred at Big-Gang Bank, and he had tolerably well obeyed the injunction; but the Don hated difficulties of all kinds, and he was beginning to doubt whether it were worth his while to run the risk of being taken up as a suspected character every time the major played, with no better payment than being boarded and lodged.

It was now, however, very nearly the hour at which Mrs. Simcoe had informed them she punctually dined, and this was too sacred a ceremony in the opinion of Don Tornorino, for it to be broken into by any discussion whatever; he accordingly gave his fair bride to understand that whatever information it was in his power to communicate, must be postponed to a future opportunity, and she had therefore, *bon gré, mal gré*, to descend to the dining-room very completely mystified as to what her respected parents were about. The major, who also felt that he had barely time enough to make his toilet, postponed all questionings of his wife for the moment, merely finding time to tell her that he had negotiated Mr. Hapford's bill without any difficulty, and the family accordingly sat down to table together, with considerably less unity of purpose than was usual with them.

The large, and neatly served dinner-table of Mrs. Simcoe was surrounded, exclusive of our travellers and her gentle self, by six American gentlemen and their six wives. They were all of them, at least, according to the opinion of Mrs. Allen Barnaby and her daughter, dressed more or less in the Quaker costume; the ladies being all habited with more attention to delicacy and neatness than either to fashion or splendour, and the gentlemen having little or no mixture of the chain and pin species of decoration which usually distinguishes their countrymen.

The dress of Mrs. Allen Barnaby herself was also a model of propriety. The slight and floating drapery usually worn upon her ample shoulders was exchanged for a close fitting, white satin cape, trimmed with swan's down, which, though it caused her to endure sensations not very far removed from suffocation, made her feel herself, as she told the major afterwards, quite of a piece with all the rest of them, and much more likely to make her way among this straight-laced part of the population, than if she had made herself "fit to be seen," in the ordinary manner. This "making herself fit to be seen," by the way, was a phrase which, both in her daughter's vocabulary and her own, appeared to signify the exposing as much of their persons to view as could be conveniently managed by any possible arrangement of the sleeves and corsage; from which it may be inferred that they interpreted *fit* to be seen, into *ready* to be seen, a gloss accepted, as it should seem, by many of their fair countrywomen, especially when preparing themselves for the dinner-table.

But whatever variations in *fitness* the fine judgment of my heroine might dictate, and adopt, according to circumstances, no shadow of changing in this matter was perceptible in the toilet of her young daughter; who came blazing into Mrs. Simcoe's dining-room precisely in the dress which her thoughtful mamma had requested her not to wear, and with such a remarkable deficiency of drapery about her shoulders, that the gentle

lady at the head of the table had a sore struggle with herself as to whether she should or should not send for a certain mouse-coloured shawl from the next room to supply what was so very evidently wanted. How this combat between meekness of spirit and severity of decorum might have ended, if nothing had occurred to interrupt it, I cannot say; but the usually silent business of eating and drinking had not advanced far, ere Mrs. Allen Barnaby bethought herself that, however foreign to the manners of the country conversation at the dinner-table might be, it was, nevertheless, her only chance at present for displaying those powers of mind upon which she rested her best hopes for continued success in the land to which fate and fortune had guided her steps. Having meditated for a moment or two as to how she should begin, she said to a mild-looking quaker gentleman on her right,

"May I ask you, sir, to be kind enough to tell me the name of the lady opposite to me?"

"Sarah Tomkins;" was the concise reply, which certainly offered as little opportunity for continuing the conversation as any reply could do.

But Mrs. Allen Barnaby would never have been my heroine if such a difficulty as this could have checked her; it did *not* check her for a single moment, for she instantly replied,

"That is not the name I expected; for I fancied I had seen the lady before, and that she was called Morrice. It is a most extraordinary likeness, certainly. How odd it is, sir, isn't it, that sort of unaccountable resemblance that one sometimes sees between people in no way related to one another? For if that lady is not Mrs. Morrice herself, I don't think there is any chance of her being her sister, or cousin, or any thing of that sort; because Mrs. Morrice's family are altogether English, and have never any of them emigrated to this country; and so much the worse for them, isn't it, sir? There never was such a glorious country as this, and that is what I have said to my husband, Major Allen Barnaby, every day since we have been here. Not, indeed, that he is in the least degree inclined to differ with me on the subject; he admires the country, and the charming people too, with exactly the same enthusiasm as I do. *That* is the major, sir, a little lower down on the other side, with the full gray whiskers. A dear, excellent good man he is, and so fond of what he calls the elegant peacefulness of this population, that if it was not for the rank he holds in the English army (and when he goes back he *must* be constantly with the Duke of Wellington again)—if it was not for this, he says he would certainly cut off his mustaches in order to look more like one of them."

The quaker gentleman gently nodded his head for about the sixth time since she had begun talking, which seemed to be intended as a sort of civil assurance that he heard her, but he uttered no sound, save that inevitably produced by the act of eating. Mrs. Allen Barnaby here paused for a moment that she might herself eat a few mouthfuls, for she was exceedingly hungry, but having done this with as little loss of time as possible, she began again.

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir, of the peculiar interest which Philadelphia in particular has for English people, and for myself indeed beyond all others. My object in coming to this country was solely to obtain information on the state of the slave population throughout the United States, as I am engaged by the first publisher in London to write a work upon the subject."

The quaker gentleman on hearing these words crossed his knife and fork upon his plate, and turned himself round so as to command the side front of Mrs. Allen Barnaby's person. On perceiving the advantage she had gained, she performed precisely the same evolution herself, thereby bringing herself very satisfactorily face to face with the drab-coloured individual whom she wished to propitiate.

"Thee art writing on the subject of slavery?" he said, after looking at her steadily for a few seconds, and speaking in a tone that seemed to express a doubt if he had rightly understood her.

"Yes, my good sir," she replied, casting down her eyes with great modesty. "I have been urged to undertake the important task by a personal application of the very highest kind; so high indeed that it would be inconsistent with etiquette, did I particularize it further."

"Thee must be urged to the undertaking by higher authority than any the earth can show," said the quaker gentleman with considerable solemnity, and slightly raising his hand to indicate the region from whence it should come. "May I ask thee what are thy views upon the subject?"

An inferior mind might have been daunted a little by these words, and more still, perhaps, by the tone in which they were spoken; but they produced no such effect on Mrs. Allen Barnaby; on the contrary, she felt her courage rise as she perceived that she was perfectly right in the ground she had taken, and that she had nothing to do but adhere carefully to the plan she had so rapidly conceived, in order to ensure for the future a degree of success fully as brilliant as that which she had already obtained. She answered readily, therefore, but with her hand pressed upon her heart, her eyes solemnly raised, and her voice skilfully pitched to a tone of the deepest feeling,

"My views, sir, are those of a reflecting Christian," that being the exact phrase which she had heard bitterly ridiculed by Judge Johnson, when he was describing the "cant of the abolitionists."

"In that case, thee art about to do, what every good man's voice will be raised to bless thee for," said the quaker gentleman. "If thee dost it, friend, to the best of thy power," he added, "thee shalt find that let thy learning, and thy skill in authorship be great or small, thee shalt meet with the gratitude and good will of a very large body of the stranger people amidst whom thy holy purpose hath brought thee."

This concluding assurance was of course exceedingly welcome to the lady; but nevertheless there was something in the quaker gentleman's allusion to the possibility of her not being an accomplished author, which she did not quite approve, and after a moment's reflection she said,

"I would never, dear sir, have ventured to trust my pen on such a theme, had not its earlier efforts been already approved in the most flattering manner by the best judges among my countrymen. Under my maiden name I have published many successful works; but as my present object is not fame, but utility, I have determined by the advice of one of the most exalted characters in England, both as to worth and station, *not* to let the name under which I have published be known as long as I remain in this country. My reason for this self-denying reserve is to be found in my earnest wish to see things exactly as they are, without running the risk of having my judgment warped by the species of flattering adulation which literary fame is sure to produce in this



enlightened country. That the precaution was not unnecessary, we have already found, for, being determined to see every thing by my own eyes, and judge every thing by my own understanding, I prevailed upon my beloved and most indulgent husband to let me land on our first arrival from England, at New Orleans—that great stronghold of the abominable system that my soul abhors. My honest wish was not to exaggerate in speaking of its effects, and the only way of being sure to avoid this, was by contemplating those effects with my own eyes. But it unfortunately happened that there was a gentleman at New Orleans who had seen me in Europe, and who recognised me as ———, as the author of the works to which I have alluded. The consequence of which was, that all the most important families in that part of the Union came forward in a body to welcome me, hoping, as I suspect, that I might lend a pen, which has been acknowledged to have some power, to advocating the atrocious system that reigns among them. You may easily believe, my dear sir, that their advances were not very cordially received, but of course I could not avoid hearing an immense quantity of argument in favour of the system.”

“ And thee didst not find the arguments worth much ?” he replied with a gentle smile.

“ Worth ? Mercy on me, dear sir, they made me perfectly sick, and ill. I never suffered so much from hearing people talk, in my whole life before.”

All this did not pass amidst the silence of an almost wholly quaker dinner-table, without attracting the attention of every one seated at it. Mrs. Simcoe forgot Patty’s distressing want of a shawl, while she listened to the discourse of her more prudent mother, and more completely still while observing the attention paid to it by her richest, and in every way most important guest, John Williams, the well-known quaker philanthropist. This gentleman, who had amassed a very handsome fortune as a Philadelphia banker, had for some years past fixed his residence at a handsome mansion, at a distance of ten miles from the city, making the boarding-house of Mrs. Simcoe, his well-esteemed cousin and friend, his head-quarters whenever he found occasion to revisit it. This good man was not only in every way entitled to respect, but possessed it so universally, as to render the fact of his entering into conversation with Mrs. Allen Barnaby a reason amply sufficient to make every individual at the table, both male and female, desirous of conversing with her too. The knives and forks were either laid aside entirely, or else used so cautiously as to prevent any sound from that quarter interfering with the general wish of hearing what it was that the stout high-coloured English travelling lady could have to say that should make John Williams listen to her with so much attention. But not even this universal feeling of interest in what was going on could long postpone that strong American propensity to start up from the dinner-table as soon as hunger is appeased, which renders that great luxury of European life, *table talk*, almost unknown to them.

But this interruption, ill-timed as it seemed to Mrs. Allen Barnaby at the moment, was not sufficient to check the purpose of the good quaker, which was to become, without any delay, better acquainted with her. Perhaps John Williams had never in his life looked in the face of a lady at which he felt less inclination to look again, than that of Mrs. Allen Barnaby. But what did that signify ? John Williams



felt that it was his duty to make himself acquainted with her, and it must, therefore, have been a very serious obstacle indeed which could have prevented his doing so. With his usual quiet, passive sort of decisiveness, the worthy quaker immediately made up his mind as to the manner in which this was to be brought about; and as soon as Mrs. Simcoe rose, a movement immediately followed by the rising of the whole party, he walked round the table to the place occupied by his wife Rachel, with whom all his journeyings, whether long or short, were ever taken, and said to her, "Wife, thee must come with me to ask yonder foreign lady to go to thy parlour with thee."

The tall, stately, prim-looking Mrs. Williams instantly prepared to obey, but not without fixing a glance of the most unequivocal astonishment at the individual to whose side she was summoned. Had she been the very dirtiest of negresses, or the most wretched-looking of whites, no such feeling would have been produced by it; but it would have been difficult for her to have imagined a face and figure that she would have thought less likely to attract her spouse, than those of the person she was now asproaching, as rapidly as the unchangeable sedateness of her pace would permit.

"Rachel Williams," said the good man, as soon as he had succeeded in bringing the strangely matched pair face to face, "Rachel Williams, I would have thee give the hand of sisterly fellowship to this stranger. Thee hast not told me thy name," he added, addressing Mrs. Allen Barnaby. "How bes't thou called?"

"My name," replied our heroine with a smile, an attitude, and an accent, all intended to testify the extreme delight at this introduction, "my name is Barnaby, Allen Barnaby, Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby, and most happy do I feel in being thus permitted to present myself to those who must be so able to afford me effectual assistance in the important object I have before me."

"Thee must come with us to our own quiet parlour," said the good man, offering his hand to lead her, "and when thee art there thee canst explain fully, both to my wife and to me, not only thy object, but the means by which thee dost hope to accomplish it, and then we shall be able to discover in what way we may best be able to help thee."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby's thanks were profuse and ardent, and she yielded her plump hand to the thin fingers of the quaker with a flourish that she felt at her heart to be very like the manner in which she had once seen Mrs. Siddons lay her palm on that of King Duncan. But just as they had reached the door, with the fawn-coloured Rachel following close behind, it suddenly occurred to our heroine that it would be advisable that she should exchange a word or two with the rest of her party, before she separated herself from them.

"I beg your pardon, my dearest sir, a thousand times, but you must, if you please, permit me to say one single word to my dear, excellent husband, before I retire with you to your own apartments."

"Dost thee wish thy husband to come with us also?" demanded the amiable quaker.

"Oh no!" was the reply. "You are very kind—excessively kind, indeed; but my good major knows the business to which I am devoting myself, and as he has considerable confidence in me, dear man, he never interferes for fear, as he kindly says, that he should puzzle the cause by interrupting me. But I just wish to say one word to him, and to

my daughter, the lady of Don Tornorino, to prevent their being surprised at my not returning with them to our own rooms."

"Surely, surely," replied John Williams, standing back with his wife to let the rest of the company pass out, "we will wait for thee till thou art ready for us."

Thus sanctioned, Mrs. Allen Barnaby stepped back, and laying one hand on the arm of her husband, and the other on that of her daughter, she pushed them gently before her into the recess of a bow window, and then said in a whisper, winking a good deal first with one eye, and then with the other, in order to make them understand that she had more to say than it was convenient to speak at that moment,

"I am going with these topping quakers into their sitting-room. I shall get on with them, never you fear. Good-by;" and then glided back to her new friends, and in the next moment passed through the door with them, and was out of sight.

Patty and her father stood staring at each other for a moment, and then both laughed, while the mystified Don, who understood only that his august mother-in-law was gone somewhere, with a pair of the most incomprehensible people he had ever beheld, and that they were forbidden to follow her, raised one of his black eyebrows to the very top of his yellow forehead, and the other within half an inch of it, while he waited till his wife had sufficiently recovered her gravity to reply to his somewhat petulant "Vat for?"

When at length the answer came, however, it was only in a repetition of his words, "Vat for, darling? I am sure I could not tell you if my life depended upon it, unless it means that ma's gone mad."

"No, no Patty," said the major, recovering his gravity. "Do not alarm yourself. Ma is not gone mad, I promise you, but knows what she is about as well as any lady that ever lived. But upon my life, Patty, if we are all to sail in the wake of these prim quakers, you must alter your rigging a little, my dear, or you'll be left out of the convoy, and what's to happen then?"

"I sail in the wake of your detestable quakers!" exclaimed Patty, almost with a scream. "If there's any one thing on God's earth that I hate and abominate more than all the rest put together, it is a quaker; and if you think, any of you, that I mean to skewer myself up in a gray wrapper, and go theeing and thouing, to please them, and that for the sake of getting a morsel of daily bread to eat, you are mistaken."

This being uttered with a good deal of vehemence, and an angry augmentation of colour, while something that looked like tears glittered in her eyes, her father instantly lost all disposition to mirth, and replied in a tone of the most coaxing fondness,

"What in the world have you got into your head, my darling Patty? You can't suppose, for a moment, that I would let any body plague you to do what you did not like? Did I ever do it since you were born, Patty? You know very well, dearest, that I never did, and that I always think it worth while to battle for you, whatever I may do for myself, so for goodness sake don't begin to cry. You know I can't bear it."

"Yes," returned his handsome daughter with a sob, "I know all that very well, papa, I know that you have always been a great deal more goodnatured to me than ever mamma was. But that makes little or no difference now, and I don't think it is at all right for married people to go on living as Tornorino and I do, just as if we were two

tame cats kept to play with, with a basket to sleep in, milk to lap, and a morsel of meat to mumble. I don't like it at all, and I don't think the Don likes it at all better than I do."

The major probably knew by experience that when his Patty was thoroughly out of humour, it did not answer to argue with her, and therefore without saying a single syllable by way of reply to the speech she had just uttered, he tucked her arm with a sort of jocund air under his own, and giving the Don a goodhumoured wink as he passed him, led her out of the room, saying,

"Come, Patty, my dear, we have got a sort of holiday this evening, haven't we? Let us use it by going to the theatre. I saw abundance of fine things advertised, and I know you love a play to your heart."

Nothing could have been more judicious than this proposal; Patty appeared to forget all her sorrows in a moment, and springing forward with a bound that seemed to send her halfway up the stairs before its impulse was exhausted, exclaimed,

"That's the best thing you ever said in your life, pap. Come along, Don! I'd rather go to a play, any time, than be made a queen."

A few minutes quiet walking through the clean and orderly streets of Philadelphia, brought them to the handsome Chesnut-street Theatre, and a few minutes more found Patty seated to her heart's content in the front row of a box very near the stage, and her still dearly-beloved Don close beside her. The major, however, who had taken his station behind, could not control the spirit of busy activity which was ever at work within him beyond the first act. He might pay himself for their tickets, he thought, at any rate, if he could but find a billiard-table; and saying, as he laid a hand upon the shoulder of both son and daughter, "You two can take care of one another," he slid out of sight and escaped.

Though the yellow-faced Don was neither so young, nor so fresh as his wife, he enjoyed the amusement which he was thus peaceably left in possession of, quite as much as she did. The piece was "Beaumarchais" and Mozart's "Barbier de Seville," adapted to the American stage, and despite the doubtful improvement of sundry alterations, the Spaniard was in ecstasies. He was himself by no means a bad performer on the flute, and such a longing seized him as he watched the performer on that instrument, who sat almost immediately under him, once more to listen to his own notes upon it, that for some minutes after the opera ended, he was lost in revery.

"What is the matter with you, Tornorino?" said his delighted wife, clapping her hands as she recollected that there was still another piece to be performed. "You don't enjoy it half as much as I do."

The Don looked silently in her handsome face for about a minute, and then said,

"Vat should you say, Pati, if—" the rest was whispered. But whatever he said pleased her so well, that the thoughts of it seemed to divide her attention with the gay afterpiece, for she eagerly renewed the conversation at intervals during the whole time it lasted. Nor did the discussion thus begun, end here; it appeared to have equal charms for both; it lasted them through their lingering walk back to Mrs. Simcoe's, kept them long awake after they retired to rest, and was renewed the very moment they were awake in the morning. The subject of these interesting conversations shall be explained hereafter.

## A MOSCOW COUNCILLOR OF MEDICINE.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN.

THE diligence which was to convey us to Moscow was a vast, lumbering machine, but very roomy and comfortable withal, and not giving, as the English stage-coaches do, the sensation of riding with one's legs in the stocks. It was built strongly enough to have served on an emergency as a flying battery, although carrying no more than ten persons, exclusive of the driver and conductor, and travelling on one of the best roads in the world. Englishmen may open their eyes at this assertion, but I can assure my readers that the macadamized road from St. Petersburg to Moscow would do credit even to the environs of London. It is of great width, and nearly straight: every river, every ditch even, being spanned by a bridge of granite, having cast-iron balustrades, ornamented with gilt trophies.

But to return to our diligence: the six animated skeletons who were to be persuaded to move this mass, were of various sizes and colours; while their hides, innocent of curry-combs, were galled in every direction by the friction of the rope-harness. On the *off* leader sat a postilion, whose principal duty appeared to consist in screeching and yelling like a Cherokee, whenever we entered or left a town: his saddle merits a word or two of description. It consisted of a piece of leather, without tree, flaps, pads, or any other appurtenances usually deemed essential to the existence of a saddle; and as to girths, they were evidently esteemed useless luxuries. To the inner side of this short hand-saddle, was fastened a piece of rope, with a loop at the end, and on the outer side dangled a strip of raw hide, with a hungry-looking, rusty stirrup at its extremity. On the top of all was the postilion's coat, folded up to form a soft seat; a very necessary addition, as there was nothing between the leather and the razor edge of the horse's backbone; so that without this, the postilion would have run considerable risk of being divided longitudinally before he had gone any distance. How he got on and off is still a mystery to me, not having been fortunate enough to witness the operation, nor am I prepared to offer any suggestion as to the probable mode in which he achieved it; this much is however morally certain, that it was not by any process known among ordinary postilions, for a child's weight in the stirrup would have brought the whole machine to the ground.

The diligence was divided internally into three compartments, whereof two in front, like two *coupés* in those of France, were appropriated to the aristocracy of the vehicle, holding two persons each; the other half answered to the *rotonde*, and contained six.<sup>1</sup> A young Greek and myself occupied the middle compartment, and before us was a certain Doctor \* \* \*, the subject of this article; an *employé* in the bureau of the minister of war was his companion.

Dr. \* \* \* was a member of the Council of Medicine at Moscow, and of German extraction; of a restless, inquisitive disposition, skipping about like a frog troubled in his mind, and popping his head incessantly out of the windows. I do not know how the Spanish cows speak French,\* but if the German cows do so, I imagine it must be somewhat after the fashion of the doctor, for he made most unaccount-

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\* Parler Français comme une vache Espagnole.—Prov.

able havoc with the p's, b's, and v's, and that with as little ceremony as though they had all been his own private property. I never heard a German speak any language with so vile a pronunciation, excepting a broker at St. Petersburg, who prided himself on his familiarity with the English language, and who, above all, gloried in having mastered the redoubtable th. This he accomplished by a somewhat ingenious manœuvre, having substituted f for it; and when he uttered fee, fo, fum, with a rapid pronunciation, the sounds passed to the ears of the uninitiated as a very proper pronunciation of the, though, thumb, and he obtained credit accordingly as a very accomplished linguist.

One day, being asked where his eldest son was, he replied, "Oh, ser, he is at Oxfoot, he is peeing prought up for fe English bull-bait."

Who would have thought of looking for *pulpit* in the last word of this sentence? He was perfectly convinced of the correctness of his pronunciation, and used to speak of "fe poog of fate," and "fe house of beers," with the utmost complacency, meaning thereby, *the book of fate*, and *the house of peers*.

To return to our muttons, as my old French tutor used to call it; little Dr. \* \* \* was afflicted with a very restless tongue, and before we had gone far, he thrust his head and half his body out of the diligence, and tapping at our window with an orange, made overtures for a talk with us. He had fallen in with a very taciturn companion, and the little man was in danger of bursting from the accumulated stock of talk which he could not vent on his neighbour the *employé*. This latter personage was the proprietor of a melancholy physiognomy, ornamented by a monstrous and fiery-looking nose, which gave his whole countenance a very stately and warlike appearance, befitting the office he held. All the doctor's attempts to draw him into conversation had failed, for the melancholy-visaged man had a more attractive travelling companion, in the shape of a huge metal bottle of liquor, to which he paid much more attention than to the little doctor's conversation, and so he was fain to bestow his superfluity on us.

"I think," said Dr. \* \* \*, "that the man is in love, for he does nothing but sigh, and drink out of his bottle, and then smile a little; besides, he says he is not married."

The doctor seemed to have attached himself particularly to me, and taking me aside on the second day of our journey, he said,

"Mon jer, monsieur, che foudrais pien que fous lochassiez jez moi, pisque fous n'afez bas de lochement arreté; mais che n'aime bas ce cheune Crecque, il est drop dabageur."†

Whereupon I thanked him, and promised to come and see his lodging, which he vaunted as possessing all the advantages I could desire.

After I had been two or three days in Moscow doing penance in Chevaldicheff's hotel, my Greek friend left, and bethinking myself of \* \* \* and his lodging, I set forth to find them in the House of the Council of Medicine.

In the uttermost parts of Moscow, opposite the church of the Martyr Chariton, stood this edifice in the midst of a paved-court, where the grass was growing; in fact, the Temple of Health itself seemed sadly

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\* For the benefit of those who may not recognise French in that dress, I give a translation:

"My dear, sir, I should be glad if you would lodge with me, as you have no lodging taken, but I don't like that young Greek, he is too uproarious."



in want of restoratives. In the dirtiest part of the dirty back-yard, I found a dilapidated wooden staircase, which they told me led to the quarters of the Councillor of Medicine. Having climbed this stair, and regaled my nose with the various odours indigenous to Russian staircases, and among which eau de Cologne does not predominate, I found the door, and as there was no bell, kicked for some time, but in vain. Finding my noise unheeded, I opened the door, and stumbled upon a heap of rags, which forthwith rose in the shape of an old woman.

This entrance-hall was no other than the kitchen, and a dirty one it was, even for Russia, being about as unsavoury as the staircase. The old woman, who represented the whole domestic establishment, being cook, housekeeper, maid-of-all-work, and porter, informed me that her master was at the council, and fastening me into the kitchen, went to call him.

There was a plentiful scarcity of cooking apparatus, and what there was, sadly disguised with dirt : a deal partition divided the room, and behind this partition my friend slept. Another room opened from this, and was just such a one as the antechamber might lead one to expect. Chairs, tables, and sofa, of various patterns and of doubtful stability : walls and ceiling of every colour but their original ones ; the whole illuminated by the dirt-coloured rays of light, that found their way as they could through the smoky panes of glass, innocent of the virtues of soap and water, or other detergent, since their creation. Such was the paradise my Councillor of Medicine had so vaunted. At length the epitome of domestics returned with her master, who, embracing me very amicably, said,

“I am very happy to see you, mon jer ami ; well, do not you think this will do excellently ; when will you come ?”

I stopped him by observing that it was too far from the Kremlin for me ; at which intelligence his face became a yard long instantaneously, but recovering himself, he asked me to stay and dine, promising me some excellent cabbage-soup and bouilli. Think of a dinner cooked in his kitchen !

I excused myself, but could not refuse a cup of coffee without giving offence, so it was ordered ; and in the mean time he produced a very apocryphal box of Havannas, looking tremendously akin to those compounds of lettuce leaves and damaged tobacco which the Russian hawkers recommend as “real English cigars.” I did not trouble their repose, but offered him one of mine, and in came the decoction of beans and chicorée, which he and his cook had agreed to call coffee. When I had swallowed the potion he proposed a glass of noyau as a *pousse café*, which I gladly accepted. To my dismay he produced a four-ounce medicine phial containing the article in question, assuring me that it was of his own making. Nowise consoled by this information I tasted it, and was agreeably surprised to find it not so bad as I anticipated, although no more like noyau than logwood liquor and brandy is like port. I then took my leave, and invited him to visit me at my boarding-house, which he did, and so pestered me with his attentions, that they used to call him “*la bête noire de M. Andréef*.”

Among a host of queer notions which the little man had got into his head, his system of health was not the least amusing ; and he used to expound the whole matter to me at great length. His first axiom



"Don't go to be vicious—no nonsense, or I must put on the kicking-strap. Put your spectacles on if you can't see clearly without—easy does it."

"The carriage is empty," said I—"get off your box and examine it yourself."

"Don't *you* be in a hurry—take it quiet—easy does it—lots of time. If master ain't *in* he must have jumped *out* as we came along—and that ain't easy, for we earnt our oats, and master's rather puffy about the fetlocks, and a little over at knee. He's not the man to take a leap for fun."

"But where is he?" inquired the vicar.

Zachariah condescended to look round into the front windows of the carriage. When he saw that it was untenanted, he gave a stare of mingled surprise and alarm, uttered a prolonged whew! and sprung off his coachbox to the ground. He looked into the carriage, turned up the squabs, and patted the lining all round as if he expected to find his master concealed beneath it.

When he found that his search was vain, he looked round at us with a face in which grief and surprise were oddly blended. His impudent, self-satisfied grin was gone.

"Are you sure he was in the carriage when you started?" I inquired.

"Positive—as certain as oats ain't split-beans. I heard Benjamin slam-to the door," said Zachariah, perspiring exceedingly.

"Drive back and see what is become of him," said the vicar.

"I will—I will—easy does it—no hurry—my poor dear master! What will old mother Trusty say if I lose him?—lots of time," said Zachariah, as he sprung to his seat. He whisked Juggenel and Brown Bury round so short and quickly, that he wellnigh dislocated their shoulders. He laid the whip across their loins, slacked his hand, set off full gallop, and promised them lots of oats if they would only earn them by extra speed.

We watched him as far as we could see him. His whip was still at work just as he turned the corner. We were about to enter the garden with Mr. Flexible, who had joined us, when we saw the rector of Rushley, looking hot and angry, come out of the gate, which opened into the water-meads, through which the footpath led to his parsonage. He was followed by Benjamin, who carried a very large umbrella and a thick great-coat in one hand, a lantern and a huge pair of clogs in the other.

"Where is that, eh?—Good morning, gentlemen—where is that Bæotian-minded—stupid-fellow—Zachariah—Zachariah Bond, eh? How do you do, Mr. Scribbler?—I will discharge the disobliging, conceited menial.—Mr. Flexible, I hope you are well—where are my horses and carriage?—those valuable animals—humph—haugh—I have not a dry thread about me, eh?"

"Come along—don't stand in the hot sun—take it cool," said Benjamin, leading his irate master into the porch of the house.

Mr. Woodward and I explained to him as he was forced along, that Zachariah had arrived without him, and was gone back to seek him.

"Then it was he we heard galloping!" said the rector.

"Not he, but the horses," said Benjamin; "but never you mind—"

don't thicken *your* blood. Leave him to old mother Trusty—she'll operate upon him."

To the various questions by which we endeavoured to elucidate the mystery that puzzled us, Mr. Worthington answered that just as he was stepping into the carriage, Mrs. Trusty had insisted upon his going back into the house until the carriage was properly closed, as she was sure that the air was very damp from the rain that had fallen in the night. The rector resisted for some time, as he knew his housekeeper would make him promise to shut the windows close to the risk of his being suffocated.

She, however, prevailed by threatening to "advertise—look out for another place—do something or other if all her care was not appreciated." The rector then obeyed. Benjamin closed the carriage, shut the door with a bang to show his approval of his sister's authoritativeness, and went into the house to tell his master to "come along."

Zachariah, who never took his eyes off his horses, concluded that the report of the door meant "all right—drive on coachman;" and before his master, who was detained by Mrs. Trusty receiving orders to tie up properly, and not be home a minute after nine—on pain of her advertising—looking out—and doing something or other, could reach the front door, had got nearly a quarter of a mile on his journey.

With great difficulty the rector had prevailed upon Mrs. Trusty to allow him to walk over, and then only on condition that Benjamin went with him, with clogs, coat, and umbrella, and that he promised not to walk in the long grass, or at a rapid rate.

Benjamin, having seen his master wash himself in lukewarm water, and properly cooled down before he went in to dinner, set off to see if Jargonelle and Brown Beurré were or were not injured by their unwonted rate of travelling, and to hear Mrs. Trusty operate lingually on the delinquent.

## CHAP. II.

MISS WOODWARD had been in a fidget all the time Benjamin was fidgeting about his master, lest her dinner should be spoiled. We sat down and found the crayfish-soup excellent, and the stewed eels inimitable—pure and free from oil. The quarter of lamb, which I had ventured to purchase and send as a present, was done to a turn, looked gloriously brown amidst its coating of fresh green parsley, and seemed to cry, "Come eat me." The salad was crisp and well mixed—the tarts and custards delicious; and in spite of a hearty breakfast, and a rather solid lunch, we showed our estimation of the lady's cookery.

Mr. Worthington being freed from the influence of the evil eye of his housekeeper and servants, gave full scope to his powers of nourishing the body, and indulged in copious libations of ale, which were strictly prohibited at home.

It was not until the business of eating was prorogued to the next session, that he ventured to catch the eye of the chairman, and beg leave to address the members at the table.

"I think—I rather opine at least—that we have all made a very excellent dinner—humph!—haugh!—eh?"

His proposition was carried without a dissenting voice.

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When Miss Woodward left us in possession of the room, and a bottle of excellent port, our discourse ran upon the merits of the county members, the activity of country magistrates and parish-constables, the ill-effects of alehouses and dissenting chapels, the benefits of Sunday and infant schools, and such other subjects as country parsons are wont to discuss.

In the midst of our conversation we heard a most musical throat giving vent to a new tune in a loud whistle. The whistle was succeeded by a snatch of a song, and the song followed by a loud humming in imitation of all sorts of instruments playing a grand overture.

"Here comes the curate of Squashyfield, I am sure," said the vicar.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Worthington. "He is a man I like—he is very—"

"Harmonious," said Mr. Flexible; "and very agreeable when he talks on any other subject but music, and does not begin singing. When he is once wound up and set going, he never stops, like a musical snuffbox, until he is run down."

Home—home—home, sweet home,  
sang the same voice we had heard before. The knocker went to the tune, keeping time exactly.

The children ran to open it and let the curate in.

Oh! the days when I was young,  
sang the curate, as he shook hands with them first, and then kissed them to the air of

I've toy'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,  
And kissed them oft, do you see.

The children screamed and shouted with delight, but were restrained with

Cease rude Bore-us blustering railers,  
just as their father, opening the dining-room door, begged Mr. Quaverton to walk in and join us, which he did to the tune of

Flow thou regal purple stream.

On being introduced to me, the only one unknown to him present, he shook me kindly by the hand, and imitated a French horn to the air of

When my hand thus I proffer.

The vicar pushed a wineglass towards him, and bade him help himself, which he did, and whistled

By the gaily circling glass.

"I am sorry to interrupt the harmony of the evening, but pray forget 'that strain again,' and let us have a little of your conversation, Quaverton," said Mr. Flexible.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
sang Mr. Quaverton, and then begged pardon, and promised, in a hum imitatory of a keyed-bugle, not to

Strike the harp in praise of Bragela

again, all the evening, but to

Breathe not his name.

Mr. Flexible expressed himself satisfied. Mr. Quaverton filled his glass a second time, and forgetting his promise, sang

Wine, rosy wine,

ere he quaffed its contents, and hummed, in the tones of a clarionet,

If you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

No one applauded him or encored his song, so he remained silent and drummed some tune or other on the table, confining the music to his own organ; like a friend of mine, a musico-fanatic, who, not to annoy his family, used to acquire rapidity of fingering on a violin, by practising all night long with a well-greased bow.

“Pray,” said the rector of Rushley, “has any thing been heard of your rector yet, Mr. Quaverton?”

“Not a word—

Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note.

That is, we are as much in the dark about him as ever.”

“Then we are not to lose you yet, I suppose?” said our host.

“Nothing yet has happened to bid me

Leave this gay and festive scene,

and I am glad of it. I like this country, and I like you, my friends, too well to wish to go

Over the hills and far away.

Though I should be glad to ascertain the fate of my ill-fated rector. He may be singing,

They mourn me dead in my father's hall;

while he ought to be humming,

A weary pilgrim weak I falter,

as he wanders about

On the margin of fair Zurich's waters;

or calls to his tartar groom,

Oh! give me but my Arab steed;

or is

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean.”

“Really,” said Mr. Flexible, “you are incorrigible, Quaverton. Pray cease—”

Cease your funning,

sang Mr. Quaverton. “That is what you mean. I will—by

Glorious Apollo, who from on high beheld us.

I will. There, that shall be

The last rose of summer.

I will not sing again unless you ask me to

Strike, strike the light guitar.”

"A very odd man was your rector, sir,—a very odd individual—humph!—haugh!—eh?" said Mr. Worthington.

"I knew but little of him. He was not sociable—indeed, I once knew him by sight. I called on him three times, but he would not"—

Open wide the castle's gates,  
sang the curate of Squashyfield.

"See me," said Mr. Worthington.

"He would see no one," said the vicar. "He confined himself to the house, and was, I believe, very miserable."

Away with melancholy,  
whistled Mr. Quaverton, and then *said*, "I have lately heard the whole of his little history. If you are curious to know it, I shall be very happy to tell it you if you will

Listen to my story, while seated in my glory."

"You had better sing it at once, for you seem inclined to do nothing else," said the curate of Mossbury. "I will quote a song for once, and say to you,

Oh! breathe no more that simple air;

but tell us a matter-of-fact in in a matter-of-fact way."

Mr. Quaverton did tell his story, but he interlarded the narrative with so many scraps of songs and fag-ends of tunes, whistles, and orchestral-accompanied-imitations, including bells and triangles, that it would be tedious for me to write them, and for my reader to decipher them; so I will e'en tell the story, such as it is, myself.

### CHAP. III.

*Τὰ πολλά σε γράμματα εἰς μανίαν περιτρέπει.*

Nov. Test.

MR. CAMOMILE BROWN was the principal, because he was the only apothecary in a small borough town, in a midland county. This town, as it would be imprudent to publish its real name, for there are now six general practitioners starving within its precincts, every one of whom would accuse me of showing *him* up, I shall call Bridgetown. This name is not unsuitable, for it has a bridge over a river which crosses the London-road, which is so ingeniously contrived that only one vehicle can pass it at a time, and that to the detriment of any foot-passenger who cannot get out of its way.

Brown was one of the old school of apothecaries, a race fortunately for the afflicted with diseases, now nearly extinct. He was an uneducated man, and as ignorant as a coach-horse. He had been brought up over the pestle and mortar. He could pulverize rhubarb and ginger, manufacture boluses and black-draughts, and infuse and decoct bestialities with any body. As to the theory of medicine, he boldly declared it was all humbug; or as he, after the method of the Bridgetownians pronounced it, "hall umbug." Practice was every

thing with him, and very simple and monotonous his mode of practice was. Let what would ail his patient his invariable rule was to give an emetic overnight, a drastic cathartic first thing in the morning, a strong febrifuge in the middle of the day, and a sudorific and soporific combined at night. For a month afterwards, if his patient lived so long, he exhibited six effervescing draughts in the course of every twenty-four hours, and left it to nature and the constitution to do the rest—except pay his bill.

The inhabitants of Bridgetown were forced to submit to this severe treatment for there was no other medical except a cow-doctor within a dozen miles of the borough. Brown, therefore, was despotic. If any fond and anxious parents expostulated with him for reducing a spoilt child to a skeleton, Brown coolly abused them. He told them to “pay him his little account, and send for somebody else.”

It is very probable that some of them would have clubbed together to support a more lenient and polite apothecary had not Brown been blessed with a popular wife and an overflowing nursery of children, who came two at a time, like a bailiff and his follower. Brown knew that he was pitied on account of his wife’s popularity and populating propensities, and he presumed upon it. He even threatened to galvanize the mayor and town-clerk of the borough for going to sleep in the corporation pew on Sunday afternoons, and that too when he knew that they dined between the services. He intimated a design of poisoning the man who bore the *mace* because he refused to stir up the mayor with it when he was snoring somniferously.

These indignities were submitted to because, as Brown himself smilingly said, “*nissussitus non abet legs.*”

As this bit of apothecary’s Latin was quoted to the town-clerk at a corporation dinner, and was by him translated to the mayor to mean that the municipal body had not a leg to stand upon, it gave very serious offence indeed. Fortunately one of the borough parsons, who was mayor’s chaplain for the year, recollected enough of his latinity to give the quotation and the translation of it correctly. Mr. Brown thanked him and said it was “exactly what he meant; but that he had endeavoured to forget his Latin, as he had found it interfere with his practice.”

The chaplain gave a peculiar smile—it might have been a sneer—at this bold assertion, and told the mayor, loudly enough to be heard by Brown, that “it was easy to forget what one had never learnt.”

Brown would have argued the matter had he not thought it possible that a few unanswerable questions might have been put to him touching the school in which he had acquired the rudiments of the Latin tongue. He said nothing, but resolved to take it out of the impudent parson by means of emetics and detergents the very first time he was called in to relieve him of a fit of gout. This prospect of revenge was pleasant, but Camomile Brown passed an unpleasant evening for the mayor had laughed loudly at his chaplain’s remark, and all the corporation, as in duty bound, had followed his example.

As Brown lay awake in his bed that night, suffering from indigestion, he acknowledged his classical deficiency—to himself. It was too late for him to make up for the deficiency in his own person, so he resolved that his eldest son should learn Latin enough for two.

Though Camomile Brown junior was only six years old, he entered



him at the borough grammar-school the very next morning. He told the master, who was compelled by statute to limit his teaching to the dead languages, and consequently seldom had a town pupil, to push his son on in Latin and Greek, and set him a long Latin or Greek exercise to do at home of an evening, which he—Brown *père*—would supervise and correct. He pretended to do so once or twice, and got the boy a sound flogging for inventing words not to be found in a polyglot lexicon, and showing up a chaos of all the parts of speech jumbled promiscuously together.

Little Brown expostulated and explained. The master wrote to his father and begged him not to interfere and ensure his son punishment corporeal, by attempting to do what he knew nothing about. Brown was enraged at this insult; but still more at the quotation which followed, "*ne sutor, &c.*" Brown made his son look out *sutor* in the dictionary, and when he heard it was Latin for a *cobbler* he flew into a violent rage as he had no doubt it implied an indelicate allusion to the trade of his father, who had been a most respectable shoemaker. He would have damaged the grammar-school by removing his son immediately, had he been able to get him a first-rate education for one guinea a quarter taken out in galenicals, any where else. This was not to be done, so he put up with the insult and consoled himself with his favourite quotation "*nissussitus non abet legs.*"

Little Camomile Brown "favoured his mother," as the saying is. He had plenty of brains and a predisposition to exercise them. All the bumps indicative of studiousness and perseverance were strongly developed on his cranium. He worked hard and got on very rapidly indeed; so much so that Brown senior was delighted, and said he had no doubt that if his son continued to go on as he had begun he would make almost as good a classical scholar as his father.

His schoolmaster was so much pleased with the boy that he paid him the same attention as he did to his well-paid-for private pupils. He even lent him books, which his father refused to supply him with, under the plea that they would be of no use to him in afterlife in the surgery. He said, moreover, that four guineas a year ought to include every thing, as the master had a good house to live in, and 50*l.* per annum for *teaching* the *ee* boys *only*.

"What was the four guineas extra for, if it was not for books—without which he could not teach them?"

Brown senior meant to put his son into the surgery, as he called the shop, as soon as he could, to relieve himself of the trouble of making up medicines. As soon as the boy could dispense, he thought his own services might be dispensed with. He made the experiment, and went out to an evening party, leaving little Camomile to try his hand at an effervescing draught. The boy, however, had a long theme to write for a prize, and as he meditated on the thesis while he filled the phials, he made the mixture so strong that it blew the bottles to pieces, and knocked out several of the window-panes.

Brown was irate, called his boy a fool, and thrashed him soundly. He did more—he tore up the theme that was the cause of the mischief, and threw the scraps into the fire. The boy took the abuse and flogging submissively, and got up before it was light on the following morning to re-write his exercise.

Though several egregious blunders were committed by his son, in the process of initiating him into the mysteries of the pharmacopœia, the father was determined to persevere. He was resolved to be relieved of pounding and compounding, and did not choose to hire an assistant while his boy was, as he said, doing nothing.

The boy tried, and tried hard, to combine the attending to compound extracts of filthiness and compound words in his dictionaries, but it would not do. The root of a Greek verb had more charms for him than a root of rhubarb, liquorice, or any other medicinal herb. Infusions were set aside for inflexions, decoctions yielded to declensions of nouns, and tinctures gave place to theorems.

The boy made several ridiculous but innocuous mistakes, such as ordering emetics to be used as embrocations, and pills to be applied instead of leeches, for which he got laughed at by the patients, and punished by his impatient father. The punishment he could bear—the ridicule he could not. He resolved to be more attentive and so escape being laughed at. He succeeded. He was not laughed at for exhibiting a very powerful narcotic, "*pro re nata*" for the *infant just born*—as he supposed the words meant in dog-latin. The child died, and the coroner's jury would have brought in a verdict of *man-slaughter* had not the child proved to be a girl. They returned "*felo de se*," because they had never heard of a verdict of woman-slaughter in their lives.

Brown senior threatened to smash his son to a powder in the large iron pestle and mortar. Little Camomile, however, ran away—to school. He refused to return home unless he was exempted from practising what might lead to the perpetration of many more murders. He had made up his mind not to break the sixth commandment again.

His father applied to the mayor for a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring up his son, but it was refused. The mayor, the town-clerk, the bailiffs and burgesses, the parsons of all denominations, and the inhabitants generally, took up the cause of the boy, who was likely to prove such a credit to the borough. They cried shame on the father who wished to clap a pharmacopical extinguisher on the dawning light of Bridgetown. He who refused to listen to the voice of nature and the cry of humanity, yielded to the most sweet voices of his fellow-citizens, and the cries of his patients—for they threatened to "introduce another practitioner, who would not poison babies by leaving his business to boobies—that is boobies in mortar-practice."

After this untoward incident, or accident, master Camomile Brown pursued his studies uninterruptedly. He soon forgot the dying accents of the unfortunate baby in the accents of Greek words. He quickly passed and surpassed all his schoolfellows in parsing, and stood at the head of the school, a promising candidate for the vacant exhibition to Oxford. He passed a very good examination, and was elected *nem. con.* The bells of Bridgetown celebrated the event in triple bob-majors, and the town itself showed its joy by lighting itself up at night. Brown consented to his son's accepting the exhibition and going to college, because he should have one the less to feed at home.

"You have 80*l.* a year of your own, young man," said he, "spend

it; but recollect, *nissussitus non abet legs*—that is, if you spend more don't expect any assistance from me."

Camomile went to college. He read sixteen hours a day. He never was absent from chapel, hall, or gates. He never went to a party—never gave a party in his own rooms. His only indulgence was breakfasting once a term with his tutor, and walking once a day to Joe Pullen's tree on Headington Hill. He was never seen to smile, even at a comedy of Terence or Aristophanes. The tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*, never extracted a tear from his eyes. He was too much engaged in the construction of the sentences to think of the matter of his author. He relieved his mind from the more serious business of study by refreshing it with an hour or two's composition of Sapphics and Alcaics, diversified now and then by a lively Iambic or Pindaric. Not to lose time when he took his constitutional to Headington he carried two or three Elzevirs in his pocket and got up a chorus or an ode by heart, as he walked along.

He ate but little and drank nothing but pure water—yet he grew obese. His linen never looked as white as his face did. His clothes fitted him too much. They were ill-made, and seemed to have been thrown upon him by chance. He was quizzed by the juniors out-college and in-college, but he was not conscious of it. He was equally unconscious of the favouring looks with which the dons regarded him. He had eyes and ears for nothing but his books and his lectures. He stayed up all the vacations, to the great annoyance of the cook, butler, and scout, who were obliged to come into college once or twice a day to supply his unprofitable wants, instead of going out fishing, or joining a smoking party up or down the river.

In process of time a scholarship fell vacant at a crack college, open to all the university. By his tutor's advice he put down his name as a candidate at the bottom of a list of fifty. His signature carried such dismay into the host of his enemies—for the scholarship—that they withdrew from the contest—fairly beat a retreat—and left him in undisputed possession of the field. He was elected a scholar of — college, and put in possession of an additional 60*l.* per annum.

What was he to do with 140*l.* per annum? He remitted one half of it to his kind mother for her sole and separate use, much to the disgust of his Galenical governor. He spent part of the remainder on his board and clothing, and the overplus in books, which he bought second-hand.

The height of his ambition, next to being a double-first classman, was to be a Fellow of his college and a college tutor. It is needless to say his ambition was gratified. No one opposed him for the fellowship, and he had the first tutorship that was vacant as a reward for passing the best examination of the year.

Did Camomile Brown give up study when he had achieved the object of his ambition? No. He gave up Greek and Latin and took to Hebrew; relieving the tedium of jots and tittles by a little light reading in Sanscrit and Chaldaic, with a seasoning of the German commentators.

Metaphysics he despised as much as he had formerly despised physic. He thought that both ought to be given to the dogs. He would have none on't. He plunged all at once into polemics, gave up

every other pursuit for theology, and got ordained on purpose to publish his notions on some deeply abstruse subjects from the pulpit of St. Mary's. For the same reason he solicited the Bampton lectureship, but was unsuccessful. His sermons were not popular. His style was not admired. From vice-chancellor down to vice-chancellor's poker-bearer, it was deemed a bore to be kept two hours and three quarters listening to a most unmelodious voice—a combination of bumble-bee and trombone—whurring out sentiments “hard to be understood of the people,” although they were illustrated by quotations from the original languages in which they first found vent.

The loss of the Bampton lectureship—not the profits of it, for those he cared not except as far as his mother and little brothers and sisters were concerned—was a sad blow, and a great discouragement to Mr. Don Brown, as the undergraduates called him. He shrunk into his rooms, and hid himself as sensitively as a snail retires within its shell whenever any one happens to touch its horns.

He spent one whole long vacation in rigid seclusion. He saw no one but his scout, and to him he never spoke. He took nothing but tea and toast; allowed his letters, like parliamentary petitions, to lie on the table. He would not have enjoyed clean linen had not his scout served him as Guy Mannering served the dominie—taken away his foul clothes and left clean in their room, so that he was compelled to put them on or lie in bed all day.

No one could imagine how he spent his time. His scout declared that he never wrote a line that he could see, or it would have been believed that he was preparing a book for the Clarendon Press. He also told the world that his well-filled library remained untouched all but one little book—a small octavo, bound in sheepskin.

When the men came up in October, the bets ran high that Don Brown would astonish the world of Oxford with something resulting from his seclusion. He did. The first evening the fellows assembled in the common-room, he entered with the second bottle of port, and after rejecting the proffered hands of all his *quondam* friends, took a chair at a distance from the table, and pulled out his little sheepskin small octavo.

“Brown, a glass of wine?”

Brown shook his head.

“Port or sherry?”

Another shake more decidedly negative.

A look, and, if it must be owned, a wink passed round the table.

“A little fruit or a biscuit?”

“Neither,” growled Brown.

After a little while the senior Fellow, after telegraphing his fellow-fellows, inquired,

“What book have you there, Mister Brown?” He laid great stress on the *mister*.

“The University Statutes,” was the answer.

“An entertaining book,” said a junior.

“Very, very, very,” from all quarters.

“A book very little known,” said the senior, “and seldom read after matriculation.”

“I have been getting up every statute,” said Brown, “and I mean to have them put in force. I shall appeal to the chancellor—to par-



liament. I will cleanse the Augean stable of this [pest-house. I feel as strong as Hercules in so laborious a cause."

"Hear—hear—hear!" said the junior.

Brown regarded him for a moment fiercely. He looked at, and detected a smile on the faces of all the Fellows. He stamped heavily with his elephantine foot, put the statutes into his pocket, and for the first time for six months took a walk up to Joe Pullen, stopping now and then to grind his right-foot, as if he were crushing a Lyrnean Hydra, or a garden-snail.

The Fellows all charitably agreed that he was mad, with the exception of the senior, who mitigated the severity of the general verdict, by hinting that he was merely a little cracked.

On the following morning the head of ——— College received a request from Mr. Brown, that he would call a seniority of the college, as he had matters of a serious import to lay before them. It was written in crabbed Latin and headed,

PETITIO CHAMÆMELI SUBNIGRI, ARTIUM MAGISTRI, HUIUS  
SOCIETATIS SOCII ET TUTORIS.

Of course his request was granted, and two o'clock the next day fixed for the meeting.

Not a man was absent. Every one was urged by curiosity, if not by a sense of duty, to attend.

Mr. Brown was punctual, and came in a new full dress-suit of black, covered with the Master of Arts dress-gown—the *toga*, with velvet sleeves, now worn by the Proctors alone. After a little hesitation and many profound bows, he read an address, which lasted nearly three hours, in which he made a formal demand that all the customs, habits, and manners of the university as originally adopted, worn, and used, should be restored. Among other things, that beer should be substituted for wine; brown short sit-upons (with the gown and falling collar, or band) worn instead of trousers, blue coats with brass buttons, coloured waistcoats, and black stocks; that the men should breakfast at five of the morning, and at eleven in the forenoon sit down to dinner; take a moderate supper at six of the clock of the evening, and at eight retire to their dormitories. He finished by insisting on the restoration of the laudable custom of flogging the breech of the younger members over the buttery-hatch, in case they made a breach in any of the rules of the college. The mayor and corporation of Oxford, too, were again to be dragged up in a halter—a regular hempen Jack Ketch's suspender—to pay the fine required of them for their ancestors having permitted their fellow-townsmen to get the better of the undergraduates in a town and gown row.

A smile had illuminated the faces of his auditors during the recital of this, his modest request. It had been succeeded by a general titter at the mention of the buttery-hatch, and at last burst out into open, undisguised laughter, in which the Head himself, though he nearly bit a piece out of his cheek in trying to prevent so unseemly a proceeding, joined long and loudly.

Mr. Brown was amazed. He saw nothing to laugh at in the matter, and so he told them.

The head of the college threw a deprecating glance at his Fellows, and with as steady a face as he could make up, informed Mr. Brown that they would consider his petition, and let him know the result of their consideration.

As soon as the matter reached the ears of the undergraduates, Mr. Brown received a great many humorous verses and funny letters on the subject. He also had some very witty caricatures sent to him, representing himself *in* the brown short sit-upons, and *out* of them on the hatch of the college buttery, with the college porter behind him inflicting the traditional punishment.

Brown was annoyed, but he persevered. When the college declined to interfere, he laid the matter before the chancellor, who said he knew nothing at all about such abstruse questions, and referred him to his acting representative, the vice-chancellor, who turned him over to Golgotha, as the assembly of heads of houses is called; from them he got no notice whatever. He appealed to the parliamentary members of the university, who declared that they were so much engaged in watching over the interests of Oxford out of doors, that they had not time to listen to what was going on within her walls.

The bench of bishops said it was not a matter that concerned them, and the Primate of all England and Metropolitan "wondered at the man's impudence," though he only *said* so to his brother of York.

Mr. Camomile Brown was so annoyed at his failure in superseding the innovations that had crept into university and college discipline in the lapse of years by a restoration of the practices of the earliest times, that he gave up his tutorship, and with it 400*l.* per annum, paid by terminal instalments. He would have resigned his fellowship also, but the thought of his widowed mother and her family prevented so rash a proceeding. I say widowed—for old Brown was killed by the introduction of a young practitioner, who deprived him of a portion of his patients, and all his despotic power in Bridgetown.

#### CHAP. IV.

JUST at this period the living of Squashyfield, which had lately been purchased by the college, fell vacant. Several of the senior Fellows went down to see it. They found that the house and the church were comfortably placed in a snipe-bog; and although they were very fond of snipes, they did not think they would be improved in flavour by being shot out of their own bedroom-windows.

The spot was reported to be aguish, and "they shook and they shivered," as Mr. Quaverton sung (quoting "the queer little man," a song that one of my most intimate friends sang ten times a term for twenty years—though every time he did sing it he declared it should be the last), at the bare notion of subjecting their persons to exposure to the malaria of that marshy situation.

Every one of the Fellows passed the living—that is, every one declined being appointed, instituted, and inducted to the rectory of Squashyfield, and condemned the college surveyor for expending the overplus of the college revenues on so unhealthy and so undesirable a piece of preferment.



It was offered to Mr. Camomile Brown. He was told that the spot was unhealthy, dull, and lonely. That was enough. He accepted it—was inducted, and read in to the parish-clerk, and the two church-wardens who were obliged to go to church in a punt.

“You may visit the spot now in summer-time, Mr. Scribbler,” said Mr. Quaverton to me, “and not deem it objectionable or unpleasant; but in winter—indeed for six months in the year it is surrounded with floods

As deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

I then retire as the waters rise, and leave it to the mercy of the snipes and wild-fowl until they subside again.”

Mr. Camomile Brown carried down a waggon-load of old books, and sufficient furniture to fit up four upstairs rooms—wisely considering that by such a prudential proceeding he should beat the waters, which seldom rose, except after the breaking up of a frost, above the tops of the downstairs windows.

He took down with him a past-the-middle-age college-bedmaker to be cook, housemaid, and servant-of-all-work. He gave her good wages, which alone reconciled her to the lonely life she led, and to the privations to which she was obliged to submit. The remainder of his income, after keeping back enough for his scanty housekeeping, he remitted to his family.

He passed the first winter in entire seclusion, and was only seen once, except by his housekeeper; that was by the butcher who swam his horse through the water once a week for orders. On one of these his visits Mr. Camomile Brown threw open the window of his study bedroom, and abused him in Hebrew and Sanscrit for sending him a leg of mutton without a pope’s-eye in it.

The man declared that Hepzibah, the cook, had ordered a shoulder, and that shoulders never had no pope’s-eyes in that part of Hampshire. Mr. Brown doubted the fact, and told him not to offend in the same unwarrantable way again.

When spring returned again and the waters subsided, Squashyfield church was opened for divine service. The villagers flocked in crowds—that is, to the number of thirty or forty, for the church would hold no more, and there were no more authentic Squashyfieldians for it to hold—to see and hear their new rector. They did not regard the fact of the church being still “a little dampish.” Curiosity to see the learned recluse whom the Oxford College had sent down to enlighten their dark minds, conquered all fears, of ague, all apprehensions of rheumatism.

They wondered at his fat, flabby face, from out of which peered two eyes looking like the eyes of a parboiled codfish. They were astonished at his peculiar dress, for he had adopted the costume of the ancients, and wore the black, close-fitting silk-cap, the falling white-collar, and the Geneva gown. They agreed in whispers that he was just like a *dudman*—which is the name for those eccentric-looking figures that are dressed out and stuck up in cornfields to frighten away corn-consuming crows and other birds.

He bumble-bee’d and tromboned through the prayers in a most unintelligible and unsatisfactory manner.

The parishioners did not care for that—any body could *read* the prayers out of a prayer-book. The sermon was what they came to hear. That would test his highly-spoken-of abilities.

He selected one of the prophecies of Daniel for his text, and gave them a three-hours' specimen of his view of its meaning, proving the correctness of it by quoting largely from various authors in various languages; and concluded by advising them not to take all he said as granted, but to read the authors he had quoted themselves.

All his parishioners agreed that it was a very clever sermon—beat the vicar of Clearstream's discourses out and out—that he certainly was a very clever man, and earned the amount of his tithes—but they never went to hear him again, and nicknamed him Parson Spoil-pudding.

Though he had no congregation beyond Hepzibah and his clerk, he always did the full service, and preached an original sermon every Sunday. Hepzibah did not pretend to listen to what she could not understand, but went tranquilly to sleep in the corner of her pew until it was ended. The clerk amused himself with Sternhold and Hopkins, varied now and then by Tate and Brady.

Of occasioned duties, as they are called, he had but few, for the parish was very small. He never had to marry a couple, as in the only wedding that took place among his parishioners while he resided, the lady belonged to an adjoining village. He managed to bury a corpse very decently, but very nearly buried himself with it, as he was walking quietly into the grave instead of the church-door at the conclusion of the service.

A child was brought to him to be baptized. He insisted on the font being filled with water and dipping it—according to ancient usage. The mother entreated him to sprinkle the child, as it was rather delicate. He was firm, though the child was *infirm*. He seized the infant and soused it in, clothes and all, until he had wellnigh suffocated it, and sent the mother home with a full impression on her weak mind that he really *meant* to drown it out of spite, because he had no children of his own.

He was never troubled with a second christening. He did a great deal of mischief in his little parish from a very good motive. His charities were unbounded and indiscriminate. Every idle, dissolute body in the place had only to trump up a story of illness or want, and they were sure to be supplied with large sums of money by the foolish old parson as they called him. Hepzibah expostulated once, and explained to him the mischief he was doing by encouraging idleness and drunkenness. He gave her a severe frown and a long lecture—dismissed her from his presence, telling her to scour her pots and pans, and not to interfere with his duties, on pain of expulsion, and ended by asking her *τί σοι Χρῆμα*; to which she made no reply, but burst into tears, believing that he was calling her by some naughty name.

When the roads were passable, and the parsonage of Squashyfield was approachable, the clergy around—the Vicar of Clearstream, the Rector of Rushley, the Curate of Mossbury, and the sub-vicar, or perpetual Curate of Ditchingly—the fifth of my "Five Incumbents" who has not yet been introduced to my reader—went over to call on their new neighbour—not in a body, but separately, and at intervals—*longo*

*intervallo*—lest they should alarm the mind of so studious and retired a person as he was known to be.

The rector of Rushley he refused to see, because he came in his carriage with two servants, Zachariah and Benjamin, whom Mrs. Trusty had insisted should be taken, for fear her dear master should be immersed in a snipe-bog. She had placed a cart-rope in the driving-seat, with which to extricate him in case of such an accident befalling him.

When Hepzibah delivered the message that “her master would see no parson who went about like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, with his chariots and with his horses,” Mr. Worthington merely said, “Humph!—haugh!—very extraordinary—eh? Mrs. What’s-your-name—you very respectable-looking ancient;” and ordered Zachariah to drive home immediately; who of course answered, “Easy does it—no hurry—lots of time,” and obeyed when it suited him to let his cherubs earn a few more oats.

The vicar of Clearstream he did receive, and was very polite to him—at least as polite as he could be, until he found that he never quoted Greek to his parishioners, knew nothing of oriental languages, and did not wear the original dress of the reformed clergy. When these facts were made known to him, he bowed him out—refusing an invitation to his humble board, which was kindly and hospitably given.

“No, sir,” said he, in the deepest notes of his trombone voice; “I shall not dine with you—you will never dine with me.”

The others he refused to see, but sent them the same uncourteous message by Mrs. Hepzibah.

Of course they did not call again.

An illness—the result of confinement and want of exercise—compelled him, or rather his housekeeper who was afraid he was dying, to call in medical aid. He told the apothecary that he was aware of all the tricks of his trade—explained to him that he had compounded filthiness in his youth in his father’s surgery, and gave him a five-pound-note to give him his advice and a prescription, and never to come near him again until he was sent for. The man stared, pocketed the unexpected but agreeable donation, told him to take Epsom salts every morning for a month, and four hours exercise in his garden or about the fields every day, and took his departure. He never ventured again to beard the lion in his den.

Mr. Camomile Brown essayed to take exercise in the neighbouring fields, and splashed boldly through the water-meads daily, until he laid himself up with a cold and sore-throat. Mrs. Hepzibah suggested that the dry road would be a more advisable path to pursue. Camomile tried it and liked it, until he met a labourer or two in his walks, who approached to greet the parson civilly. He, however, was nervous and frightened. He ran off like a hare, and turned and doubled through hedgerows and over ditches, until he reached home by a circuitous path. The rustics soon heard of his dislike to meet any one. They made a point of annoying him at all points. It was great fun to hunt down a parson; so they waylaid him, and as soon as he turned to avoid them and belted, they ran and called after him, until he ran to ground into the parsonage.

This annoyance was unbearable. He was about to give up all ex-

ercise, and confine himself to his room again. Hepzibah, who dreaded a return of his illness, recommended him to work in his garden, which he could do without fear of interruption. He adopted her advice, and became a most assiduous cultivator of cabbages and other esculents.

It happened one day while he was busied in his new occupation, that the archdeacon, attended by a brace of rural deans came in the course of their rounds to view the state of the church and parsonage of Squashyfield.

Mr. Camomile Brown was not aware of their approach until he raised his head to listen to the meaning of the high-toned remonstrances of his housekeeper. He merely heard the words "Tell ye he wun't—he's engaged—you morn't come in," to convince him some one was forcing an entrance into his premises. He seized his spade, shouldered it, and marched to her aid. The moment he opened the back or garden door, which commanded a view of the front door through a long passage, he saw a gentleman in a black clerico-cut coat and a shovel hat. It occurred to him that it was the bishop—at any rate it was some divine of dignity, by whom he did not choose to be seen in working trim—that is, with his coat and waistcoat off, and his knees unbuttoned.

He threw down his spade and bolted as quickly as he could to the bottom of the garden.

The archdeacon saw him, and as he really wished to confer with him officially, and had probably heard by report that he was shy in receiving callers, he put Mrs. Hepzibah gently on one side, and made a rush along the passage after his quarry. The rural deans followed the example set them by the archdeacon. When the trio had reached the back-door they looked round for the rector of Squashyfield, but he was nowhere to be seen. They called in a most reverend and clear tone on the Reverend Camomile Brown to appear, but that gentleman did not put in his appearance. He was *squatted* like a hare behind some raspberry-bushes, trembling and panting. One of the rural deans caught sight of his white shirt-sleeves, and cried out, "There he is!"

The trio walked towards him. Ere they could reach him Camomile essayed to jump the palings; he failed. He retreated a few yards, and then bolted at the palings, which were about four inches apart from each other, and formed of the staves of sugar-casks. The impetus with which he rushed at them carried him through—but, alas! when he rose from the ground he found that he had carried three palings and part of the top rail with him, and that they had adhered to his neck much after the manner of that ingenious contrivance wherewith pigs are prevented from straying out of bounds.

He tried all he could to disengage himself from the disagreeable trap in which he was caught; he struggled, he kicked, he scrambled about but all to no purpose. The tenpenny nails were too firmly clenched to be forced out, and in this state Mr. Camomile Brown was obliged to receive the archdeacon and two rural deans.

He looked confused—perspired violently—felt very faint—his legs trembled under him—he uttered a deep, trombone groan, and sunk to the ground. He tried to grub a hole with his fingers to bury himself in, and polluted his hair in the dust.

The archdeacon and his brethren were distressed to see the distressed situation of the rector. They summoned Mrs. Hepzibah to attend upon him, and retired within the house, saying that they would wait patiently until her master was fit, from dress and restoration of moral courage, to see and converse with them."

Hepzibah appeared, after they had waited nearly an hour, and told them that her master was too ill, too agitated, to see and speak to them; that he begged they would retire, and send him what queries they had to put to him on paper, and he would reply to them.

Of course they complied with his request and left him, in a miserable state of nervousness, and so upset by his degrading disaster, that he was again induced to send for the doctor.

The apothecary was alarmed. He had never seen so bad a case of nervous debility. It verged on mania. He advised Mrs. Hepzibah to summon his relatives to receive his last breath, and an attorney to make his last will.

Mrs. Hepzibah could not write, but from her instructions the apothecary wrote a note to his patient's mother, and despatched it to Bridgetown by that night's post. He gave him a strong composing draught and left him, promising Mrs. Hepzibah that he would return on the following afternoon, and meet his relatives, who would probably be arrived by that time.

His mother did arrive, and brought as many little Browns with her as the postchaise would hold. They rushed to his room in a body, and were surprised to see him calmly seated at his reading-table, writing answers to the archdeacon's questions touching the repairs required at the church and parsonage. The draught had operated immediately, and Camomile was himself again.

He received his mother very kindly, and fell upon his brothers' and sisters' necks and kissed them. He had only seen them on one occasion since his leaving Bridgetown for college, and that was when he went home to attend his father's funeral. They, however, were indebted to him for a good education, and for many indulgences which their mother's limited means would have rendered unattainable. They loved him for his worth and goodness, but they thought him a very odd man.

After asking the names of each of his family who were present, Camomile Brown ordered Mrs. Hepzibah to prepare some provisions for the party, that they might refresh themselves before they set out on their return.

This was too plain a hint to be mistaken. They took it. While the children—as the young men and women were still called, and considered too, by their elder brother—were invading the limited contents of the Squashyfield larder below stairs, their mother remained above to talk with her good but eccentric son. She chid him for leading so secluded a life, gave him a great deal of good advice, recommended him to seek society, and above all things to look out for a person who would make him a careful and comforting companion and marry her.

Mr. Brown promised faithfully to take these matters into his serious consideration, and to report to her the results.

His mother quitted him, not doubting that he would do as he had promised her.

He did; and on the following Sunday published, himself, the bans of marriage between Camomile Brown, bachelor, and Hepzibah Grimely, spinster. As no one but the clerk and Hepzibah herself heard him ask the question, of course no one had any just cause or impediment to allege why the parties he named should not be joined together in holy matrimony.

The vicar of Clearstream performed the ceremony. He walked with the indissolubly contracted parties from church to the rectory. He took one glass of home-made wine, and drank health and happiness to them, and left them, when the husband threw off his coat and waistcoat to work in his garden, and the wife put on her checked apron to polish the study candlesticks.

How he spent the honeymoon was never known, as Mrs. Camomile Brown—*née* Grimely—never disclosed the secret. At the end of the month the bridegroom went out to take a walk, greatly to the amazement of his bride. To her much greater astonishment he never returned from his walk. “He has not been seen from that day to this, and it is now more than two years ago,” said Mr. Woodward.

“*Erupit—evasit*—humph! haugh! eh?” said the rector of Rushley. “No great loss either, eh?”

“Was no search made for him?” I inquired.

They sought him that night and they sought him next day, sung Mr. Quaverton.

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Flexible, after a *pish* at Mr. Quaverton. “He was dragged for, advertised, searched for every where, but without effect.”

“Can his widow give no guess at his fate?”

“All she knows is, that he talked in his sleep about the conversion of the King and Queen of the Caribbee or Cannibal Islands, and about learning the true pronounciation of the Arabic in a pilgrimage to Mecca or Bagdad, she don’t remember which,” said Mr. Quaverton, and imitated a hautboy to the tune of

Here awa, there awa, &c.

“So you see, sir; humph! haugh! eh? he is a non-resident rector, and his living is sequestrated,” said the rector of Rushley, as the clock struck nine, and he, having the fear of Mrs. Trusty before his eyes, rose to return home, at the same time expressing his surprise that Mr. Camomile Brown should be so weak as to be governed by his house-keeper.

Benjamin came in and said, “Come along—night air unwholesome—here’s Zachariah with the carriage and old Mother Trusty inside; she says you are to come along this instant.”

Mr. Worthington hurried out and bustled into his carriage, though Zachariah advised him to take it easy, and assured him that there was lots of time.



## GOOD INTENTIONS.

Je ne garantie que mon intention, et non pas mon ignorance.

BAYLE, *Preface*.

THERE are not many occasions, in which force of character is more fully evinced, than when a man masters his resentment, and pardons an injury under which he is smarting, merely because it was on the offender's part, unintentional. Even in the management of our own affairs, we find it difficult thoroughly to forgive ourselves our own oversights, when they are productive of mischiefs that give a permanent colour to after existence. In those cases, therefore, in which such mischiefs occur from the mistaken efforts of others, it is not the desire to please or to benefit us that will screen the offenders from our displeasure; and they may think themselves lucky, if they are only brow-beaten for their zeal, and escape retaliation, with a modest request to be less interfering for the future. The law, it is true (that perfection of human wisdom), allows intention to be pleaded in abatement of overt acts, and makes even the absence of evil intention a ground of acquittal, however dreadful the consequences to life or limb may have proved. Thus the man who fires at a partridge, and only kills his elder brother, is pardoned his bad shot, if he can manage to prove that his gun was mentally aimed at the bird, and not at the man. So, too, the facetious wight, who frightens a maidservant into insanity, by playing on her superstitious fears, is let off for a simple "who'd have thought it?" But then the law is an unimpassioned *ens rationis*, a stranger to flesh and blood, and [all their infirmities. It cares no more for the elder brother, or the maidservant, than for the man in the moon. Not, however, that the law is quite consistent on the point: for an assault is an assault, in its eyes, notwithstanding the beator's best intention towards the beatee, in administering to him the wholesome correction of which he stood in manifest need, and teaching him "to behave himself" for the future. So, also, the most patriotic intention of the libeller to run down a dishonest or incapable minister, to unmask a traitor, or to put a stop to malversations infinite, will afford him no protection. In this case, the tendency is every thing, and the intention nothing; and a tendency to the breach of the peace is therein plainly more severely punished than an actual breach, in which intention may be pleaded; so that it is often safer to calumniate one's neighbour, than to speak truth of him. But what, reader, is the worst possible breach of the peace (though that peace be our sovereign lady the Queen's), compared with the actual loss of an eye, carelessly inflicted by a good Samaritan, in an awkward effort to remove a mote? What is it to a real peppering with small shot, dealt to you by a short-sighted Benevolus, who mistook you for a scarecrow? The law, therefore, may decide on the matter as it pleases, but it never will persuade the sufferer that a little more malice, and a great deal less injury, would not have better suited his account.

For our own part, therefore, if we do not believe that a certain place is paved (as some folks will tell you) with good intentions: it is not

because we esteem the commodity too respectable for the service ; but because we think too highly of the surveyor of the highways, *là-bas*, as a person of intelligence, to suppose him capable of employing so slippery a material, where his object is to make the passenger thoroughly sure of his footing. Every one, too, who knows what cold comfort good intentions afford, must be perfectly aware of their unfitness for the pavement of so hot a locality.

In this nineteenth century of ours, it may seem almost superfluous to insist upon the point ; but notwithstanding the imputed science of the age, it is astonishing how few people are aware of the fact, that these same dealers in good intentions are by far the greatest bores to which human life is exposed ; that they do more to spoil our poor modicum of threescore years and ten (taking one life with another), than plague, pestilence, and famine put together. It is this *triste vérité*, nevertheless, that gives its pith to the well-worn proverbial prayer for a special protection from heaven against friends. He would be no bad philosopher who could satisfactorily explain why it is that good intentions so often fall short in their consequence, while the evil intentions of enemies never fail in reaching their aim. For, though it may happen once in a thousand times, that a blow with a dagger may open an imposthume, and so save the charge of surgeons,—or that the burning of your house may lead to the discovery of a treasure, which will more than repay the expense of rebuilding it ; yet one swallow will not make a summer. Besides, such incidental benefits are mere *ricochets*, and have, or should have no influence on the character of the main action. Accordingly, a man would be mad indeed, who would submit his body to the dirk, or his house to the lucifer-match box, on the strength of such a possible contingency.

Putting, however, these strange accidents on one side, as being quite beyond the sphere of calculation, there can be little mistake in expecting from the evil intentions of enemies the full complement of practical consequence. The *tu me lo pagharai* of Italian vengeance, is not a surer forerunner of a coming assassination, than the mischievous intention in more civilized life is to the mischievous effect. Never has it occurred to our young experience, to hear of a dunning epistle being turned aside by fate and metaphysical aid, into an invitation to dinner ; nor can we charge our memory with a single case in which one, intending to run away with another man's wife, mistakingly married himself to her unportioned ugly sister.

We cannot indeed tell what moralists mean about the designs of the wicked not prospering, of their evil recoiling on themselves. It has certainly not been our luck to stumble upon enemies, who went to work in the careless manner implied in these propositions. It must be a very fresh trick, indeed, that would be followed by such untoward consequences ; and the world is too wide awake, to commit itself and its purpose by such heedless mismanagement.

Without refining too far upon the difference between good and bad intentions, we are half-inclined to suspect that the weakness of the former is most commonly attributable to the *lâcheté* of the party offending ; and to affirm that if folks took half the pains to oblige and serve their friends, that they do to harass and injure their enemies, they would be as successful in the former as in the latter case. A ge-

nuine hater will leave no stone unturned to wreak his vengeance; but rarely indeed can we detect this omnilapideversile propensity manifested in the friendly intender of benefit to others. There is indeed a perfunctory manner of conferring services, which is admirably adapted to ensure their failure, but which is rarely discernible in men's efforts to serve themselves. Now it is a received maxim of law, that no man is to benefit by his own *lâcheté*; and we cannot regard that person in any other light than as a dupe, who remains answered by a profession of the very best intention, and who by admitting an excuse so easily offered, carelessly opens a wide door to the repetition of the offence.

Nature, in her comprehensive scheme of human happiness, has coupled our pains and pleasures with facts, and not with intentions. To what purpose, then, would it be that a man should surround himself with friends, and (as the saying is) should put his eyes upon sticks to captivate their good will, unless there were some proportionate relationship between the will and the deed? What difference, indeed, does it make to the sufferer, whether the evil comes from friend or foe, from a good or an evil motive; unless it be that the former is the least supportable. Of all the conspirators that joined in the murder of Julius Cæsar, Brutus alone had good intentions. All,

save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only in a general honest thought,  
And common good of all, made one of them.

Yet Cæsar's pathetic "*et tu Brute*" stands on eternal record, as the most natural and touching reproach, that one man ever cast against another. Of all their daggers, Brutus's alone was drugged with a moral poison.

How very little intentions merit consideration, is further evinced in the single fact that these must ever remain a matter of conjecture, or be received on the faith of the man's own testimony; whereas, according to the Scotch saw, "*deeds show*:" and herein lies the weak point of most writers of history, who give a few lines only to the setting forth a great political event, and bestow whole chapters on the vain attempt to detect the secret springs that moved the actors, and brought the matter to pass. What is the result? their argument at most reaches to placing before their readers *un grand peut-être*; while for the most part, their most elaborate guesses go only to a flagrant missing of the mark.

After all the observation which has been thrown away by professed moralists on the motives of human action, the world is not much nearer the mark in its couplings of cause and effect, than the inventor of indictments, who referred all things not exactly according to Hoyle, from the levying war against our sovereign lady the Queen, down to taking the evening air on Blackheath, or to mistaking another man's house for your own, and his window for a door,—to the instigation of the devil. What a vastly good opinion, by the by, must the law have entertained of human nature, when it could not discover a weak point in its whole moral complex, upon which to charge the most paltry felony, but was forced to throw the entire responsibility on His Dark-

ness;—thereby entailing on itself the miserable *non sequitur* of punishing the innocent in the place of the guilty. If the devil did the mischief, why in the devil's name, as the Germans say when they swear, not set loose the attorneys on him, instead of the prisoner at the bar? Surely it was not from any misgivings as to these gentlemen by act of parliament being a match for the real delinquent?

But to return to our matter: the man must be a poor adept in his business, who has not a sufficiently good intention constantly ready to put forward in defence of the most abominable actions. If a tosspot is brought before the police, labouring under an exhilaration of spirits and titubation of foot unmatched by the condition of David's sow, would he be such a fool as to accuse himself of a disgraceful love of wine-bibbing? No, he would lay the matter on a too impressionable friendliness of disposition, which betrayed him into forgetfulness, on the casual falling in with an old acquaintance; or perhaps he would plead a touch of the cholera, and lay the sin on the medical necessities of the case; nay, it will be well if he does not directly exonerate all intoxicating liquors of the deed, and impudently attempt to mystify the magistrate out of his five shillings, by attributing the whole to "that glass of cold water," which he was imprudent enough to indulge in before leaving the tavern.

So, when a gallant has inextricably engaged the affections of a fond foolish woman, and refuses to marry her, he never is honest enough to plead fickleness, a rich widow, or a love of mischief; but he has ready in his sleeve a letter from his untractable father to call him away, or an insuperable repugnance to bringing, by an indiscreet match, want and misfortune upon a confiding and too loving woman.

We have it on record against Lieutenant-general Othello, when he was had up before the beaks for putting a pillow on his wife's head, instead of putting his wife's head on the pillow, that he laid the whole mistake to his excessive affection for the lady, which he said was a little more nice than wise—"not wisely but too well"). Not a word of his unjustifiable dislike of Michael Cassio, not a syllable of his own self-conceit, not a hint at a hastiness of temper, particularly unbecoming in a military commander. George Barnwell, with an equal show of reason, might have attributed the undue familiarity with which he treated his uncle, not to a wanton desire to injure his respectable relative, but to the warmth of his affection for Miss Milwood, a lady whose susceptible feelings were all in favour of a good supper and a bottle of the best. If he had that day got a prize in the lottery, received a timely remittance from home, or stumbled on the old gentleman's strong-box, unencumbered by his presence, he would have been the last man in the world to have put him to such personal inconvenience. Might he not, therefore, have pleaded the concatenation of causes, an unlucky mal-arrangement of the eternal nature of things, which turned the kindest disposition and the best intentions in the world against him: in short, it was more his misfortune than his fault; and if a jury persisted in hanging him, he would be the most misunderstood man who ever died midway between heaven and earth.

In such cases, who is to decide, or how is the matter to be determined? Every man, after all, is the best, if not the sole judge of his

ing tenantry, in the midst of a prosperous and contented village, with a well-appointed set of respectable and orderly servants. My lady began her labours by a course of what she called charity. She went through the village twice a week, scolding the children for not minding their books, and the mothers for not doing every thing in the world; and then, being somewhat ashamed of her own unnecessary severity, she scattered indulgences on all sides, to stand well with her dependents. If she heard of a couple who wanted to be married, she interfered to procure them an establishment; if a wife lay-in she provided her with stores of baby-linen from the big-house; but if the woman had twins, the family were positively pelted with gratifications. To the poor workman she gave tools, to the small tradesman materials. Coats and blankets were distributed at Christmas with a profuse and indiscriminate hand; and there was not a trumper who passed within ten miles of the manor-house, that did not go out of his way for the sixpences, shillings, and halfcrowns, which were freely doled out to every whining and canting impostor. Now what was the result of this "wondrous waste of unexampled goodness?" You need but go to the village, and it will stare you in the face. It is overloaded with mendicants, in the uttermost destitution; the cottagers, heretofore accustomed to depend on themselves, and to calculate their resources, have become careless and indolent. On every emergency they fall back on "the good lady," and lay by no savings against the rainy day. Notwithstanding all their lavish charity, the workhouse is crowded; for the husband, at his wife's intercession, built cottages, without reference to the condition of the applicants, and the place has twice the population it has the means to support. Of the workmen she had "assisted to bring forward" and to "set up in business," half have displaced the independent traders, who had no one to rely on but themselves, and were undersold by the cheap interlopers; the other half, leaning on the bounty of their protectors, became idle, dissipated, and drunken, and finally ran away, leaving the parish in for the maintenance of their wretched families. By this lady's ill-advised donations of wine and nourishing broths to the sick, and to lying-in women, she has poisoned no small numbers, whose families have been thrown on the parish; and she has expelled a very respectable village apothecary from the neighbourhood, for his ill-nature in standing between her and his patients, by setting up a scamp in a dispensary of her own founding, who labours in vain in his hopeless capacity of a preventive check. But has she gained thanks for her pains? No. The peasantry dread her interference, and fly from her presence when not in immediate want of her aid; at the same time, being forced upon improvements which they do not themselves require, they make no efforts after comfort but as they are compelled. Where they formerly paid a penny a week cheerfully to the village schoolmistress, they are now difficultly driven into sending their children to the gratuitous school; and they abuse their benefactress for forcing them from their field-work. So effectually, indeed, has she laboured in her vocation, that the paupers she has created have quite outgrown her means of relief; and she is hourly abused by the poor, for the scanty shabbiness of her donations; and by the farmers, for raising the parish-rates.

The husband, on his part, set out as an improver of husbandry, and

assisted his tenantry so effectually to make improvements which were generally failures, that they will no longer do any thing without an advance of cash ; while he tied them down so closely in their leases to certain rotations of cropping, that they ceased to think on the subject, and lived and worked by the rule of thumb. By ill-judged relaxations of his just demands, he created a prevalent absence of punctuality in the payment of his rents ; and then, struck with the mischief of lenity, he became senselessly severe, that he might improve the bad habits he had created. So, having filled the village with poachers, by winking at their offences, he was roused by a savage murder which one of the crew committed, and covered his premises with man-traps and spring-guns, in the service of morality. As a magistrate he is exemplary for punctuality of attendance ; but his humanity lets loose the evil-doer, while his respect for authority supports the county officials placed under his control in oppressions and plunders infinite. On a very recent occasion, he half-ruined the people, by causing a strike of the manufacturers, through a well-meant lecture from the bench on wages and profits.

In their own family this couple are not more happy. By good-naturedly overlooking faults innumerable, they have not a sober servant left on their establishment ; and they were compelled to transport their butler for participating in the robbery of their plate-chest, because they had not the heart to punish a series of petty dishonesties.

But the most dangerous member of this family of the Wrongheads is the maiden sister, who, to the constitutional kindness of her relatives, has added a religious solicitude for the souls of the community. The life of this really amiable female is passed in an unceasing course of tract distributing, preaching, admonishing, Exeter-halling, &c. &c. There is not a person within the sphere of her influence whose liberty of conscience she has not violated.

In her own home she has set one half of the family against the other, on the subject of grace and predestination ; and she has bored her nephew into freethinking, by her searching investigations into the grounds of his adherence to the establishment. Generally speaking she has unsettled the belief of one half of the parish, and steered the other half into so settled an uncharitableness, and so fiery a zeal, that scarcely one man in three will speak to his neighbour. How far she is answerable for the death of the cobbler, who was found hanged in his own strap, it would be cruel to investigate : but there is no doubt that her well-meant rebuke at the weekly religious conference immediately preceded that untimely catastrophe.

If from private life we turned our attention to what is done in parliament, it would not be difficult to show that the worst miscarriages in legislation are owing to the good intentions of gentlemen who never thought on politics, economy, or any one public question, before they found their way into the house. How many hundred men, for instance, were hung for forgery, without the slightest effect on the statistics of crime, by the repeated votes of men who had no other intention than to secure the Bank, and preserve the credit of the paper currency ! How many years were Catholics persecuted and Jews incapacitated by members voting conscientiously in support of the reformed religion ! How many men at this day would root up trade and beggar the



in contemplating such a scene, but it is a few only who are privileged to give them a "local habitation and a name."

A low, earnest voice called back the dreamer to the world, as yet scarcely less bright than her own imaginings, and with a faint blush and a glad smile, she put aside the verses and came hastily forward.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, quite; and they are all too much engaged to miss me to-night."

"It is well," said the cavalier, bounding up the marble steps, and in another moment the lovers stood side by side.

How often had they met thus by stealth, for Ricciarda's father was stern and proud, and love knows no distinction of rank. Her lover was, however, worthy of her, being, in the language of one of the ablest of his chroniclers, "the most eminent jurist and best poet of his day."

"Let me see what it was you were writing, my Ricciarda!" said he, after the first greetings were over.

"Nay, I dare not!"

"Why, you would fain make believe that you thought me very terrible."

"No, not terrible, dear Cino! Only so very clever."

"Silly girl!" said her lover, as he laid his hand caressingly upon her bright curls; but there was a deep wisdom in such simplicity, although she knew it not.

At length Ricciarda produced her tablets, and gave them to him timidly.

Cino smiled as he read, there were a dozen mistakes at least, but she altered them every one according to his suggestions, acknowledging with a sweet gentleness how much better the verses now sounded, and wondering to find herself with his assistance so much of a poet. Perhaps if they had been perfect he would have loved her less. Certain it is he would have had no excuse for bending over her thus until their tresses mingled, for guiding with his own that fairy hand which trembled in his grasp, and meeting the gentle glance of those meek eyes that sought his so fearlessly. And then in the innocent confidence of her loving heart the maiden produced a sonnet from her bosom, in which he attempted not to alter a single word, but only bent down and pressed his lips reverently to the brow of the poetess. It was one among the few which have survived her, and is distinguished for the pure and eloquent tenderness which breathes in every line.

"But why should I tease you with these trifles, you who can do so much better?" said Ricciarda, at length.

"Because you know what an interest I take in the slightest thing which concerns you," replied Cino.

"Yes, I believe that is it; but it is so delightful to have such a friend and councillor, and you must chide me if I should become too troublesome."

It is no matter now what the reply of her companion was; it is sufficient to know that the proud and justly celebrated doctor and poet—the friend of Dante and Boccaccio, sat down at the feet of that young girl, and played the lover like other men. And why should he not?

She was deserving of his affection, and cared not to conceal how devotedly it was returned.

"And will you always love me thus?" asked Ricciarda, rather because she felt that it was expected she should speak, than from any doubt she entertained on the subject. And the usual answer was given to a question put so often, and, alas, so vainly! and, as usual, believed as religiously as young hearts trust in heaven. And as they sat together thus, the sound of music and revelry came borne on the evening breeze from her father's palazzo, where she joyed to think she was scarcely missed.

Evening—music—flowers—the presence—the voice of one we love! No wonder Ricciarda was so happy; and that she should linger until Cino, who valued his treasure too much not to be careful of it, warned her that the air grew damp and chilly. And they parted at length as those separate who hope to meet again soon. But he bore away with him the sonnet she had written, which remained in his possession for years afterwards, when the memory of that night became as a dream dreamt long ago.

Who is there at all conversant with the history of the Italian states that has not heard or read of Bianchi the white, and Neri the black; the two rival factions which for years spread contention and desolation over cities and families, achieving a fearful notoriety which will not suddenly pass away;—how alternately defeating and triumphing they swept onwards like a curse!—and how terrible the end of all this was for Pistoia.

Selvaggia was, as we have already said, the chief leader of the Bianchi; but little thought he or his followers on that night, as they met amidst mirth and festivity, that the sun of their glory was so near its setting, and that it would go down perhaps in blood! As simple tale-tellers, and not historians, we have nothing to do with the political struggles of the times, but only to revert to their fatal consequences, and to relate how Selvaggia, the proud and haughty gonfaliere, was exiled from his native city, and obliged to fly in haste, and unattended, to a solitary fortress in the Apennines, bearing with him his fragile and gentle-hearted child.

This mountain retreat is described to have been singularly bleak and exposed, but they had no choice, and but few complaints were heard. Ricciarda hoped that the Neri would not always triumph, and that they should go back soon to her beautiful home at Pistoia; for she thought of her little garden, and that cool marble balcony, and was glad she had remembered to leave a few lines, explaining her absence to Cino, he would have deemed it so strange else; and wondered when she should see him again.

But few days had passed wearily over in their new abode, when the exiles were startled by the arrival of a visiter, who proved to be no other than Cino himself. His story was told in but few words, and either the father's stern heart was softened by misfortune, and touched by so rare a constancy, or he was in reality glad of so cheerful a companion. And the young lover was allowed to remain in the character to which he aspired, and for which he had dared so much, that of Ricciarda's betrothed, while the girl soon ceased to wish herself back again in Pistoia.

It was strange to see that young poetess, with her noble bearing and graceful beauty, performing the meanest household tasks assisted by him, the celebrated and gifted Cino; to hear her playful and girlish laughter at his awkwardness, and mark his untiring goodnature and devotedness. But he could not help smiling too sometimes, when he caught a glimpse of himself in some clear mountain-stream, bending beneath the load of fuel he was carrying to the fortress, and he wondered what they would say of him at Pistoia could they see him thus; and how Boccaccio would make him the theme of his wit, and Dante of his sympathy. But he did not care much about it when Ricciarda came to meet him with her beaming face; hoping that he was not tired, and chiding him gently for having brought so much; or parting away the hair upon his brow with her white fingers, and looking as if she would fain have pressed her lips there, but was too timid. Perhaps these were some of the happiest hours in the life of the poet, when the spell of love and romance made bright those mountain solitudes.

It has been said that such as they—the gifted—can never be quite solitary, dwelling as they do in a fairy world of their own creating, peopled with ideal beauty; but this is a wild, although a beautiful theory. Imagination is rather like a dream of the night, from which we are ever liable to be suddenly awakened to the realities of actual existence, but which *cannot* be resumed at pleasure. It haunts and mocks, but does not satisfy the yearnings and sympathies of our earth-bound spirits. We are mortal, even while we pine and struggle for immortality, and one human love is worth all our visionary aspirations. Ricciarda might perhaps just at first have admired the grandeur of the scenery, and written sonnets upon its beauty and sublimity, but she would soon have grown weary enough of her monotonous home among the Apennines, without Cino. And it is always thus—woe to the dreamer and enthusiast who shall dare imagine he can make his own happiness.

Summer passed away all too rapidly, and the many wants and privations which always seem to press less heavily when we have the sunlight to warm and gladden us, darkened around them in that dreary and desolate abode. And yet even this could have been borne uncomplainingly by loving hearts, which fear death only: but a sadder trial was at hand.

Cino had been out upon the mountains, and returning unexpectedly found Ricciarda bending in a pensive attitude over a favourite flower which she had brought with her from Pistoia. Could it be fancy? but as she stood thus in the full light he thought her cheek less round and strangely pale; but then she had never had much colour. Her form too, it was surely faded, even to the small white hands that hung down so listlessly by her side, and the fire of those bright eyes seemed subdued, if not quenched. A sudden pang shot through his heart as he gazed, nor did it wholly pass away even at sight of her fond smile and affectionate greeting.

“What were you contemplating so earnestly, my Ricciarda?” said he.

“My poor flower! it was your gift, Cino, and I have treasured it so carefully—but see it is quite withered now. Nothing will live long, I think, in these dreary Apennines.”

Her companion drew her closer to his side, and shuddered.

"You are not ill?" said he, insensibly giving utterance to the horrible fears that possessed him.

"Ill!" and the girl's smile, which she meant should be one of comfort, ended in a passionate burst of tears, and she laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed like a child.

"Speak to me," exclaimed the distracted lover; and she looked up at the sound of his sad voice, and tried to appear calm for his sake.

"You know I was never very strong, Cino," said she, gently; "but I shall be quite well again when we get back to Pistoia."

Her companion said no more, for his heart was full to bursting, and he feared to alarm her, and so perhaps bring about the very consummation he so much dreaded; but it seemed as if he had never truly loved her until that hour, so powerfully does death hallow and consecrate to our affections the victim on whom its shadow has fallen. His eyes were opened, and from that day he and her stern father, an humbled and changed man, watched her in the language of one, who, because she is herself a woman and a poetess, lingers tenderly over this touching episode in real life, "fading away like a bright dream from earth!"

We can fancy how, when concealment became no longer possible, Ricciarda strove to sooth and console her despairing lover. She was much too good and pure to fear death, and yet it was very hard to die and leave him behind—and after all their fairy visions for the future—that rainbow future which is perpetually mocking us with hopes too bright for earth! And how Cino, reverting proudly to her talents, whispered fond prophecies of her after celebrity, at which she would shake her head with a sad smile, and ask him, "What women have to do with fame? and whether it ever yet made them the happier?"

A question to which there is but one sad answer even to this day. And yet she would have been well content to owe, as she did, all hers to him.

It was a chill, gloomy day, Cino had been to try and find her some wild flowers, of which she was passionately fond; but not one ventured to appear, even in those sheltered haunts which he knew so well, and he brought back a sprig of laurel instead, and gave it to her with a significant smile.

"Be it so," said the girl, meekly; "and if the laurel indeed be mine in after years, it is from your hand alone I wish to receive it."

And as she twined the leaves in wild playfulness around her faded brow, and lifted up her face full of a strange and almost divine beauty, a glorious thought sprang up in the mind of her companion, and he vowed within himself that the wreath upon that fair forehead should be immortal! And it was—thanks to his genius and his love!

Who that gazed that night upon the young poetess, with her glittering eyes, and cheeks glowing with a rich and living crimson—who that marked her passionate tenderness, could have dreamt of disease and death? Too guileless to conceal any thought of her innocent heart, Cino had known from the very beginning how she loved him; she had told him so a thousand times, and he revered her all the more for her sweet confidence. But now the last frail barriers of restraint were removed, and she rested her weary head upon his bosom; and

prayed to be spared for his sake if it might be! Or otherwise, with the perfect unselfishness of a truly loving spirit, that her memory might hereafter have no power to sadden. She would rather be altogether forgotten, than that he should remember only to weep!

"Do you recollect that night—the last we spent together in our native city," said the poet, "when you asked me if I should always love you thus?"

"Oh yes; but it was an idle question which my own heart answered even while I spoke."

"Then let it plead for me still. *The mere memory of an old love is better than a new one.*"

"Ah! that is poetry!" said the girl.

"And what constitutes poetry? Is it not truth and reality, decorated, but not hidden, by the wild flowers of imagination and romance?"

It should be, young sophist.

"Nay, keep thy sweet faith, my Ricciarda!" continued her lover, "for I shall never cease to adore thee!"

And the girl was well content to be soothed and won into so bright a belief.

"It is very cold!" said Ricciarda, after a long pause, during which the bright flush faded from her countenance, like the sunset upon snow; "and grows dark earlier to-night, does it not? or else my sight is strangely dim."

Cino forbore to tell her that as yet it was not even dusk, and that the shadow which hung over her was the dark shadow of the valley of death, but bent down and kissed those fast-closing eyes in shuddering silence.

And the mind of the dying girl wandered back to Pistoia, and she talked in broken sentences of her flowers—her books—her poetry—her love—never long absent from her thoughts, and wondered whether her proud father, when he knew all, would have the heart to separate them—she thought that he would not; for stern as he was to others, he had always been very kind to her!

And then Selvaggia turned away and sobbed like a child; and when Cino looked again the white lips had ceased to move, and she lay motionless and smiling upon the bosom of her lover, like an infant asleep! It was all over, and they buried her in a nook among the mountains.

Years passed away—Cino had arrived at the summit of worldly fame and prosperity, and been crowned with wealth and honour by his native city. A sonnet addressed to him about this time by his friend Dante, accuses him of variableness and fickleness in love; and it is certain that bright eyes and winning smiles followed him wherever he went. But he—the poet—the lover—so faithful in life!—was he indeed faithless in death, and false to his own creed? The following true incident must answer for him.

Having occasion to cross the Apennines on an embassy of some importance, he dismissed his followers at a certain spot, directing them to take a different route, and alone and on foot sought the grave of his lost Selvaggia, upon which he flung himself with tears and lamentations.

We have here called her *Selvaggia*, instead of *Ricciarda*, because after her death the poet seems to have preferred addressing her by that name in his verses. What was the glory he had won to him now compared with her gentle love? Ay, even with its memory, he would have bartered it for that only, and left himself rich in sweet thoughts!

This occurrence gave rise to the most striking of all Cino's compositions, which abounds with passion and eloquence. What pathos there is in the description of his manly grief, as he mourned over the dream of their past happiness! The last stanza is particularly natural, and therefore affecting, telling, "how he arose up at length, and went sadly on his way, and passed the mountain summits where they had so often wandered lovingly together, crying aloud in accents of wildness and despair, '*Selvaggia!—my Selvaggia!*'"

Oh! let us also treasure up, my fair readers, in our woman's hearts, the memory of that true poet and true lover!

In the history of Italian poetry, *Ricciarda de' Selvaggia* is distinguished as the "*bel numer una*," the "fair number one," or the first of the four most celebrated women of that century; the others were Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura, and Boccaccio's Fiammetta.

In the venerable and time-hallowed cathedral at Pistoia, built by the Countess Matilda in the early part of the twelfth century, and afterwards restored to even more than its original beauty by the famous Nicolo di Pisa, there is an ancient, half-effaced bas-relief, representing Cino da Pistoia, surrounded by his disciples, to whom he is explaining the code of civil law, which he might have done to all eternity without getting his name celebrated, but for that gentler lore—that sweet poesy to which he owes his fame. A little behind stands a veiled female figure in a pensive attitude, supposed to be originally intended for her whose name has become blended with his throughout all immortality — *Ricciarda de' Selvaggia!*

So ends a true history of woman's love and man's faithfulness. And we could have wished it a more able chronicler, for it deserves to have been written in characters of gold!

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A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign  
My couch so warm and soft,  
To trouble trout with hook and line,  
That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointments one may fix  
To greet the dawning skies,  
But hang the getting up at six  
For fish that will not *rise*!

T. H.



## A GLANCE AT GOWER AND "THE GOWERIANS."

BY D. T. EVANS, ESQ.

THE Peninsula of Gower, about sixteen miles in length, by seven in breadth, stretches far into the Bristol Channel, forming the south-west extremity of the county of Glamorgan. As it lies clear of the line of communication between any two important places, and contains no town, it is probably less perfectly known to the novelty-seeking world than any part of equal extent of surface, having pretensions to the picturesque, in the United Kingdoms. Yet to those who, relying upon the veracity of this notice, may, in their tour through the *principality*, be at the pains of visiting it, we can safely promise no small amount of gratification, if not of positive pleasure.

The *Geologist* who examines its fossil-bedded mountains, its scarry, sea-fretted shores, and towering strata-bared cliffs, will find in them ample fields for observation and research. To him, also, the now celebrated caves at Paviland, so rich in osseous remains—which have been most minutely and ably described by Professor Buckland, must be objects of the highest interest.

The *Antiquary* will discover in the *tumuli* druidic remains and ancient fortifications, which lie thickly scattered over the country, and attest its former importance, much that is worthy of, and will repay, investigation.

The *Sportsman* will find game of all kinds abundant and the proprietors of land liberal. But to the *Artist*, and those who delight in the picturesque, above all, is the Seignior of Gower interesting.

Though tolerably acquainted with the principality, we do not at this present remember any part of such limited dimensions which presents a greater diversity of pictorial beauties. You are charmed at every advance with a fresh picture. Nothing can be bolder than its indented rocky shores; nothing more perfect than its inland scenes. Its lofty tempest-blackened mountains, with their girdles of mist; its sheltered hamlets besprent with cottages and churches—sweet evidences of rural peace and contentment! its rugged ravines, whose sides, clothed with birch and oak, overhang the water-brooks which brawl through their bottoms—now glittering in some natural cascade, now shining smoothly in a mill-dam, afford abundant and profitable employment for the pencil; whilst its *numerous* castles, from whose now crumbling portals, seven hundred years ago, the arbitrary and impetuous Norman rode proudly forth in his linked mail, strike the beholder with admiration, and impress him with a vivid sense of the transitoriness and vanity of mere worldly pomp and power.

Nor are the people less interesting than the country they inhabit. They are the descendants of a colony of Flemings, who, having suffered from the partial inundation of their country, A.D. 1105, applied to King Henry I. for leave to settle in his territories, and received a grant of the tract they at present occupy. And with the soil (which they had frequently to defend by force of arms), they have singularly preserved, through subsequent ages, the manners, customs, and spirit of the nation whence they derived their origin.

Though among the peasantry on the mainland adjoining Welsh is exclusively spoken, their language is English, or rather a peculiar dialect of it. It abounds in words, which, if ever they had a place in our tongue, are long since become obsolete; but its prevailing radical is the Saxon—a feature that would have delighted Swift.

The difference in physical form, in costume, and cleanliness between this people and the Welsh, is not less striking than that of their respective languages.

Devoted for the most part to pastoral and agricultural duties, the life they lead is as unsophisticate and simple, as was that of the Patriarchs recorded in the Scriptures. Temperate, hospitable, religious, they are superstitious to the last degree; hence, many are the tales of ghostly appearances and preternatural doings, which, to beguile time and gratify the natural cravings for excitement, circulate gravely round the evening fire. They intermarry almost entirely among themselves; and to this hour evince reserve and jealousy towards the Cambro-Britons, their neighbours. Their dress is chiefly of domestic manufacture. The women wear a garment called a *whittle*,—a kind of scarf either of bright scarlet or of white, which is thrown over one shoulder and carried under the opposite arm in a most picturesque fashion: within this they frequently bind their infants, whilst their hands are engaged in household duties, or in knitting, which latter occupation some of them do not remit even whilst walking.

Again, the vehicles used for rustic purposes are of the most simple construction. The artist and antiquary will be delighted to find in constant use the most grotesque sledges, and carts with wheels of solid wood, rivalling in rudeness those of the primitive ages of vehicular invention.

Persons who have long resided amongst them say, that the most prominent dark features of their character are cunning and a proneness to litigation—qualities which, where family interests are so intricately blended as here they must be, we can well suppose common. Formerly they had a bad name as *wreckers*, and though *that* stigma no longer attaches to them, there are reasons for believing they indulge occasionally in contraband trade.

Having now reached the limits, we propose devoting to this notice of Gower and its interesting people, a few words more and we close it. The Cambrian tourist usually overlooks this remote and sequestered district, yet that it affords much that is worthy of examination is, we think, undeniable. He, then, who, weary of the inanities and follies of fashionable and artificial life, or of the fret and tumult of this business-driving world, longs to refresh his thirsty soul with a draught from the calm and pure currents of Nature, cannot, in our opinion, do better than devote a few days to an excursion through Gower. Moving amongst a quaint and primitive-fashioned people, he will feel as though he had plunged into the heart of a former century: new scenes and grotesque characters will start up momentarily before him, which, if he be even a commonplace *observer* of men and manners, will afford him no small amount of edification and amusement; neither will he deem his time wasted, nor his money misspent—reflections which, however unwelcome, not unfrequently obtrude themselves on those who make more expensive but less profitable tours.

## MARTHA BEYNON:

## A STORY.

## CHAP. I.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm,  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

GRAY'S *Bard*.

It was Wednesday of the second week in April. The morn was such as when living Cuyp loved to paint, and one might suppose his disimbodied spirit to preside over and rejoice in. It might be about eight o'clock. The sun had already clomb several degrees of his matutinal journey: he shone through a delicate pearly haze on a landscape quiet and beautiful as the eye could wish, giving colour to some light fleecy clouds, which were silently and imperceptibly ascending the blue vault of heaven—pale incense of Earth to the great spirit of the Universe.

From this gentle acclivity of the Swansea-road, let us look westward. Imbosomed in a short and narrow valley beneath us, lies the humble village of Park-mill, in Gower. On our right, the road, skirted on the steep side by picturesque, yellow-washed cottages, and on the other by a low parapet-wall, runs (intersected in one place by a brook, over which is thrown a rude bridge for foot-passengers) the entire length of the hollow, and becomes lost to view among the oak-woods and moss-grown rocks which at the valley's end it encounters. Through the meadow which forms the centre of the dale, a noble trout-stream chafes and whirls impetuously along, receiving in its sinuous course, first, the waters from a mill, which, with a few houses, may be seen nestled under the pendulous cliffs on the left; and next, those which cross the road; together, these force their way through a disrupted outlet to the sea, admitting, in their passage through the sandbanks, a glimpse of that noble element, now heaving gently in the sunbeams. To these objects add the sprawling woods which clothe the hill-tops, the scattered groups of cattle lying ruminating in the dewy pastures, their faces turned towards "the god of day," and the picture is faithfully complete.

Lending animation to this quite scene, three persons ascend the hill and approach us. First comes a respectable-looking, elderly yeoman, mounted on a heavy, unkempt, black horse, and leading a more showy gray, ready saddled, by his side. He wears a low-crowned hat, a loose-made great-coat of a strawberry colour, and huge boots, which, judging by their long brown tops, appear to have had their origin in a fashion of some forty years back, since when, after the custom of thrifty people, they had probably been laid up to be used only on high-day and holiday occasions, of which we may be assured this is one. He passes slowly in the direction of Swansea. His massive features, fringed by locks of snowy hair, have that easy, goodhumoured look, which belongs, as it were prescriptively, to those who, like *Sordido* in the comedy, have their purses heavy and their hearts light. Absorbed

in his own agreeable reflections, he seems totally indifferent to the charms of the scenery through which he moves.

Behind him, at a distance of some hundred yards, follow a young man and woman afoot. The summit of the road attained, they turn and look down the valley beneath them. Nor did a handsomer couple ever gaze on that lovely landscape. Their dress and carriage indicate them to be above the common people of the country.

The young man is tall, with a figure firmly-knit, erect, and well-proportioned. His countenance, if physiognomy may be trusted, is the index of a noble and generous soul. His brow, as far as can be seen, is fair and ample, his nose aquiline, his yellow hair fringes a pair of downy, weather-tanned cheeks, with two natural ringlets; while his blue eyes, and finely-curved mouth, add great sweetness of expression to his smile. You would not say that he was seven-and-twenty years old; nor that he was accustomed to command; yet such is the case. His name is Benjamin Rowe; he is the son of a respectable man, captain and owner of a small schooner trading across channel, with iron, coal, and lime. So distinguished has been his character for intelligence, probity, and prudence, that he has been for these six years past first-mate of a large barque called "The Fav'rite of Fortune," trading, chiefly in copper ore, from Swansea to Valparaiso, and St. Jago de Cuba. About three months ago he quitted the merchant-service, and has since obtained a *local* appointment in the coast-guard—measures he was prevailed on to adopt by the fair girl who now stands beside him, and whom he intends to marry on the following Monday. It is to make the requisite arrangements for this event, that, in company with her father, he is now on his way to Swansea.

The girl who leans upon his arm is "exceeding beautiful and well-favoured," like Rachel of old. Her name is Martha Beynon. She wears a "drawn bonnet" of a white fabric, with a deep *curtain* to screen her neck from the sunbeams. A lilac-coloured gown fitting closely, displays to advantage a somewhat slender, but most symmetrical figure. Long-sleeved mittens of a black material are drawn over her finely-moulded arms. Her neck, of which we get a glimpse in front, above the kerchief of blue gauze that covers it, is perfectly fair; but the charms of her face,—who shall adequately convey? It is one of those gleesome, laughing countenances that betoken, in the possessor, a large share of vivacity and good-temper. Her black hair is divided with scrupulous exactness over a lofty forehead, and carried in smooth shining bands behind her ears, imparting, by contrast, the greatest brilliancy to her complexion. Her large, dark, lustrous eyes have a remarkably arch and mirthful expression. Her nose is straight as that of a Greek maiden; her cheeks glow richly with the bloom of health, and her red tempting lips, which change form with every passing emotion, indicate the possession of an exquisite sensibility.

After gazing some time in silence on the scene below, the young man exclaimed,

"Was there ever spring morning more beautiful than this! To my thinking, the transparent mist that hangs over all things like a veil, gives them additional interest."

"It does," replied the girl; "the air, too, is balmy and exhilarating as in the month of June."

"Hark!" cried he, "a thrush begins to sing."

"Sweet fellow, I hear him, and think I can name the very tree he sings in."

"I, too, can guess," rejoined Rowe; "he is in yonder huge birch that overhangs the house of Jacob Tucker, the weaver. I well remember that before I went to sea, a thrush always sang there in the season."

"You have named the very tree I thought of," rejoined the girl; "and I almost fancy I can see him amongst the green budding boughs at its top."

"I said, as we were passing through the village," resumed he, "that to me, who have spent so much of my time on the broad ocean, the very clack of the mill-hopper, which we then listened to, was delightful; but how much more so is the song of this poor bird. Naturalists say it is the song of love, and I believe it, for what can be more impassioned and tender than these thick flowing notes."

"Who would have thought that a rough old sailor like you could be thus moved by the mere song of a bird!" cried the girl, gaily.

"Indeed," said he, "I have met with some stern rude men who were not only insensible to such things themselves, but would ridicule those who were not; but, as a general rule, it is the sailor who is most touched by them, for few are his opportunities of enjoying them."

"I was but rallying you, dear Ben; and, to be candid, I like you the better for your sensibility," said she, in a most affectionate tone.

"How often," rejoined Rowe, "when on the heaving billows, perhaps a thousand miles from land, have my thoughts sped swiftly to the scene now spread before me, to beloved home, and to you!" (Here he pressed her tenderly to his breast.) "Yes, on many a *Sunday morning*, in particular, the decks all cleared, the ship in trim, with no duty to perform, I have leant on the bulwarks, my face turned towards dear old England, and have seen you all again,—have heard the clear sound of the church-bell come swinging over the waters, and not the less vividly because the mere product of fancy. At such times my heart has yearned towards you, and, reflecting upon the serenity, the comfort, and happiness of domestic life, I have lamented the cruel destiny which denied it me."

Here a faint *halloo* was heard from behind them. They looked round and saw the old man on horseback beckoning them.

"I declare he must have ridden back!" exclaimed the girl; "for when I last looked he was out of sight. Come, you must not keep him waiting."

"Farewell, then! We shall return, if possible, by sundown; but should any thing keep us later, there is moonlight, you know, so we shall have it pleasant to ride home."

"You *must* return by sunset," said the girl, in a half-peremptory, half-coaxing tone.

"Be assured we'll endeavour to; but if not, you must remember how much we have to do. There is business," said he, smiling, "to

transact with surrogates, jewellers" (here the fair creature hid her face for a few instants in his bosom), "upholsterers, tailors, ay, and milliners too, to say nothing of the time I shall be at the custom-house getting my certificate of probation, so that I may be on full pay at once."

"Well, well," interposed the girl, "I shall look to meet you here about sunset or shortly after, and till then, farewell."

A single embrace and they parted. The young man bounded swiftly to his intended father-in-law, mounted his horse, made a wave of the hand to her who watched him, and then advanced at a rapid pace towards Swansea.

On the other hand, the girl directed her steps homewards. She did not follow the road they had come, but took a footpath through the pasture beside the trout-stream. Her innocent bosom was filled with joy, and her swelling feelings found vent in a song, which she hummed quietly to herself. It was one of Robin Burns's impassioned lyrics, and doubtless suggested to her by her own condition and happy prospects. This done, she stepped aside to gather, out of pure playfulness, a few primroses that had spread their yellow petals to the morning sun; after which, she walked quickly home with a heart as guileless and light as ever beat in the bosom of maiden.

There are probably some readers who imagine what they have already heard Rowe utter to be inconsistent with the plain matter-of-fact character of the British sailor. Nor may such, uninformed as they yet are of the superior texture of his mind, be deemed hypercritical. But, in fact, between Benjamin Rowe and the common mass of seamen, even of his own rank, a wide difference prevailed. Gallant, generous, warm-hearted, he was brave as a lion; so far the resemblance between them might hold good, but no farther: the liberal education he had received, and the high character of his intellect, placed him above them. Again, it should be borne in mind that he has hitherto spoken under the influence of passion, the very nature of which is to elevate the perceptive faculties, and tincture all things with the hues of sentiment.

The sun has set: a flood of saffron glory streams zenithward from behind the black crest of Cefn-Bryn, and diffuses its deepening hues over the landscape beneath. A girl is seen following the path beside Parkmill-brook towards the Swansea-road;—it is Martha Beynon. Her face is the personification of joyfulness, and walking with a light, quick step, she soon gains the eminence where this morning she parted with her lover. Here she walks leisurely to and fro in the twilight; her thoughts given solely to him whose return is now momentarily expected.

Light and sparkling as was its surface, the current of her affection was nevertheless deep and strong; it had set once and for ever on Benjamin Rowe; and he was worthy of her choice. She now amused herself by retracing in memory the progress of her love for him. How, when he returned half-yearly from Bristol school, young as she then was, she had never failed noting how much he had ripened in comeliness of person and in mind. She remembered, too, the glowing pleasure she had thus early experienced at witnessing his gallant and



intrepid nature ; but above all things in the marked deference and attention he constantly paid her. The evening hour, the very aspect of nature at the time, even the *odour* of the sweetbrier-hedge at the bottom of her father's garden, when, after returning from his first foreign voyage, he made the earliest declaration of his love, and the sweet intoxication of her feelings on that occasion, recurred once more in all their freshness to her imagination. Then came, as it were to heighten her joy by contrast with her present circumstances, the recollection of long dreary months of unavoidable separation, and the solicitude she had constantly felt during these protracted intervals. Yet had her heart never faltered in its affection, nor did she for an instant suspect his. But now the consummation of earthly happiness was nigh at hand : she would be married on Monday ; and many were the fond projects for the future her active fancy indulged in.

Night fairly sets in ; and shortly an exceeding faint gleam of yellow light steals down the road. Upon this the girl, who during meditation had kept her gaze fixed steadfastly on the ground, stops, raises her dark eyes, and looks eastward. The moon is rising. All nature is silent ; as though pausing to witness the majestic spectacle. The huge orb increases constantly, until at length her full disk is revealed : an instant she seems to pause on the deep blue horizon ; then springs, as it were with a bound, into the star-bespangled firmament. Having enjoyed this scene, the fair creature turns and renews her sauntering walk. Presently she hears the clatter of approaching horses ; her pulse quickens at the sound. Yet a few seconds more and Benjamin Rowe clasps her in his arms.

"Well, dear father," cried the girl, "you are returned in pretty good time. You may take Ben's horse, for we shall walk home together."

"Yes," added the young man, exchanging glances with her, "and as the night's so clear and mild you mustn't expect us these two hours at least ; for we intend taking a stroll on the beach ; but I promise you we'll not be later than half-past nine."

"Very well, my children," replied the old man : "I shall be abed by that time, you know, Martha ; but your brother and sister will wait for you."

With these last words he rode forward, and the young couple followed until they reached a lane, which, bearing to the left, led to the seashore ; here they quitted the main-road. Locked in each other's arms they walked a while in silence ; at length the young man said,

"Every thing has gone well with us to-day, dear Martha ; I am *passed* at the custom-house, and my duties begin when our neighbour, Clarke, whom I succeed, receives permission to retire ; which will be some time within this fortnight ; in the mean while my pay is allowed me."

"Good news, indeed !" cried the girl, "that fortnight shall be a holiday which we'll spend wholly to ourselves ; and oh ! Ben, how happy we *shall* be !"

"Whilst I was engaged at the custom-house," resumed Rowe, "your father selected and purchased the last requisites for our house, and they will be in their intended places before this time to-morrow."

"I confess I long to see the result of the preparations which have been so long in progress about our new house; but custom forbids, and I may not. Your mother tells me it is very neatly and comfortably furnished."

"I believe every thing is now complete," replied he, "both as regards the house and other particulars. Your father has our marriage licence, but I have the ring, which I'll presently show you."

This last sentence was accompanied by a caress.

By this time they had passed a deep sandy defile in the burrows, and reached the shore. Here they paused to gaze on the magnificent prospect that burst upon their sight. Away to the right and left, the rocky horns of Oxwich-bay stretched far into the broad blue sea. Forming a dim horizon, the cold gray hills of Devon and Cornwall were just to be descried: whilst in the middle distance glanced the white sails of sundry merchant-vessels bound for various destinations, up, down, and across channel. In the direction of the moon, which shone through nearly a cloudless atmosphere, a long line of pale green light glittered upon the live waters, and spread itself less distinctly over the wet sands at their feet. It was full tide; the grand element was calm and voiceless; a splendid example of power in repose. Sometimes, indeed, a slight wave gathered, rolled, then leapt playfully on the beach, lifting on its glassy bosom the few sea-birds which, in its shore-sweeping course, it had overtaken.

Now the hearts of this young couple, already full even to overflowing, were nevertheless sensibly moved by the tranquil loveliness of the scene.

"Oh, this is a beautiful and happy world!" exclaimed the girl ecstatically.

"Truly it is," replied Rowe, "and that not the less because there are some who neither see nor feel it to be so. No doubt much depends upon the position whence it is viewed; ours is the most favourable, and I'm sure we're thankful for it."

"How much better is it," said she, as they strolled forwards on the sands, "that you should be here, than exposed to all the chances and changes of the seaman's life!"

"For what are usually termed the *pleasures* of the sailor's life, I had never much taste; in fact, excepting for its emolument, and the excitement of adventure, it had few charms for me; and these I gladly resign for your sake."

A momentary but expressive look from the girl sufficiently rewarded this avowal.

Walking idly onwards, at length they reached a point of the shore where the sands terminated in a sea-erected terrace of shingle. At this spot lay a huge detached fragment of rock, now far above tide-way, but which had undoubtedly been cast up to its present position at some remote period, by the sea. It was nearly breast-high, flat at the top, and in figure somewhat resembled a table; a circumstance which had induced the village children (who on fine evenings often came here to play) to call it "the table stone;" and by that name, in fact, it was generally known. Here our young couple halted, and leaned themselves against the rock.

“‘I see a gannet, or an albatross,’ was my reply.

“‘That’s it, sir,’ rejoined he, ‘that’s Chummy’s *sperit* as sure as I live. Now this is what happened. Just afore you came up, as I was turning over in my head what I should clear by this trip’s venture, and what I should do with it, I heard a sort of flutter in the shrouds, not like that of canvass; so I looked up, and there was that bird just getting clear of the crosstrees. It must be Chummy’s *sperit*; for where could the fowl come from, and I not see him coming?’

“‘From the ice,’ said I, ‘or perhaps from the land; for we are quite near enough, just now; besides, we often meet with birds in these latitudes.’

“‘But what brought him in the rigging,’ reiterated he, ‘for he wasn’t well clear of it when I saw him first, I’ll take my ‘davy oath.’

“To this question I made no reply; for, though estimable in most other points of character, I knew him to be grossly superstitious, as indeed most sailors are; and that, say whatever I might, I should neither convince him of my sincerity, nor of his own folly; and I confess I was curious enough myself to go forward and inquire of the watch respecting it. They had seen the bird close to the vessel, but not in the shrouds, as Amos Bound had affirmed he saw it.

“I did not go below again until that watch was relieved; but when that was done, as I set my foot on the *companion* to descend, I felt a violent blow on the back of my neck. It seemed actually so real that I turned instantly, fancying I had been set upon by one of the crew; but there was no one near: I had been stricken by the fever, and went down shivering to my berth. The details of that cruel sickness, and the months spent at home, dear Martha, and with you, in recovering from its effects, and how much I owe to your affectionate kindness, I need not repeat. I must add, I have a strong suspicion that these unpleasant events happened on this very night was two years; so you see my reason for being struck with the coincidence.”

“Well,” said the girl, “and suppose you *did* see a white sea-bird flying in a certain direction that night, and have seen another fly in much the same way exactly two years after; sea-fowl are common enough, and does it follow that any thing unpleasant should succeed in this instance, as there did in that? for I conclude it is an apprehension of this kind that disturbs you.”

“Certainly not,” replied Rowe, “yet I own it did disturb me; though why, I can’t satisfactorily explain, even to myself.”

“You wished me to say whether or not you were superstitious. Now if you are really affected by this incident, I must decide that you are.”

“Even then you would but confirm my own suspicions: one’s character insensibly becomes tinged with the hues of the society we live in; and that must be my excuse. But whatever awaits us, the present at least is ours, and I am happy. The warp of our destinies is already spread; we can neither add to nor abridge its length; all that we may do is to vary slightly the colour and texture of the woof. Enough for me then to deserve well, and leave the rest to the care of Providence.”

“Oh why, dear Ben, do we talk so seriously?” cried the girl, look-

ing earnestly into his now thoughtful face. "The world opens fairly and sunnily for us: nothing can be brighter than our prospects. As a boy you were gleeful enough, but of late years you are *somewhat* inclined to gravity; I hope to attemper that with mirthfulness in the happy days to come."

To this closing sally of the girl's Rowe answered by an embrace. Of the endearments that followed, we have nothing to say further than that they were blameless, fervid, and reciprocal. In them Rowe forgot the ominous impressions that had disturbed him; whilst the girl, rapt in an ecstasy of the purest love, scrupled not to avow the depth of her affection, the sincere passionate devotion of her heart.

After a while they rose to return home. They amused themselves on the way by framing little schemes of future pleasure, which were not merely to take date from their wedding, but to embrace every available moment up to that day. It was in the porch of old Beynon's house that, after many frivolous leave-takings, and with the joyous anticipation of meeting early on the morrow, the young couple parted. They never met again in this world.

## CHAP. II.

Thou holy one, call thy child away!  
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day,  
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*.

The following morning, about the time she expected Rowe, Martha Beynon received a letter from him. Her heart beat quick with anxiety as she opened it. The contents were as follows:

"Port Eynon, Thursday morning.

"Dearest Martha,

"On my return home last night, I found that, during the few hours of my absence, my father had been seized with a violent fit of the gout, which you know usually attacks him at this season. Our vessel now lies at the pier ready laden, and as he is unable to run across channel with her, I am obliged to perform that duty. This unlucky accident is the more provoking just now, as it upsets the arrangements we had made for our amusement till Monday. I go to the usual place (Appledore), and hope to discharge cargo in time for to-morrow evening's tide; at all events, I shall not be later than Saturday morning, when I shall have again the unspeakable happiness of meeting you. Till then,

"Believe me,

"Most devotedly yours,

"BENJAMIN ROWE."

Although much disappointed, Martha Beynon felt easier when she had read this letter. As a boy, Rowe had been across channel a hundred times, and his father had grown old in the same traffic; so she had no particular fears as to his safety. Yet she wished it had not

had carried her over the bar, and she had probably sunk in deep water. A few casks and spars were thrown ashore, but neither Rowe nor the vessel was ever seen again.

Let us now look in at the farmhouse nearest to Oxwich-point, where Rowe's mother and Martha Beynon have passed a night of agonizing suspense. News of the schooner's disappearance has already reached them.

A fine, middle-aged woman is seen walking hurriedly about a large room, with that impatient swinging motion of the shoulders which betokens insufferable distress. It is Rowe's mother. Friends surround her, all deeply afflicted at her bereavement, but, absorbed in grief, she is insensible to their condolences. Soon as one paroxysm of anguish has passed, some tender reminiscence, some endearing trait of him she has for ever lost, recurs vividly to her imagination, and she tears her hair with distraction.

In a chamber up stairs lies Martha Beynon. Though the daylight streams in through the blue-checkered curtain, candles are still burning in the apartment;—its inmates have had something more momentous to attend to. This should have been poor Martha's wedding-day—a day of joy and festivity: behold the contrast! and learn how futile are man's surest calculations while inhabiting this sorrowful planet, the earth. Stretched on a bed in a swoon, her head supported by her sobbing mother, lies the unhappy girl! Her lips are colourless; cold drops of sweat bedew her pallid brow. The kind old village surgeon, who has been with her through the night, is administering brandy as a restorative. She revives and looks languidly round her as though she wondered what all this might mean; but soon awaking to a sense of her real position, again relapses. At the foot of the bed kneels her hoary-headed father, and her brother and sister stand weeping over her.

Murmur not, repine not, at the incomprehensible decrees of Providence. Look around thee, mortal! and seeing that throughout the *material* world, all things ultimately work out a good purpose, believe that in the *immaterial*, and especially as regards the human soul, the same beneficent law is in operation. This world has but the embryo, the *germ* of life as its operation; but beyond it bright vistas of more perfect being burst upon the astonished view, and he who is called there earliest may be deemed the most favoured.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven years have elapsed since the death of Benjamin Rowe. It is a cold winter's day, and there is snow falling. Heedless of this, a female sits beside the black and turbid stream in the village of Park Mill. She wears a dark-red, weather-stained cloak, sorely tattered at the edges, but showing marks of frequent repair. Her head is *uncovered*, and its long black hair falls in lank masses upon her bosom. Beside her on the ground lies an unshapely straw-bonnet, filled with dead leaves. When you look at her anxious, restless eye, her attenuated melancholy features,—which, nevertheless, exhibit traces of former beauty,—you hardly need the additional evidence of her exposed condition at this inclement hour, to be satisfied she is deranged. It is a face you remember to have seen before, but when and where? Can this be the fair, joyous-hearted girl whom, years back, we saw stoop-

ing in the warm sunlight to gather flowers in this very field ? It is, alas ! it is Martha Beynon !

She takes a withered leaf from her bonnet, writes upon it with a small stick, then casts it into the hurrying current of the brook ; another, and yet another is used in the same way. Curious to learn what she means by this, you inquire of her ; she replies,

“ I am writing letters to my husband, who was taken from me on my wedding-day ; they will be at sea in half an hour, and then he'll read them,—ay, and understand them too, though I dare say you can't.”

Suddenly she sees a wren, creeping among the twigs of an alderbush by her side ; her light mind is instantly diverted from its previous occupation.

“ Ah,” cries she, drawing some crimson hawthorn-berries from her bosom, and throwing them to the bird, “ see, I have not forgotten thee. Poor chattering thing ! thou art cold ; thou shalt have more if I see thee next time I come this way.”

Touched with pity at her affliction, and seeing you can be of no service to her, you turn and leave the place.

For months after Rowe's death, Martha Beynon lay in a state of complete prostration of intellect : neither could the ablest medical skill, nor the affectionate attentions of her family, restore her. She remained where they placed her, took what was given her, did what she was bidden, but showed interest in nothing. They tried change of air and scene—the usual remedies, and led her into amusements, hoping to awake her faculties by those means, but all to no purpose. A cruel accident had rent her devoted heart, and henceforward, like a cracked bell, no human art could educe from it such joyous tones as it once had given forth.

At length her mind became more active, but with its increased activity delusion began to appear. She fancied she was married, and had lost her husband on her wedding-day. Under this impression she wore the ring, which Rowe had left in her keeping, to the day of her death ; but the most singular of the hallucinations she laboured under was, that she still held communion with his spirit. Despite all entreaties to the contrary, she spent hours nightly on the beach, chiefly at “ the Table Stone,” holding converse, as she said, with her husband. This was the cause of great distress to her relatives, who, at length, knowing she had a high respect for their clergyman, begged him to go down one night and reason with her on the subject. He did as they desired him ; and she told him that when there, Rowe was constantly visible to her at a certain spot, which she indicated off Oxwich-point ; and that she held converse with his spirit at that distance by sympathies, for no words ever passed between them. The purport of these mysterious conferences she would not either then or afterwards discover ; but she said he waited for her, and that she hoped soon to join him. The good man perceiving the sincerity of her belief in this remarkable delusion, and that any attempt at remonstrance or persuasion would be hopeless, offered up a silent prayer to Him who could alone relieve her, and withdrew.

There were periods when her lamentable visitation deepened perceptibly in severity. At such times she would wander miles from home,



but night invariably brought her to "the Table Stone." The quick perception of children soon fixed upon the eccentricities of "Crazy Martha," and by that name, in the course of time, she became generally known. Even in her darkest moods she was, in her frivolous way, affectionate and harmless; so harmless, in fact, that the very blackbirds, which at the wintry season hopped about her father's garden (where she fed them with the berries gathered in her wanderings), barely turned aside for her, but looked boldly up when she passed them, as though they wondered to see a human being so gentle.

Early one frosty morning in January last, as two sturdy, booted fishermen were plodding down the beach towards a sheltered part of the bay where their skiffs lay moored, they descried Martha Beynon, though yet a considerable way off, at her accustomed post! "the Table Stone."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the one, "there's poor crazy Martha still looking for Ben Rowe."

"Ah, see what a thing it is to be out of one's right mind!" said the other; "very likely she have crept out from home after bedtime, and have been in that bleak place all night; for she have done so before now."

"How still she is!" observed the first speaker; "though she must hear us walking over this shingle, she takes no notice."

They approached, and, to their distress, for they loved and pitied her, found Martha Beynon lifeless: she had perished of intense cold. She was leaning forward on the rock, and from the attitude she had so singularly preserved, life must have passed away without pain. It was her usual posture when at that place. Her hands clasped her temples as though to still their throbbing, and at the same time to support her head. Her colourless, but still handsome features wore a less melancholy expression, than had been their wont ever since her bereavement. She was dressed as usual, excepting that her bonnet was gone, probably driven away to sea by the night wind. Her long silky eyelashes and black hair, which hung in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, glittered with the thick hoar-frost, as though powdered with diamonds. From the direction of her face it was evident that she had been looking at Oxwich-point. Her last earthly look had been given to her spectre bridegroom.

The fourth day since the girl's death draws near its close. A heavy black sky overhangs the earth and sea, as with a pall. There is not a breath of wind stirring to curl the gloomy waters. The sluggish waves sob audibly in the hollow of the rocks, or fall upon the hard shore with a groan. A funeral moves slowly and silently across Oxwich sands, towards the gray old church, under the dead oak-woods at the western elbow of the bay. Tottering feebly after it are a grief-bowed old man and woman; then follow others equally distressed, though younger and better able to sustain it; and a large concourse of respectably dressed people, comprising both sexes, closes the solemn procession. The pall is skirted with white silk, and the hatbands are tied with ribbon of the same colour. At measured intervals, the doleful sound of a bell comes booming through the stagnant air: it is the funeral knell of Martha Beynon.

## REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

No. X.

## STORY OF A GENIUS.

THERE is a certain great city within the shores of these islands, which we shall indicate by two letters of the alphabet, with a *minus* between, thus A—z. This is not from any fear of detection in untruth, were we to name the actual place where our characters acted—our incidents occurred; but, among divers other weighty reasons (the concealment of our own particular whereabouts, being not the least influential), because we are aware that such mystic symbols for places, along with duly musical names for personages, heighten in a great degree the feelings of interest and delight, wherewith any narrative is perused.

Again—each reader, on meeting with such an algebraical denomination for a place, has less difficulty in attaching to it the idea of his own particular scene, and his own peculiar sympathies.

“ Bless me ! it is nothing but London,” cries one.

“ Dublin ! by all the goddesses,” shouts another.

A third swears by York, and a fourth is ready to do battle for Brummagem.

But thou, fairest, whose small white fingers are now pressing asunder the leaves (of Colburn's Magazine)—fingers which I have watched, night after night, as they danced, twinkling in fairy flatterings over the ivory keys, the while my heart swelled within me, flooded with the melody they elicited—thou who wert for years the confidant of my hopes and schemes, my joys and griefs; of friends, my most beloved, though not my love; well knowest thou the noble city I allude to, and sweet, sweet—albeit lost to me—will be the smile wherewith will be welcomed each lineament of its description !

A—z stands on a broad and fertile plain on the banks of a great river. This plain is from one to four or five miles wide, and is bounded by some elevations, which a Scot or a Welshman could hardly find it in his heart to call hills. Close to the base of the more northerly of these ranges flows the stream, westwards. Along the side of the southern again, a beautifully-winding canal has been conducted. It was intended to connect the town with a rich mining-district, but never was completed, and is little used.

Between the river and the canal stretches, south-westward, a district called the Woodlands, which has been chosen by several of the magnates of the city for sites to their country domains. It is a level and extremely fertile piece of alluvial land, studded with one or two abrupt, rocky, wood-covered hillocks, rising like islands, and every where intersected by a labyrinth of small roads and green-hedged lanes, leading between the mansions, and from them to the highways, the river, or the canal.

Most of these lanes are bordered with trees, some of them com-

pletely overshadowed and covered in for considerable distances, looking like tunnels through hills of foliage. The feeling of fragrant dampness in such situations is, on a sultry day, most refreshing; and when, on emerging from under the leafy arch, that you have seen bright and vivid before you, the sun strikes upon you with all his joyous light and warmth; and between the elms that dot the wayside, you see over fields of waving corn, or haply of fallow pasture, the grove-embowered dwellings of the princely citizens, with their white chimneys, and blue slate-roofs shining in the sunbeams, and hear the bark of some watchdog, or the wild scream of a distant peacock, breaking the harmony of the lark and throstle, and the hum of countless insects; while eke another sense is borne down with the odour of the wild rose, the hawthorn blossom, or flowering bean-field, you become perceptive of a delight equal in intensity to any heaven has spared to fallen creatures. The feeling of loneliness enhances, to a great degree, the luxury of the scene. You may wander for hours in this rural maze of field, and wood, and water, without seeing an individual, except, perhaps, a whistling country-boy, lounging idly along, or some old man sitting watching an older horse, as it complacently gleans a mouthful of dinner from under the hedges.

The river-banks again, consist of wide, green meadows, all daisied over, and pied with yellow kingcups; with cattle grouped under the frequent broad shadowing trees, flapping away the flies from their glossy sides, and turning their heads to give you an indolent contented stare, on your approach.

The canal, too, with its winding, sedgy waters, still and glassy, and its high, airy, whitewashed bridges, is by no means the least lovely portion of the landscape. It skirts a rising ground—one of its banks is precipitous, and covered with brushwood; the other is low, and where not completely shut in by thorn-fence or tree, affords a view of the distant city, of which your mind's ear hears the active hum, though dim and far it lies, shrouded under a smoky cloud.

But the term, the "Woodlands," is not applied to the district merely. It is the name also of a beautiful village which forms, as it were, its tiny metropolis. This is situated on the banks of the river, about two miles or so from the city. From the water it appears buried in a mass of foliage, beneath which you can see, here and there, the whitewashed walls of the happy little cottages; while from out one corner shoots heavenward the thin, tapering spire of the parish church, itself hid from the view. A more beautifully rural place it would be difficult to fancy, even for a poet's thought.

Such is the scene where was born and lived, but not died, the gentle Lilius Raby, whose story is to follow.

But ere it does, let us take you to the city. It is very large, and very wealthy, though from what source its wealth arises, it matters not to tell.

Its theatre is a very magnificent one, and its public hospitals are numerous, and celebrated for their excellent appointment.

What a strange coupling—a theatre and a lazar-house! Not more strange than that of literary genius and beggary—a trite and well-known union.

In a small, narrow, but busy and thickly-peopled street, was a little

shop for the sale of pamphlets and stationery. Over the door was a sign, indicating that the trade belonged to Peter Merrick—but Peter was in his grave, and the comely woman behind the counter was his widow.

Moreover, the graceful little boy at the window of the small back-parlour, standing before a large book, open upon a table, muttering, and anon almost reading aloud, whilst the slight movements of his person, and the quick glance of his eye, seemed to keep time (if we may use the expression) with the ideas in the text—that was her son, Frank Merrick, the hope and pride of her heart—and the volume was the second of an edition of Shakspeare, containing, among others, the plays of Hamlet, Othello, Lear, and Macbeth.

This boy was remarkable for several things—great personal beauty, a disregard for the company and amusements of other children, and a singular talent for imitation. And the point was, that this could hardly be called mimicry; it was scarcely ever of a ludicrous description; he never mocked the halt, the deformed, or the stutterer; but, once having seen a man taken with a fit in the streets, on going home he represented the convulsions with such fearful truth, that his mother screamed with horror, and could not for some time be convinced that her son was not really become epileptic.

Again, when about a year older, happening to see an infuriated drunkard at a fair snatch a bayonet from the side of a soldier, and rush brandishing it through the crowd, he narrated the fact in the evening to a party of neighbours round his mother's fireside, and acted the dismay of the spectators, so as to draw expressions of wonder. But when, after performing all the steps from a simple stare of intoxication to the excitement of frenzy, he finally snatched up a knife and sprang wildly among them, they jumped to their feet and fled in actual terror from the house, while he, wiping the perspiration from his face, quietly asked his mother what she thought of that. Another time he chanced to be a spectator, when a woman saw her only son dragged dead from the river that runs through the town, and acted her agony so forcibly, that his own mother, with all a parent's sympathy, implored and finally compelled him to cease.

The window of the little shop was filled with theatrical pictures—drawings of eminent actors in the characters of *Richard the Third*, *Young Norval*, *Rolla*, &c., gaudily coloured, but chiefly with cheap copies of celebrated plays—twopenny things with woodcuts—as “*The Beaux Stratagem*,” “*The Gamester*,” “*New Way to Pay Old Debts*,” “*How to Rule a Wife*,” &c. &c. These filled the panes, and along with quires of paper, sheaves of quills, and bundles of school-books, loaded the shelves.

Of the theatrical portraits he had a large collection of his own; and by these pamphlets, circulating libraries, and other means, he was familiar with almost every drama that has obtained a place on the English stage. Some of them came to his hands prefaced by short accounts of the authors, Cumberland, Farquhar, Bickerstaff, &c.; others by attempts at criticism on the pieces themselves, or on the actors by whom they had chiefly been represented.

The theatrical corners, too, of newspapers and other publications were greedily perused by him; yet, taking all these sources into ac-

count, considering likewise the singularly capacious and retentive memory he possessed, it seemed a puzzle how or where, while yet a boy under twelve years of age, he could have acquired such an extensive and correct, general and practical knowledge of the drama and all dramatic details.

His chief resort in the town was the neighbourhood of the theatre. There, about the private stage-door, he would linger day after day, watching the players (great and happy people they!) as they went to, or returned from rehearsal, and making conjectures, from their appearance, which of them was likeliest to be the one that usually played *Hamlet*.

But when he could obtain by any means a shilling, the admission price to the high gallery, was not his happiness complete? There, perched far aloft, he would sit, his eyes devouring every motion—his ears every syllable—nay, often getting so absorbed and lost, as, by joining with his own voice and action in the business of the piece, to excite the laughter, or incur the chastisement of those who sat around him.

From being frequently seen lounging about the stage-door, he attracted the notice of the porter (a superannuated sceneshifter), then his friendship, patronage, and finally was admitted to look on at rehearsals from a dark corner of the orchestra. From this event he began to consider himself a regular dramatic character—one who had been behind the curtain, and could talk from experience, and not mere information.

But another haunt of his was the place I have described, the Woodlands. Wandering about the lanes and leafy mazes of that beautiful district, were spent hours, and days, and years of his time; for his mother was fond and indulgent, proud of, and sometimes troubled in thought about her son, for the ignorant laid his peculiarities to account of madness, and considered as instability what she deemed precocity of intellect.

With these feelings, and all a mother's love for an only child, and one so beautiful, she could not oppose a wish of his, and contented she was, if, after she had toiled a long day behind her counter, her boy came home in the evening with the mere account that he had been in the country, and his browned face and weary look bore witness to his statement.

It would have been an amusing thing to watch, unseen, the movements of the child of genius in this his chosen haunt. Sometimes he would walk for miles at a quick pace, silent, and looking downwards; and any passenger that met him would but have remarked the sudden gleaming lift of his deep blue eye from the ground, whereon again it would immediately settle. At other times he would ramble slowly and deviously about, rapt apparently in some train of thought, the external indications of which would be frequent floods of tears or bursts of laughter. Anon halting abruptly, he would pour forth with the most musical cadence and chastest accompaniment of gesture, long passages from plays and poems—for not to acting merely was his enthusiasm limited; his taste in drawing, sculpture, music, and above all, poetry, was perfectly after nature, and therefore most classical and refined.

An extensive acquaintance he had with the stores of English verse and oratory, and if one while a soliloquy from "Richard" occupied him, the next hour would find him astray among the flowers of Dryden, Gray, Spenser, or old Marlowe, whose

Come live with me and be my love,

was an especial favourite with him.

The speeches, too, of Sheridan and other mighty spirits of that time, meagre and imperfectly reported as they found their way to him, yet afforded many noble passages for these solitary declamations, as also the impassioned eloquence of the old prophets in the scriptures.

In a very secluded part of the Woodlands was a curious hollow. It had been a quarry once, from which were obtained stones for embanking the canal, but from the inferior nature of the material, pervaded as it was by frequent seams of slate and schist, the works had been abandoned, and better stones brought from a distance. It was now filled with large blocks and heaps of rubbish, overgrown with grass; while it was completely encircled and hid by a thick plantation, except where a small green lane afforded access. An elevated platform of rock projecting from the side of the quarry, formed an excellent stage. The wild rose-bushes and other brushwood growing hard by, made good side-wings, while the mottled, mossy face of the overhanging precipice behind, had to do duty for back scenery of every description.

In this strange theatre (the brushes, stones, and grassy hillocks being the courteous and attentive audience), were whole plays performed by this zealous and enthusiastic actor. He had a way of taking himself, in the order of the dialogue, every part in any one piece, from the hero down to the servant that delivers a letter. An alteration in the voice and gait—for he had none in dress, sufficed to convert *Macbeth* into the creamfaced loon of a messenger—another into the stern, sleepwalking, conscience-smitten lady. It would have been most striking to have seen the tact, the absolute truth to nature with which this boy could assume the gentle *Juliet* or *Desdemona*, characters for which his singular beauty and softness of feature seemed perfectly to have fitted him, and the next minute transform himself to the dread *Othello*, writhing under his mighty passion, or rave with *Lear*, or pour forth all the indignation of the insulted *Norval*.

There is no doubt that the workings of genius give rise, in the hearts of those possessing it, to feelings of delight, intense beyond the conception of ordinary minds; though to the equally exquisite perception of sorrow which the same gift entails, let the deaths of Chatterton and Keats, and the exile of Byron, bear testimony!

I hae been joyfu' gatherin' gear,  
I hae been *happy thinking*,

was the saying of one who knew, perhaps, as well as ever did another being, all the sweets and all the bitterness attendant on the boon from heaven. What must have been the rapture felt by this lonely, muse-possessed boy, whose own mind was thus for years his sole and ardently-desired companion. Indeed he afterwards stated, that not even when drawing down the applause of the first audience in the world, did he taste a pleasure half so pure, or half so sweet, as in these



solitary personations in his rocky imaginative theatre, where there was none but his own approving spirit to be critic.

Yet there was one eye that sometimes watched with strange interest the movements of this youthful visionary. It was that of Lilius Raby, eldest daughter of the old clergyman of the Woodlands. She used to walk out frequently about the romantic district, leading a younger sister by the hand, and attended by a nursery-maid bearing a third little one in her arms.

Thus they often encountered Merrick as he roved about, and at last came to recognise him, as "the crazy boy"—a title which the maid conferred upon him from his habit of talking aloud to himself as he walked; for she concluded, like many sagacious persons, that behaviour so unlike that of herself and other sensible people, must be the effect of inferiority.

But little Lilius felt it was another light than madness that filled the eye, whose quick momentary stare seemed to look through her, while yet the mind that governed it appeared to be not present in the glance, but far away among other scenes and other personages.

But all this while it might be imagined the education of the boy was neglected. Far from it. Though often a truant from school, he had acquired by fits more learning than persevering boobies could by the most dogged application. He drew well; wrote a swift, decided, and original-looking hand; composed very excellent English; and, in reading, had managed entirely to divest himself of all local accent, speaking the pure language of the stage. He had an octave-flute, too, that he could touch to the satisfaction of his auditors, and was rapidly acquiring French; indeed, at fifteen he finished a translation of the "*Tartuffe*" of Molière. Moreover, there hung about his person and manners that indescribable something which marks the presence of genius: what is conventionally called nobility, *i. e.* of birth, is rarely to be inferred from the person or presence of the individual—true nobility, or that of intellect, however it may be *received*, can never be *mistaken*. One hour of the man is sufficient to establish his title.

Upon his reaching the age of fourteen it became necessary to find some business whereby he might be able to work his way through the world. Consequently his mother had him apprenticed to an extensive bookselling firm, from which her own small trade was supplied. But shortly his health failed under the confinement, dulness, and cold discipline of the warehouse and the counting-room, and he returned to her delicate in frame and broken-spirited.

Shortly after, when a recurrence to his old studies and habits of life had once more brought the bloom to his cheek, and his friends were again planning an eligible employment for him, the master at whose school he had been, and who was as proud of him as his very mother could be, seeing that he considered the talent of the youth to have been imbibed from his tuition, and not the gift of nature, offered to take him as assistant or usher to teach the younger children. This proposal he accepted without reluctance, for it promised that the most munificent (and therefore most hackneyed) passages of English literature would be continually before him, and he was to teach reading and elocution.

More than two years he continued in this situation, still constantly

and largely increasing his dramatic knowledge and experience. He had appeared once or twice at the head of the pupils in the public exhibitions which the master considered it to his profit to make, and met with receptions flattering in the extreme from crowded audiences. He now also began to be much sought in society, such as it was, on account of his histrionic powers as well as a fund of wit, rich to overflowing, when he was "i' the vein," though at all other times clouded under a pall of habitual—almost melancholy reserve.

At this time he observed in the newspapers of the town an advertisement stating that an usher was wanted at the parsonage of Woodlands. Dr. Raby, a person of much erudition though of little clerical interest, managed, though with some struggle, to live in affluence through his talents exerted as a teacher. He had usually several boarders whom he prepared for college with the branches of education considered necessary to that end. But their numbers had latterly so much increased that he resolved to confine his own personal attention to the more advanced pupils, and procure an assistant to manage the younger. For this situation Merrick, now nearly sixteen years of age, made application and was at once accepted. And behold him at last, domiciled altogether at his beloved Woodlands. It was in the winter when he went there, and when the spring and glorious summer did come round, what happiness should be his!

But ere that came round a new bliss opened upon him. He found that his leisure—his evenings, were to be passed in the society of Lillas Raby. Oh, blind father! a doctor in much learning, and yet how ignorant of weak human nature! In this way he reasoned:

"This young man, who by the way is twenty pounds a year cheaper than any other I could get, is much too juvenile-looking himself to command much respect from the pupils. To have him live with them continually would soon bring upon him their disregard and even contempt. No, I shall take care he meets them only in the schoolroom, and that in my presence. He shall be kept as apart from them as are my own daughters."

The thought never struck him, in his anxiety about his pupils, that what was injudicious for them might be a thousand times more so for his own family.

"Lillas," thought he, "is still a mere child, and the poor shy creature is frightened at the very thought of these boys."

And well she might be. They were idle, noisy, mischievous youngsters of the upper ranks—but this other boy was one of nature's own upper rank both in body and intellect.

And yet the doctor had adopted a most systematic arrangement in every point of view but this. His parsonage was a large, low, rambling edifice, in the style of an ornamental cottage, covered with creeping plants and flowers. The pupils and his own family occupied separate divisions, the communication between which was only passed by himself and the menials of the establishment. Nay, these two portions had different entrances—that used by the pupils opening into the village—that inhabited by the family being approached by a long avenue from a highway, about half a mile distant. Besides, was not this usher a mere hired boy, at thirty pounds a year, like the footman or any other servant.

The consequence was, that he being continually employed, either with the pupils or in his own study, about his clerical duties, the two youthful creatures were left hours of every day and every evening to their own society, broken only by the play of the younger sisters, or the entrance or exit of servants.

And now by what combinations of words—by what figures of language—by what appeals to heart or soul, can we express adequately the ecstatic delight that filled their young existence—dashed with no care, no thought, no doubt or fear. It was not by stealth they drank the honeyed cup of first and fondest, pure and enthusiastic love. No still small voice muttered to their hearts “beware!” No dragon guarded the fountain, to be eluded by artifice or pacified with a sop. No, all was free, fearless, unconcealed, as the affection of the seraphs. He had met with a breathing being, passionate and beautiful as the Juliet of his dreams. She had found one surpassing, in her eyes, all she had ever conceived of human kind, and there was none that said to her, “Do not love him.”

Merrick had now nearly completed his growth, and was possessed of a person and presence admirably adapted for his heart-chosen profession, the stage. The grace and flexibility of youth were united with the stature and carriage of manhood in his figure of all but perfect proportion. His features were striking, and in a high degree intellectual, and his *eye* was a poet's.

But she—gentle Lillas Raby! Have you ever remarked, reader, as characteristic of clergymen's daughters, a something exquisitely feminine. Be they pretty or plain, are they not a most dovelike class of creatures? This peculiar delicacy was the most noticeable point in her outward character. She was very beautiful, but your thought on seeing her would not have referred to this, but have been “What a sweet, tender, ladylike girl!”

A few months younger was all the difference in her age from Merrick's, but though above the middle height she looked more youthful than she was. This arose from the expression of her countenance—so smilingly shy—so pleasant, so sweet and loving—so innocent, unresisting, and trusting. It seemed not to say, “Do not injure me,” but, “I know you have not the heart to hurt me.” She had nothing of what women call spirit—if any thing vexed her beyond what her gentle longsufferance could bear, a flood of quiet tears would relieve her, and shortly you would see again the soft beam of her eye among the drops like a pencil of sunlight falling through foliage upon a fountain.

She looked an impersonation of pity, only not dejected, but smiling upon its object—in short, formed she was to make a paradise of a virtuous man's home. And one there was that sought her, earnestly, and when she would not, did he not bear with him his disappointment to the labours of an Indian clime, where the sun scorches blood into gold? And when after many years he returned, broken in body and not healed in spirit, have we not seen the tear spring to his eye as he detailed the hapless story of her whom his youth loved, wandering with us the while in those very Woodlands her presence had once made blissful?

Such were the two beings who passed the long evenings together, in all the intoxicating delight of growing love.

Imagine the winter parlour, with its bright fire glowing cheerfully, the shutters closed, and curtains drawn together, the table lamp alight, the sofa wheeled round, with its corner full of books and papers. Anon the doctor would come in from school or study, and tea, that kindest of meals, would be set on the table—he sitting absorbed—one hand holding his cup, the other pressing open the leaves of a book, the while his daughter, most graceful of domestic offices, performed the matron's part of infusing and pouring out the draught. As soon as he had finished, returned a hasty thanksgiving, and heard the two children their lessons, away he would hurry once more to the quiet of his sombre library, while they would be left until the hour of evening devotion to the deep rapture of their own society. Then it was that Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, would take their turns with volumes of the pamphlet plays by all authors of old renown. Then it was that she would see Merrick's eye kindle with the fire of genius and hope, as he threw all the charm of living and moving reality around the glowing creations of the poet's fancy, and anon exulted in the bright prospects before him, with the enthusiasm and confidence begot by youth and the consciousness of power.

Or haply he would take some character by a great master, such as that of *Overreach* or *Shylock*, and enter into an investigation of its merits—its probability, originality, truth, beauty, or the skill evinced in its development. He would show where nature was followed, where well depicted, where overstepped or fallen short of. If either of the latter were the case, he would spring up and act the character as it stood, then give it words and action as he was of opinion it ought to be.

Thus he soon inspired her with a dramatic enthusiasm all but equal to his own—but it was not to act herself, but to see him as an actor—to see him rise to the pinnacle of what he had led her to consider a noble profession. At other times they would talk long together of authors and actors—Jonson, Otway, Rowe, Mossop, Macklin, Garrick, Cooke, the Kembles—their genius, their greatness, their trials, miseries, or deaths. He had an endless fund of such details, and appeared to appreciate with his whole soul the honours and fame of the characters he discoursed of.

Poetry they read together, while he taught her how to lend to it the charm of action and musical cadence; or he would take up the pencil, and while her sweet face beamed over his shoulder, like the evening star over a young tree, would sketch scenes or characters from plays or poems, or portray her as Belvidere, Ophelia, or Juliet. Besides, was there not his flute, and her piano, her embroidery and needlework, her many little domestic avocations, which he was always at hand to expedite or himself perform.

Thus were passed these blissful hours, and thus was won and hopelessly lost, the heart of sweet Lilius Raby.

Her passion grew upon her strangely. It was as if love had been poured into her bosom from a vessel, increasing and increasing till her heart was full, and at last it overflowed. Thus:

One evening they sat side by side, before them was the accustomed Shakspeare, the play *Romeo and Juliet*, and they acknowledged with their whole acquiescence the beauty of that most masterly delineation

of youthful affection. Cheek to cheek, the curls on their temples intermingling, they had read over the balcony scene, the loveliest passage and most impassioned in all literature, till Byron dreamed Haidee. As they read it, she felt as if lifted above this earth, as if borne into a new world of more intense and purer life, love, and delight. He again—his cheek flushed, his pulses crowded to his heart, and his eye glowed as it looked now upon the page, and now into the beauty of his companion.

“Is it not heavenly?” cried he; “let’s read it over again—let’s act it, Miss Raby. You will be Juliet—that chair shall be the balcony!”

And springing up he began the scene.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound!

As he went on, Lilius’s feelings completely vanquished her. There was truth in his adoring gaze—deep fervour in the heart-thrilling melody of his voice. It was the eloquence of nature, not of art. Every glance of that eye, every movement of that graceful frame, every line of that noble countenance spoke passion, single, devoted, unsubdued. She felt her heart giving way within her, till when he came to the lines—

It is my lady—Oh, it is my love,  
Oh, that she knew she were!

She could restrain herself no longer, but fell with a flood of weeping upon his neck, exclaiming amid the bursting sobs,

“This is not acting—my own dear Merrick—I know I am—I know it!”

“Thou Juliet of my soul!” cried he, in a voice that sounded strange and unnatural from the excess of his emotion, as after pressing a convulsive kiss upon her lips his head dropped upon her shoulder.

At that instant the door was opened and the doctor entered the room, and continued there unnoticed by them for a little time—he had come to apply to Lilius for a new ribbon to his spectacles.

The old one had given way, and as he carried the glasses in his hand it was some time before he made out the precise state of matters. But when he did, the lamentable error he had committed rushed at once into his mind, and he turned pale with anger and self-reproach.

As soon as they saw him, they sank blushing and self-condemned into the nearest seats, while he began in a subdued but quivering voice,

“Mr. Merrick, you must leave this house and never enter it again. You may stay till the morning, but I had much rather you would go now, and I will take care to have your clothes and books along with a quarter’s salary sent to your mother’s place to-morrow. Will you oblige me and go now?”

He said not a word in reply but got up to leave, casting one look at her as he went. She sat, leaning forward upon the table, her face concealed within her arms, sobbing in the depth of her sorrow and shame, while her little sister, crying bitterly, in sympathy, kept pulling at her dress to attract her attention.

He took his cap and left the house, wandering about the neighbour-

hood all that night alone. Next morning, fatigued in body, and much excited in mind, he returned to his mother's dwelling.

There he continued for several days ; but the summer was now at hand, and shortly he began to long for the excursions he had formerly so much enjoyed, and for his wild lonely theatre at the Woodlands.

It was not long till he was seen rambling as of old about the district—seen !—by whom ? By her, fair Lilius Raby.

She knew he could not stay long away, and it was with the certainty of finding the lost one, that she left the house to wander about the fragrant lanes and fields.

Her father, since the usher's dismissal, had never once alluded to the events that caused it, but in his demeanour towards her preserved a marked severity. He also made the parlour his study, having such books or instruments as he required brought from the library. He offered no opposition, however, to her enjoying the walks she had been used to in the vicinity, and daily she took advantage of this, and as often as she did, she found him expecting her.

And now recommenced the connexion with tenfold its former ardour, from the reaction after the interruption it had received. The tree of love like that of the garden often requires a check to increase its blossoming. You never know what the passion is, till absence, anger, or a rival break the attraction ; nor yet do you altogether know it till the obstacle is once more removed.

For several weeks of that most delicious of seasons, the end of spring and beginning of summer, they roved about together, the sweetness of their delight being flavoured with the aroma (if we may use the metaphor) of stealth and danger. They had now hopes, fears, and plans for the future, to occupy them, but lightly did these thoughts sit upon their bosoms, for neither of them was yet fully seventeen years old. They walked arm-enclasping each the other, or sat on banks to look at sunsets (cloud-scenery as he styled it), or gathered flowers to make her an Ophelia, or in the depths of his leafy theatre enacted scenes. He was writing a drama too—a tragedy—the subject the story of Belshazzar, and used to read, or rather act, the lines as he composed them for her sweet criticism.

This was too happy to be of long duration. He applied for employment as a player in the theatre of A—z.

They had long thought and schemed together about this step ; he with ardent longing—she with a similar feeling, dashed a little with jealousy ; for she began sometimes to fear that the drama was her successful rival, and that the love he bore for her, great as it appeared, was but temporary ; the single and engrossing desire, the master affection which she deemed should be all her own, being but too plainly fixed upon theatrical distinction.

But as yet these were only cloud-shadows, flying across the sunny field of her innocent mind and instantly disappearing ; for if ever one possessed the art of making himself beloved he did ; and with all the warmth, tenderness, and delicacy of his attention there was a sincerity and devotion that rendered her happy : and then that nobility of thought which shone through his every word and action made pride of her lover mingle with the pleasure of the emotion itself.



they afterwards frequently adopted, and by it she was enabled to see him draw universal favour and applause in the characters of *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, *Zanga*, *Penruddock*, *The Stranger*, *Duke Aranza*, and many others, without being suspected—at least by her father.

Merrick's career was a most gratifying one to himself and all who cared for him. He supported and increased, in a variety of the most celebrated and difficult characters in the drama, the effect he had produced in his first appearance; though certainly *Hamlet* continued to be his masterpiece.

His salary was largely improved, and the theatre he had first played in became deserted, and was soon shut up to be opened again as an arena for horse exhibitions. He became a perfect lion—came regularly into fashion—was the chief attraction in all the coteries of the place that had any pretensions to be considered literary or dramatic; and many an eye was cast after him with curiosity, admiration, or envy, as he appeared in the public places of the city. Criticisms on his playing appeared in the local newspapers—some breathing unqualified praise, and prophesying great things, for Kean was then in the full tide of his popularity, and it was the age of Kemble and Young, and Siddons and Jordan; others written in detraction—but the best proof of real merit, the returns in money, were unequivocally in his favour.

He now caused his mother to retire from her small shop, and thus she became entirely dependant upon him for her living, if we except a few pounds in cash, the product of the sale of her stock, and the savings of some years which the scanty trade allowed her to set aside. A house in a quiet and genteel suburban street he had furnished in a rather expensive style, and here they took up their abode.

But while these events were going on, his mother trembled to see habits of dissipation growing upon him daily stronger and stronger; and though he repeatedly assured her, with the laugh of self-confidence, that the temptation of company and excitement merely led him into indulgence, and that his mind had perfect command over itself, and could at any time refrain; yet it was only by threatening to inform Lilius of his doings that she effected a tardy and imperfect amendment.

But Lilius herself, now amid all the joy, attendant on his success, perceived with a terror and alarm, hardly accountable to others, continual symptoms of a progressive decrease in the ardour of his feelings towards her. He began to have fits of absence in her company, to look as if he felt it insipid at times, and devoid of interest. Then once or twice he missed appointment, and though his excuses were valid enough to satisfy even an ordinary lover, yet well she knew the time had been when he would gladly have overleapt more powerful obstacles than they to be but near the house she lived in, and watch at a distance the light twinkling from her window.

Reader, is there any greater mental pang than to see the affection of one you vehemently love growing less and less, while your own suffers no abatement—to see her gradually and surely falling away from you, while all your efforts to arrest or recal her passion are ineffectual, and at last you must begin to affect coolness yourself, while your very heart

is burning, and you see her indifference is real? Have you ever known this feeling—transplant it to the heart of a woman, young, beautiful, and all gentleness, and you will conceive the torture that wrenched the bosom of poor Lilius.

But even this was far from sufficient to account for the indications she gave of agony in thought. It was not mere imagining, it was actual fear—she was utterly miserable—seeming continually as if she would have spoken—would have appealed tearfully—have implored him, but that the feelings of her womanly nature forbade.

But though the quick eye of the slighted or haply injured girl perceived this, his mother's, his own, were blind to it. He was not himself aware of any abatement in his affection, and now at length when his gains had made him comparatively independent, he claimed her promise, long before made, that they should be united.

As he breathed the request into her ear, a weight seemed lifted from her bosom—a weight of apprehension and dread that had long pressed upon it, though known only to her own silent thoughts—and powerless with sudden joy, she fell into his arms.

“And will you leave off company, Merrick, and drinking—it is so low and coarse—so unworthy of your intellect—will you, love?”

“All—all—my own heart's darling! I will come home always as soon as the tragedy is over—except when I have to play in the after-piece;—I will cut liquor, and all company but yours. Will you trust me, Lily?”

When she left him that evening at the end of the avenue that led to the parsonage she was happy. When did happiness visit her again?

On the following day the manager of the theatre received a letter from a celebrated tragedian then starring in the provinces. It was in answer to an offer of an engagement, and stated his willingness to play for three nights at the theatre of A—z, at the terms, if we do not mistake, of fifty pounds for each of the two first nights, and the third to be a benefit. Enormous as these were they were immediately accepted, and shortly the great tragedian arrived.

The prices at the doors were raised to nearly double their usual amount, yet the house was crowded—actually jammed—the very orchestra was filled—the musicians playing what little music was wanted under the stage.

The play was “Othello,” and the part of *Iago* fell to Merrick.

Those who were present on that occasion had an opportunity of seeing what very few have witnessed, two of Shakspeare's most magnificent characters acting and reacting upon each other in the hands of the great tragedian, and one fully qualified by nature and study to play second to him. The great master himself was struck by the acting of the youthful *Iago*. It had something about it so fresh and original, was so evidently the fruit of nature's gift—genius, that he could not help several times during the piece giving utterance to flattering sentences of approval and encouragement.

The next evening he played *Richmond* to the Londoner's *Richard the Third*, to that gentleman's so great satisfaction that, when on the concluding night he afforded him also admirable support in his part of *Lear*, he requested him to be his companion to a certain city in

## BOZ IN AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the voyages of Columbus in search of the New World, and of Raleigh in quest of El Dorado, no visit to America has excited so much interest and conjecture as that of the author of "Oliver Twist." The enterprise was understood to be a sort of Literary Expedition, for profit as well as pleasure: and many and strange were the speculations of the reading public as to the nature and value of the treasures which would be brought home by Dickens on his return. Some persons expected a philosophical comparison of Washington's Republic with that of Plato; others, anticipated a Report on the Banking System and Commercial Statistics of the United States; and some few, perhaps, looked for a Pamphlet on International Copyright. The general notion, however, was that the Transatlantic acquisitions of Boz would transpire in the shape of a Tale of American Life and Manners—and moreover that it would appear by monthly instalments in green covers, and illustrated by some artist with the name of Phiz, or Whiz, or Quiz.

So strong indeed was this impression, that certain blue-stockinged prophetesses even predicted a new Avatar of the celebrated Mr. Pickwick in slippers and loose trousers, a nankeen jacket, and a straw-hat, as large as an umbrella. Sam Weller was to reappear as his help, instead of a footman, still full of droll sayings, but in a slang more akin to that of his namesake the Clockmaker: while Weller, senior, was to revive on the box of a Boston long stage,—only calling himself Jonathan instead of Tony, and spelling it with a G. A Virginian widow Bardell was a matter of course—and some visionaries even foresaw a slave-owning Mr. Snodgrass, a coon-hunting Mr. Winkle, a wide-awake Joe, and a forest-clearing Bob Sawyer.\*

The fallacy of these guesses and calculations was first proved by the announcement of "American Notes for General Circulation," a title that at once dissipated every dream of a Clock-case or a Club, and cut off all chance of a tale. Encouraged by the technical terms which seemingly had some reference to their own speculations, the money-mongers still held on faintly by their former opinion:—but the Romanticists were in despair, and reluctantly abandoned all hope of a Pennsylvanian Nicholas Nickleby affectionately *darning his mother*—a new Yorkshire Mr. Squeers *flogging creation*—a *black Smike*—a brown Kate, and a Bostonian Newman Noggs, alternately swallowing a *cocktail* and a *cobbler*.†

Still there remained enough in the announcement of American Notes, by C. Dickens, to strop the public curiosity to a keen edge. Numerous had been the writers on the land of the stars and stripes—a host of travelled ladies and gentlemen, liberals and illiberals, utilitarians

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\* With the wishes of these admirers of Boz we can in some degree sympathize: for what could be a greater treat in the reading way than the perplexities of a *squatting* Mr. Pickwick, or a *settling* Mrs. Nickleby.

† Not a horse and a shoemender, but two sorts of American drink.

and inutilitarians—human bowls of every bias had trundled over the United States without hitting, or in the opinion of the natives, even coming near the jack. The Royalist missing the accustomed honours of Kings and Queens, saw nothing but a republican pack of knaves; the High Churchman, finding no established church, declared that there was no religion—the aristocrat swore that all was low and vulgar, because there were no servants in drab turned up with blue, or in green turned down with crimson—the radical was shocked by the caucus, the enthrallment of public opinion, and the timidity of the preachers—the metaphysical philosopher was disgusted with the preponderance of the real over the ideal—the adventurer took fright at Lynch law, and the saintly abolitionist saw nothing but black angels and white devils. An impartial account of America and the Americans was still to seek, and accordingly the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic looked forward with anxiety and eagerness for the opinions of a writer who had proved by a series of wholesome fictions that his heart was in the right place, that his head was not in the wrong one, and that his hand was a good hand at description. One thing at least was certain, that nothing would be set down in malice; for compared with modern authors in general, Boz is remarkably free from] sectarian or antisocial prejudices, and as to politics he seems to have taken the long pledge against party spirit. And doubtless one of the causes of his vast popularity has been the social and genial tone of his works,—showing that he feels and acts on the true principle of the “*homo sum*”—a sum too generally worked as one in long Division instead of Addition.

In the mean time the book, after long budding in advertisement, has burst into full leaf, and however disconcerting to those persons who had looked for something quite different, will bring no disappointment to such as can be luxuriously content with good sense, good feeling, good fun, and good writing. In the very first half-dozen of pages the reader will find an example of that cheerful practical philosophy which makes the best of the worst—that happy healthy spirit which, instead of morbidly resenting the deception of a too flattering artist, who had lithographed the ship’s accommodations, joined with him in converting a floating cupboard into a *state-room*, and a cabin “like a hearse with windows in it,” into a handsome *saloon*. But we must skip the voyage, though pleasantly and graphically described, and at once land Boz in Boston, where, suffering from that true *ground* swell which annoys the newly landed, he goes rolling along the pitching passages of the Tremont hotel “with an involuntary imitation of the gait of Mr. T. P. Cooke in a new nautical melodrama.

Now, Boston is the modern Athens of America. Its inhabitants, many of them educated in the neighbouring university of Cambridge, are decidedly of a literary turn, and of course were not indifferent to the arrival of so distinguished an author in their city. Modesty, however, prevents him from recording in print the popular effervescence—the only fact which transpires is, that the first day being Sunday he was offered pews and sittings in churches and chapels, “enough for a score or two of grown up families.” These courtesies, one and all, the traveller is obliged to decline for want of a change of dress,—a fortunate circumstance so far, that whilst the curious but serious Bostonians were

congregated elsewhere, he was enabled, accompanied by only a score or so of little boys and girls of no particular persuasion, to take a survey and a clever sketch (p. 59) of the city. On the Monday the case was evidently altered; for, after a visit to the State-house (p. 61), he was compelled to take refuge from the mob, in a place where he could not be made a sight or a show of—the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Here he saw the interesting Laura Bridgman, a poor little girl, blind, deaf, dumb, destitute of the sense of smell, and almost of that of taste, yet thanks to a judicious and humane education, not altogether dark within, nor hapless without. The following picture is deeply touching; a mist comes over the clear eye in reading it.

Like other inmates of the house she had a green ribbon bound over her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

But the mob has dispersed; at least the bulk of it, for not counting the children, there remain but fourteen autograph-hunters, six phrenologists, four portrait-painters, seven booksellers, five editors, and nineteen ladies, with handsomely-bound books in their hands or under their arms, on the steps and about the door of the Blind Asylum. And there they may be still, for somehow Boz has given them the slip, and in the turning of a leaf is at *South Boston*, in the state hospital for the insane—not however as a patient—for he was once deranged by proxy in some other person's intellects,—but witnessing and admiring the rational and humane mode of treatment which, as at our own Hanwell Asylum, has replaced the brutal, brainless practice of the good old times when insanity was treated as a criminal offence,—the tortures abolished for felons were retained for lunatics, and their poor overheated brains had as much chance of cooling as under the Plombières of the Inquisition. Let the reader who has a mother turn to page 176 for a peep at a whimsical old lady, in the Hartford establishment, and then let him shudder to think that some fifty years ago the poor dear old soul would have been fettered, perhaps scourged, for only fancying herself an antediluvian! But to lighten a sad subject, let us smile at a characteristic interview between Boz and an Ophelia, in the same house.

As we were passing through a gallery on our way out, a well-dressed lady, of quiet and composed manners, came up, and proffering a slip of paper and a pen, begged that I would oblige her with an autograph. I complied, and we parted. I hope *she* is not mad (quoth the visiter) for I think I remember having had a few interviews like that with ladies out of doors.

Huzza! whoo-oop! A mob has gathered again, and before he has gone a page, Boz is obliged to get into the Boston House of Industry, thence into the adjoining Orphan Institution, and from that, but not mortally crushed, into the Hospital, all highly creditable establishments except in one iron feature, “the eternal, accursed, suffocating, red-hot, demon of a stove, whose breath would blight the purest air under heaven:” and so it does—parching the lungs with baked air. We have had some experience of the nuisance in Germany; and never saw it lighted without wishing for a washerwoman, exorbitant in her charges, to blow it up. But we must push on, or the observed of all observers will be divided from us by a square mile of the Lowell Factory Milli-



cents, "all dressed out with parasols and silk-stockings," not white or flesh-colour, but blue, for these young women are decidedly literary, and besides subscribing to the circulating libraries, actually get up a periodical of their own!

The large class of readers startled by these facts will exclaim with one voice, "How very preposterous!" On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, "These things are above their station." In reply to that observation I would beg leave to ask what that station is.

What?—why, according to some of our moral stationers, the proper station for such people is the station-house, to which actors, singers, and dancers have so often been consigned in this country for acting, singing, and dancing upon too moderate terms. But better times seem to dawn—the licensing Justices begin to outvote the Injustices, and perhaps some day we shall have Playing and Dancing as well as Singing for the Million. Why not? Why should not the cheerful, amusing treatment which has proved so beneficial to the poor mad people, be equally advantageous to the poor sane ones?

But to return to the Lowell lasses.—Pshaw! cries a literary fine gentleman, carelessly penning a sonnet, like Sir Roger de Coverley's ancestor, with his glove on, "they are only a set of *scribbling millers*." No such thing. In the opinion of a very competent judge they write as well as most of our gifted creatures and talented pens, and their "Offering" may compare advantageously with a great many of the English Annuals. An opinion not hastily formed, be it noted, but after the reading of "400 solid pages from the beginning to the end." No wonder the gratified Authoresses escorted the Critic—as of course they did, to the Worcester railway, which on the 5th of February, 1842, was beset of course by an unusual crowd, behaving, of course, as another mob did afterwards at Baltimore, but which Boz evidently mistook for only an every-day ebullition of national curiosity.

Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat, let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it's viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied by exercising their sense of touch; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied, even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding President has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours: occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug, or by walking to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise: crying, "Here he is!—Come on!—Bring all your brothers!" with other hospitable entreaties of that nature.

Here is another speculator on the Phenomenon, who evidently could not make up his mind whether the hairy covering of Boz was that of a real, or of a metaphorical Lion, p. 56.

Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the fur



whereof my coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterwards ; he usually kept close behind me when I walked, and moved as I moved that he might look at it the better ; and he frequently dived into narrow places after me, at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back, and rubbing it the wrong way.

From Worcester, still travelling like a Highland chieftain, with his tail on, or a fugitive with a tribe of Indians on his trail, the illustrious stranger railed on to Springfield ; but there his voluntary followers were *fixed*. The Connecticut river being luckily unfrozen, Boz embarked, designedly, as it appears, in a steam-boat of about " half-a-pony power," and altogether so diminutive, that the few passengers the craft would carry " all kept the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over." But some buzz about Boz had certainly got before him, for at a small town on the way, the tiny steamer, or rather one of its passengers, was saluted by a gun considerably bigger than the funnel ! (p. 174.) At Hartford, however, thanks to the Deaf and Dumb School, the common Gaol, the State Prison, and the Lunatic Asylum, the Dickens enjoyed four quiet days, and then embarked for New York in the New York,—

Infinitely less like a steam-boat than a huge floating-bath. I could hardly persuade myself, indeed, but that the bathing establishment off Westminster Bridge, which I had left a baby, had suddenly grown to an enormous size ; run away from home ; and set up in foreign parts for a steamer.

At New York, in the Broadway, an ordinary man may find elbow-room ; but Boz is no ordinary man, and accordingly for a little seclusion is glad to pay a visit to the famous Prison called the Tombs. But the mob, the male part at least, again separates, and the gaol visiter ventures forth, as it appears, a little prematurely.

Once more in Broadway ! Here are the same ladies in bright colours, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly ; yonder *the very same light blue parasol which passed and repassed the hotel window twenty times while we were sitting there*.

Heavens ! what a prospect for a modest and a married man ! Popularity is no doubt pleasant, and Boz is extremely popular, but popularity in America is no joke. It is not down in the book, but we happen to know, that between 8 and 10 A.M., it was as much as Dickens could do, with Mrs. Dickens's assistance, to write the required autographs. It was more than he could do between ten and twelve, to even look at the hospitable albums that were willing to take the stranger in. And now, not to forget the blue ladies in the Broadway, and the sulphur-coloured parasol, if he should happen to be recognised by yonder group of admirers and well-wishers he will have, before one could spell temperance, to swallow sangaree, ginsling, a mint julep, a cocktail, a sherry cobbler, and a timber doodle ! In such a case the only resource is in flight, and like a hunted lion, rushing into a difficult and dangerous jungle, Boz plunges at once into the most inaccessible back-slums of New York.

This is the place : these narrow ways, diverging to the right and left, and reeking every where with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruits here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors, have counterparts at home, and all the wide world over. Debauchery has

made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of these pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all fours? and why they talk instead of grunting?

But what are "these pigs?" Why, the very swine whence, under the New Tariff, we are to derive American pork and bacon; and accordingly Boz considerably furnishes his countrymen with a sketch of the breed.

They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having for the most part, scanty, brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks: spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness.

No—for they have no choppers. We know the animals well, or at least their German cousins and Belgian brothers-in-law; and moreover, have tasted the bacon, which only wants fat to be streaky. But here is a livelier sample of a pig, who seems to have had a notion of Lynch Law.

As we were riding along this morning, I observed a little incident between two youthful pigs, which were so very human as to be inexpressibly comical and grotesque at the time, though I dare say in telling, it is tame enough.

One young gentleman (a very delicate porker with several straws sticking about his nose, betokening recent investigations in a dunghill), was walking deliberately on, profoundly thinking, when suddenly his brother, who was lying in a miry hole unseen by him, rose up immediately before his startled eyes, ghostly with damp mud. Never was a pig's whole mass of blood so turned. He started back, at least three feet, gazed for a moment, and then shot off as hard as ever he could go: his excessively little tail vibrating with speed and terror like a distracted pendulum. But before he had gone very far, he began to reason with himself as to the nature of this frightful appearance; and as he reasoned, he relaxed his speed by gradual degrees, until at last he stopped, and faced about. There was his brother with the mud upon him glazing in the sun, yet staring out of the very same hole, perfectly amazed at his proceedings. He was no sooner assured of this, and he assured himself so carefully, that one may almost say he shaded his eyes with his hand to see the better, than he came back at a round trot, pounced upon him, and summarily took off a piece of his tail, as a caution to him to be careful what he was about for the future, and never to play tricks with his family any more.

But as usual, Boz was not allowed exclusively to please the pigs; and being hunted all along shore, he was obliged, like a deer *fort couru*, to take to the water, and was carried to the Long Island Jail, by a boat belonging to the establishment, and rowed by a crew of prisoners "dressed in a striped uniform of black and buff, in which they looked like faded tigers." Not a bad retinue, by the way, for a black and white Lion. In the Gaol, the Madhouse, and the Refuge for the Destitute, he again found a temporary repose, but even these retreats becoming at last uncomfortably crowded, he set off by railway for Philadelphia, with a longing eye, of course, to its *Solitary Prison*. But that he did not enjoy much *unpopularity* on this journey, we may guess, when the travelling in the same carriage with Boz was too much for even Foxite taciturnity, and a Friend made such a desperate effort, as follows, to become an Acquaintance:

A mild and modest young Quaker, who opened the discourse by informing

me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of cold-drawn castor-oil. I mention the circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational aperient.

The genuine drab-colour of this anecdote is as true in tone as the tints of Claude, and gives a renewed faith in the artist. The following picture seems equally faithful, though reminding us of some of the Author's fancy pieces. Look at it, gentle reader, and then cry with us, "God forgive the inventor of the system of burying criminals alive in stone coffins!"

The first man I saw was seated at his loom at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offence.

He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to every thing that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his *vinegar-bottle* served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it "would play music ere long."

He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to wile away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forget how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands.

"But you are resigned now!" said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner.

"Oh yes, oh yes! I am resigned to it."

"And are a better man you think?"

"Well, I hope so: I'm sure I may be."

"And time goes pretty quickly?"

"Time is very long, gentlemen, between these four walls!"

He gazed about him—Heaven only knows how wearily! as he said these words; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and resumed his work.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners the same expression sat. I know not what to liken it to. It had something of that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secretly terrified. In every little chamber that I entered, and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory, with the fascination of a remarkable picture. Parade before my eyes a hundred men, with one among them newly released from this solitary suffering, and I would point him out.

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That it makes the senses dull, and by degrees impairs the bodily faculties, I am quite sure. I remarked to those who were with me in this very establishment at Philadelphia, that the criminals who had been there long were deaf.

Of course they were; and all more or less advanced towards a state (to adapt a new word) of idiosyncrasy. Again we say, Heaven forgive the inventors of such a course of slow mental torture! who could reduce a

fellow-creature to become such a clockmaker! The truth is, no Solitary System is consonant with humanity or Christianity. Whenever there shall be persons too good for this world, they may have a right to thus excommunicate those who are too bad for it—but as Porson said, not till then!

Nevertheless to a gentleman mobbed, elbowed, jammed, stared at, and shouted after, a few hours in such a quiet hermitage would be a relief: nay, Boz tells us that it was once found endurable, for a much longer term, by a voluntary prisoner, who unable to resist the bottle, applied, as a favour, for a solitary cell. The Board refused, and recommended total abstinence; and the long pledge, but the toper, to make sure of temperance, entreated to be put in the *stone jug*.

He came again, and again, and again, and was so very earnest and importunate, that at last they took counsel together, and said, "He will certainly qualify himself for admission, if we reject him any more. Let us shut him up. He will soon be glad to go away, and then we shall get rid of him." So they made him sign a statement, which would prevent his ever sustaining an action for false imprisonment, to the effect that his incarceration was voluntary, and of his own seeking; they requested him to take notice that the officer in attendance had orders to release him at any hour of the day or night, when he might knock upon his door for that purpose; but desired him to understand that once going out he would not be admitted any more. These conditions agreed upon, and he still remaining in the same mind, he was conducted to the prison, and shut up in one of the cells.

In this cell, the man who had not the firmness to leave a glass of liquor standing untasted on a table before him—in this cell, in solitary confinement, and working every day at his trade of shoe-making, this man remained nearly two years. His health beginning to fail at the expiration of that time, the surgeon recommended that he should work occasionally in the garden; and as he liked the notion very much, he went about this new occupation with great cheerfulness.

He was digging here one summer-day very industriously, when the wicket in the outer gate chanced to be left open: showing, beyond, the well-remembered dusty road and sun-burnt fields. The way was as free to him as to any man living, but he no sooner raised his head and caught sight of it, all shining in the light, than with the involuntary instinct of a prisoner, he cast away his spade, scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him, and never once looked back.

At Washington Boz had an interview with the American President, and, as might be expected, the great drawing-room, and the other chambers on the ground-floor were "crowded to excess." No wonder that as soon as released from the throng our traveller turned his thoughts towards the wilds and forests of the Far West; with a vague hankering after the vast solitude and quiet of a Prairie! But such delights are to be reached by a course no smoother than that of true love,—as witness the coaching on a Virginian road, with an American Mr. Weller.

He is a negro—very black indeed. He is dressed in a coarse pepper-and-salt suit excessively patched and darned (particularly at the knees), gray stockings, enormous unblackened high-low shoes, and very short trousers. He has two odd gloves: one of parti-coloured worsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, broken in the middle, and bandaged up with string. And yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black hat: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation of an English coachman! But somebody in authority cries "Go ahead!" as I am making these observations. The mail takes the

lead in a four-horse wagon, and all the coaches follow in procession headed by No. 1.

By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry "All right!" an American cries "Go ahead!" which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries.

The first half mile of the road is over bridges made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them, and in the river. The river has a clayey bottom and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly, and can't be found again for some time.

But we get past even this, and come to the road itself, which is a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. A tremendous place is close before us, the black driver rolls his eyes, screws his mouth up very round, and looks straight between the two leaders, as if he were saying to himself, "We have done this before, but *now* I think we shall have a crash." He takes a rein in each hand; jerks and pulls at both; and dances on the splash-board with both feet (keeping his seat of course), like the late lamented Ducrow on two of his fiery coursers. We come to the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach-windows, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally; the coach stops; the horses flounder; all the other six coaches stop; and their four-and-twenty horses flounder likewise; but merely for company, and in sympathy with ours. Then the following circumstances occur.

BLACK DRIVER (to the horses).—"Hi!"

Nothing happens. Insides scream again.

BLACK DRIVER (to the horses).—"Ho!"

Horses plunge, and splash the black driver.

GENTLEMAN INSIDE (looking out).—"Why, what on airth—"

Gentleman receives a variety of splashes and draws his head in again, without finishing his question or waiting for an answer.

BLACK DRIVER (still to the horses).—"Jiddy! Jiddy!"

Horses pull violently, drag the coach out of the hole, and draw it up a bank; so steep, that the black driver's legs fly up into the air, and he goes back among the luggage on the roof. But he immediately recovers himself, and cries (still to the horses),

"Pill!"

No effect. On the contrary, the coach begins to roll back upon No. 2, which rolls back upon No. 3, which rolls back upon No. 4, and so on until No. 7 is heard to curse and swear nearly a quarter of a mile behind.

BLACK DRIVER (louder than before).—"Pill!"

Horses make another struggle to get up the bank, and again the coach rolls backward.

BLACK DRIVER (louder than before).—"Pe-e-e-ill!"

Horses make a desperate struggle.

BLACK DRIVER (recovering spirits).—"Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, pill."

Horses make another effort.

BLACK DRIVER (with great vigour).—"Ally Loo! Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo!"

Horses almost do it.

BLACK DRIVER (with his eyes starting out of his head).—"Lee, den. Lee, dere. Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo. Lee-e-e-e!"

They run up the bank, and go down again on the other side at a fearful pace. It is impossible to stop them, and at the bottom there is a deep hollow, full of water. The coach rolls frightfully. The insides scream. The mud and water fly about us. The black driver dances like a madman. Suddenly we are all right by some extraordinary means, and stop to breathe.

A black friend of the black driver is sitting on a fence. The black driver recognises him by twirling his head round and round like a harlequin, rolling

his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, and grinning from ear to ear. He stops short, turns to me, and says :

" We shall get you through, sa, like a fiddle, and hope a please you when we get you through, sa. Old 'ooman at home, sir," chuckling very much. " Outside gentlemen, sa, he often remember old 'ooman at home, sa," grinning again.

" Ay, ay, we'll take care of the old woman. Don't be afraid."

The black driver grins again, but there is another hole, and beyond that, another bank, close before us. So he stops short: cries (to the horses again), " Easy—easy den—ease—steady—hi—Jiddy—pill—Ally—Loo," but never " Lee!" until we are reduced to the very last extremity and are in the midst of difficulties, extrication from which appears to be all but impossible.

And so we do the ten miles or thereabout in two hours and a half, breaking no bones, though bruising a great many; and in short, getting through the distance " like a fiddle."

The next conveyance was by the Harrisburg canal, on which there are two passage-boats, the Express and the Pioneer. For some reason, however, the Pioneers *would* come into the other boat, in which Boz was a passenger—an addition that drew out a certain thin-faced, spare-figured man, of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty, drab-bish-coloured suit, and up to that moment as quiet as a lamb.

" This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters, and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on me it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising or of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing *it* does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up a little too mōuntāinōus, this is."

At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of.

It was perfectly natural after this " touch of the earthquake" to desire to see the Shakers, whose peculiar *delirium tremens* had been reported as unspeakably absurd: but the elders had clearly received a hint of a chield coming, like Captain Grose, to make Notes and print them.

Presently we came to the beginning of the village, and alighting at the door of a house where the Shaker manufactures are sold, and which is the headquarters of the elders, requested permission to see the Shaker worship.

Pending the conveyance of this request to some person in authority, we walked into a grim room, where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was grimly told by a grim clock, which uttered every tick with a kind of struggle, as if it broke the grim silence reluctantly and under protest. Ranged against the wall were six or eight stiff, high-backed chairs, and they partook so strongly of the general grimness that one would much rather have sat on the floor than incurred the smallest obligation to any of them.

Presently there stalked into this apartment a grim old Shaker, with eyes as



hard, and dull, and cold, as the great round metal buttons on his coat and waistcoat : a sort of calm goblin. Being informed of our desire, he produced a newspaper wherein the body of elders, whereof he was a member, had advertised but a few days before, that in consequence of certain unseemly interruptions which their worship had received from strangers, their chapel was closed for the space of one year.

The chapel will now be opened : for the chield is in England, and his Notes are not only printed but published, and by this time have been abundantly circulated, read, quoted, and criticised. Many of them, that will be canvassed elsewhere, are here left untouched, for obvious reasons ; and various desirable extracts, are omitted through want of space ; for example, a pretty episode of a little woman with a little baby at St. Louis, and sundry sketches of scenery, character and manners, as superior as “ chicken fixings ” to “ common doings.” We have nevertheless worked out our original intention. The political will discuss the author’s notions of the republican institutions ; the analytical will scrutinize his philosophy, the critical his style, and the hypocritical his denunciations of cant. Our only aim has been, according to the heading of this article, to give the reader a glimpse of Boz in America.

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## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

### THE CHINESE WAR.\*

THE war with China, however it may end, will be a godsend to that vast and daily increasing body of the British community, the “ Reading Public,”—who may look for new books by every new arrival of the India mail ; books, too, that will require none of the skill of our craft in their composition, but (so novel and interesting are their topics) will write themselves. As the capital of the Celestial Empire doubtless by this time sees the British flag flying above its palaces and temples, and consequently all the rest of the empire is open to our arms, or what is better, its arms are open to us,—we shall soon have nothing to do but catch a stray official that is at home on “ sick leave,” ask him to dinner, and translate his table-talk into a book. In the mean time Captain Bingham offers us one ready-made to our hands, which not merely traces the history of the “ Expedition to China ” from its earliest to its latest moment, but affords us, in addition, many entirely novel and curious sketches of the strange people among whom we have at last fairly established ourselves, and an equal number of anecdotes touching those singular private and personal occurrences of the

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\* Narrative of the Expedition to China, &c. By Commander J. Elliot Bingham, R.N. 2 vols.

war, which, being too unimportant to find a place in its public despatches, surpass the latter in personal interest fifty fold.

Any thing like criticism on a book like this, which is a sailor's story of the most stirring events of a sailor's career, would be worse than out of place; and unluckily, our limits forbid us to exclaim, in Captain Bingham's own opening words, "Ho, for China!" and to follow him thither, step by step. Our plan, therefore, must be to take a rapid glance at the course of his "Narrative," and then let the reader judge for himself as to the materials of which the personal portion of it is composed.

The cheering cry of "Ho! for China!" is uttered on board H.M.S. *Modeste*, forming part of the Cape squadron early in April, 1840, and of which ship the writer (now promoted to commander) was then first-lieutenant. "Chinamen, take care of your tails!" was the current joke of the grog-shops of Cape-town while the chosen ships were fitting; and "Hands up anchor!" and "Heave round," were the happy greetings to the N.W. breeze that, on the 30th, ushered the *Melville*, the *Modeste*, and the *Blonde* out of False Bay, on their course for the Bocca Tigris, where the *Modeste* (having parted company) arrived on the 11th of July. Here the author (very properly, we think, under the circumstances of his narrative), pending the commencement of operations, gives his readers a succinct sketch of "The Opium Question," with which, however (considering the anodyne nature of the subject), we shall not meddle; nor indeed shall we follow him through his equally useful and appropriate, but of course not entirely novel history of the war up to the period of his own arrival on the scene of action. The permanent value of the book is doubtless much increased by these two preliminary portions of it: but our business is with the personal parts—with those immediate results of individual observation which form the great charm of all books of travel. And of these, no specific idea can in any case be conveyed unless by actual example. To that, then, we resort;—only regretting that we cannot afford room for as many pages as we shall give paragraphs.

There is nothing so far removed from civilized life, even in the narratives of the earliest discoverers of new and savage countries, as the accounts these volumes furnish us, of the treatment by the Chinese of some of their English prisoners. Here is a small portion of Captain Bingham's account relating to the treatment of a party of five (one of them a female) who fell into the hands of a "Mandarin and a party of soldiers," after having for many days endured incredible hardships in escaping from shipwreck.

No sooner had they been seized, than to prevent their running away, they were bastinadoed immediately above the knee, or almost indeed upon it. They would have treated Mrs. Noble in the same brutal and still more indecent manner had it not been for the spirited conduct of Mr. Douglas, notwithstanding which she received several blows. Chains were then put around their necks, and they were hurried or rather dragged to a large city, through the streets of which they were paraded, subjected to the hootings and howlings of the assembled savages. They were then taken to a joss-house, where one of the soldiers forcibly wrenched Mrs. Noble's wedding-ring from her finger. Lieutenant Douglas's hands were here lashed behind him, and he was in that

condition secured to a post. Mrs. Noble, the mate, and one boy, were then dragged on about twenty miles further, being exhibited in several towns through which they passed; and no doubt from what afterwards appeared, Mrs. Noble was represented as sister to the queen of the barbarians, who had been taken prisoner by these marauders, for valiant soldiers I cannot call them.

At night they stopped at another depot of gods, where they were furnished with a small quantity of food and clothes; the chain which had been put round their necks being fastened to the wall of their prison. Here they were detained two days, and were allowed to perform their ablutions for the first time; their descriptions were accurately taken down, and they themselves constantly exposed to the gaze of the rabble. Mrs. Noble was taken to be looked at by the head mandarin's wife and daughter; and one would have imagined that the softer sex would have shown her some compassion in her suffering and distressed state. No! if it were possible, they treated her with more contumely than her captors had done.

At the expiration of the two days they were led out into the court where stood three cages about three feet high, two feet six inches long, by fourteen inches in breadth. The entrance to these cruel prisons was by a trap-door on the top, through which they were forced, the end of their chain being locked to the cover. A bamboo was then thrust between the bars, and under the top; in this painful position were they carried by two men from town to town, to be exhibited like wild beasts to the assembled multitudes; but as if all this was not sufficient suffering, they were loaded with heavy irons and chains on the legs and arms, Mrs. Noble being allowed for the present to dispense with the latter ones. The cages were then at length placed in boats, and after proceeding along a canal for three nights and two days, they arrived at Ning-po, never having been permitted to quit their cages for any purpose during that period.

Without dwelling on the savage cruelty of this treatment, there is perhaps nothing else on record so illustrative of the unaccountable stupidity of the Chinese officials,—considering that nothing could persuade them that Mrs. Noble was not *sister to the Queen of England!*

After their arrival at Ning-po, Mrs. Noble was supplied with gay Chinese female apparel; a small and very dirty room was appropriated to her, but devoid of furniture with the exception of her cage, which became her bed at night, and her carriage by day, for into it she was always thrust, which was the case with the whole party, when commanded to dine with the mandarins, which at first was frequently the case until their curiosity became satiated, when both the officers and lady were left more to themselves. The questions that the mandarins would ask on these occasions were most ridiculous. They were very anxious to know what relations they were to the Queen of England, and if Mrs. Noble was not her sister; and would believe nothing to the contrary.

The following sketches of Chinese manners and habits are as amusing as they are novel.

Immediately on my arrival at Macao after being wounded, the Chinese new year commenced. This is for ten days a general season of holiday-keeping and feasting amongst this extraordinary people. It is the time when the trader must settle his affairs; and woe to the credit of the poor man who is not on that day prepared to clear off all demands on his purse. The rejoicing and noise in the hotel at which I was lodging, from the junketing and joviality of the servants, was exceedingly annoying; and the constant discharge of fireworks from sundown to sunrise, and from thence to sunset, nearly distracted

me. These fireworks were principally small Chinese crackers, with much longer ones amongst them, which in the *feu de joie* of crackers, occasionally exploded like the report of a heavy gun.

During this holiday-keeping, the street from the windows of my room had a most lively appearance ; and particularly so, as the Chinese were passing and repassing in their gayest apparel. From its being the cold season, their usual clothing was much increased, one part of which added materially to the grotesque appearance of the wearer. It consisted of leggings secured at the ankle, similar to the tight pantaloons. It was then drawn up to the upper part of the thigh, being cut in an angular shape, from the inside of the leg to the hip, from whence a strap secured it to the upper part of the dress, consequently their loose and large *inexpressibles* hung out in a most extraordinary manner. It appeared to me the only part of the dress in which the Chinese indulge in a variety of colours. The whole figure, when thus dressed, was in the eyes of a stranger truly ridiculous. The lank spindle shanks, with the thick shoes, short jacket, just reaching to the hip, small cap, fitting close to the shaven crown, with the long tail dangling behind nearly to the ground, made them look more like monkeys than human beings.

In a large open space before the windows, the Chinese would frequently indulge in a novel game of shuttle-cock ; seven or eight forming a ring would throw the shuttle in the air, and the object then was to keep it up by striking it with the hands or feet.

In wandering through the streets of this city you cannot but remark the number of itinerant workmen and pedlars of all kinds. We may mention first the money-changer, seated behind a table with one or two drawers, and his bank consisting of piles of cash. Then, there is the perambulating blacksmith, with his small portable forge, the bellows and anvil being slung at one end of a pole, while at the other is a basket containing coals, old iron, pan for the fire, &c. When called upon for his services, he at once prepares his fire-place, in shape not unlike old Neptune's crown, then inserting the mouth-piece of his circular bellows at the corner he puffs away. The anvil is a small square piece of iron fixed on a block of wood, while the water requisite for his trade is contained in an earthen pot, which, when disengaged, is used to boil his dinner in. With these slight means he will turn a trifling job very neatly out of hand.

The ambulatory barber is also constantly on the move, with a small chest of drawers, containing his razor, brush, soap, and a set of instruments for cleaning the ears. When occupied in his vocation, should he not be furnished with his own apparatus for heating water, he will get permission to boil it at the nearest blacksmith's forge or cook's fire, probably shaving the owner's crown for the boil. The Chinese razor is the most unsightly thing that can well be imagined—simply a small piece of triangular iron, with a very thick back, opening and shutting into a round wooden handle, yet with this they will make a very clean shave.

To complete the picture, add cooks with their kitchens ; pastrymen with their deep red boxes, filled with a great variety of sweetmeats ; a migratory glass-mender with his basket of tools and rivets, with which I have seen the shade of an argand lamp that was apparently shattered to pieces most neatly repaired. In short, to form a true idea of the scene, every trade and employment may be included.

In the square facing the senate-house, a medical practitioner had, during my temporary sojourn at Macao, established himself, and dealt out medicines and charms of every description. He sat on a mat on the ground with his simples around, contained in papers neatly folded up, with several small jars and a store of pitch-plasters ; near him burnt a large bunch of joss-sticks ; and scrolls of papers, setting forth the excellence of his art, were strewed around. This worthy aspired not to a table, though by that means he would, in China, have risen a step in medical art. He rather preferred trusting to the witchery

of his eloquence, and he had some grounds for this ; for he quickly convinced his hearers of the power of his art, and soon boluses, powders, and pitch-plasters became in great demand. The pills were the most unconscionable things of the kind I have ever seen, none of them being less than a boy's marble. Some of these empirics have a peculiar method of cupping ; they use two wooden cylinders, which, after having some lighted paper burnt in them, are applied so the intended spot ; and upon their removal after a short time two bumps or areolæ will be found formed, which are then punctured with needles, and the mouth applied to the spot to draw the blood. A few tchen or cash generally pay the doctor for his services.

Innumerable venders of fruit and vegetables are passing to and fro with their baskets slung on their long sticks, uttering the peculiar cry of their stock. The method of carrying their baskets, and, indeed, every kind of burthen, seems peculiarly to be understood by the Chinese. Water, which is an article required to be brought to many houses in Macao, is always carried in this way, nor do they spill a drop out of the fullest buckets. The smallest children may be seen with their tiny baskets and miniature loads trudging steadily along. Should any difficulty arise from a difference in the weight of the baskets, the heaviest one is moved a little nearer the body, or should one basket become empty, or be sold to a customer with its contents, the nearest stone is slung and attached to the vacant end of the stick.

The markets furnish many extraordinary delicacies, amongst which may be classed the hinder quarters of frogs ; and when you have got over the English aversion, and consider the little animals as fit for food, they will be found to make a remarkably delicate curry, the meat of which is much whiter than the flesh of the youngest chicken. These frogs, or field-hens, as they are called by the Chinese, are regularly fished for. The angler being furnished with a rod and line, attaches to the latter a young frog, which being bobbed about in the paddy-fields, is quickly seized upon by his larger brethren, who, by thus giving way to their propensities of cannibalism, are soon lodged in the baskets of their catchers, in their turn to furnish a meal for a more powerful biped.

The greatest nuisance of all in Macao is the number of beggars that infest the streets, where the most horrible objects of deformity are constantly to be met. Lisbon is the only city in which I have ever seen any thing to be compared with it. One poor creature used to drag himself along on all fours, and his whining cry for alms might be heard for hundreds of yards off, as he went his daily rounds. The Chinese beggars possess the curious privilege of entering any shop, and there making a continued noise with a powerful rattle ; and this he continues until the shopman, worn out by the noise, gives him money, —a single tchen or cash is sufficient. In this trial of noise *versus* till, I need hardly say the former is generally successful, more particularly so if any purchasers are in the shop. I recollect in one case, seeing the shopman wear out the patience of the noisy applicant ; perfect expression of resignation was assumed during the infliction, but not the smallest attempt was made by the shopman to remove the sturdy beggar from his post ; he, at length, without uttering a word, walked off to inflict his horrid din on some less iron-nerved individual.

The conjurers and jugglers of China are exceedingly skilful, and I have seen many wonderful feats of legerdemain performed by them ; but were I to endeavour to describe them I should never get the *Modeste* out of the *Typha*. Her long sojourn at this health-giving anchorage had quite renovated the crew. The ship had been painted, and, after much scrubbing, all symptoms of the river-mud were removed. None but those who have been for months in these muddy waters can fully appreciate the pleasure of once more seeing the fine clear blue of the sea.

Captain Bingham's book cannot fail to be popular ; and the historical character of a large portion of its pages will give it a permanent

value when the novelty of its descriptive details shall have been superseded by the numerous writers who will follow him on the same absorbing topic.

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#### THE NABOB AT HOME.\*

"*The Nabob at Home; or, the Return to England*," has the merit of not merely answering to its own name, but to that of its pleasant predecessor by the same hand—"Life in India." It opens with some lively and graphic sketches of all grades of "life in India," both native and European—from the Nabob himself down to his humble dooriah, or dog-keeper. It then starts us from Calcutta on the "Return to England,"—which (luckily for us, "who live at home at ease") ends prematurely in a capital shipwreck on an uninhabited island; and a consequent forced visit to a point of the coast near to the great temple of Juggernaut,—to which the reader is conducted during the ceremony of the idol being exhibited to the vast annual assemblage of pilgrims. This is a sufficiently inartificial mode of giving the reader more than he bargains for, or than the natural course of the narrative would have afforded him: but it would be hard to quarrel with an expedient which helps us to several graphic descriptions that we must otherwise have missed, and that have all the air of being done from the life.

The regular voyage home affords us some light and lively sketches of the society at St. Helena; and here commences that portion of the present work which gives to it its fictitious character and interest; for hitherto the narrative has evidently been in a great measure the result of actual experience and observation. The early part of the second volume lands the Indian party at Portsmouth on their way to the north, and the remainder of the work takes the ordinary "novel" form, which it is in no case our cue to follow or anticipate. We shall, therefore, only add that the "at home" of the Nabob lies in the Highlands of Scotland, and that consequently the events and localities of the story bring us into contact with manners and habits which afford as marked a contrast to the "life in India" of the opening scenes as the most earnest lovers of that quality in a work of fiction can desire.

It is to the unhackneyed nature of its materials, and the variety and truth of the scenes it brings before us, that this novel must look for its success; for the powers of the writer are not of an original cast, or a high grade: they are quite equal, however, to the task he has undertaken of sketching characters and delineating scenes, the novelty of which will claim the sympathy and gratify the curiosity of a wider class of readers than works of pure fiction are ordinarily calculated to command.

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\* *The Nabob at Home; or, the Return to England.* By the Author of "*Life in India.*" 3 vols.



## SELF-DEVOTION.\*

THIS novel belongs to an excellent school—that of the Austens, Ferriars, and Bruntons—a school which, we are happy to perceive, the growing good sense of the day is rapidly restoring to that favour and popularity from which the flashy frivolity of the “fashionable” school, and the overstrained passion, and more than doubtful morality of the “philosophical” school, had for a time banished it. “Katherine Randolph” more than confirms the favourable impression made by the fair writer’s first production—“*The Only Daughter* ;” its characters, incidents, and situations, being not merely of a strictly domestic nature, finding an echo in the personal experience of all, but the plot with which they are connected is contrived with great care, and developed with a degree of artistical skill and judgment, which are nowadays rarely aimed at, much less achieved, even by the most experienced and popular of our novelists. Moreover, the emotions and sentiments with which the reader is called upon to sympathize throughout—but especially in connexion with the “Self-devotion” of the heroine—are of that healthy and truly English character which may be best described as the direct antithesis and antagonist of that pestilent *sentimentality* which is the staple of our neighbouring rivals in modern fiction. Katherine Randolph is pictured as the heroine of the tale—not because she excels the rest of her sex in the “amiable weakness” of yielding to the dictates of her passions, or the passions of other people, but because she opposes and conquers both, wherever *they* oppose the dictates of feminine duty, or the demands of domestic affection. She is held up to admiration and imitation—or rather she invites these (for the writer is too natural in her task, or too skilled in her art to “hold up” or “inculcate” any thing), not as an example of how large an amount of female weakness may be excused in favour of the softness and the sensibility from which it is (falsely) supposed to spring, but as a triumphant proof of the heights to which these very qualities may lift a woman; and if circumstances call for it, *will* lift her, provided they have not been perverted to wrong paths in early youth, or been forced into an undue luxuriance of growth, in the hotbed of an unnatural condition of society. In short, Katherine Randolph is the accepted heroine of this tale—and, what is of more moment to the question we are glancing at, she will be so regarded even by the idlest and least thoughtful of its reader—*because* she is a pure and high-minded woman, performing with simplicity the highest as well as the humblest duties imposed by her station, and by the circumstances around her, and *in spite of* her being divested of every one of those seducing weaknesses of character, and those consequent amiable vices of conduct, which mark the majority of her brilliant rivals in the gallery of modern heroines of romance.

It must not be supposed, from our devoting to Katherine Randolph

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\* Self-devotion ; or, the History of Katherine Randolph. By the Author of “*The Only Daughter*.” Edited by the Author of “*The Subaltern*.” 3 vols.

so much of the brief space allowed us, that she will be found to occupy more than her due share of the narrative to which she gives name. The work includes an unusual variety of characters, every one of which is so distinctly marked, as to present a study to the reader as its different phases develop themselves; and the action is so equally and skilfully divided between them all, that we feel a double and reciprocated interest in watching each—the characters on account of the action they bring on—the action on account of the traits of character it develops.

Though it would be unfair to glance, however slightly, at the plot of a work which will owe much of its mere popular favour to that feature, we may yet be allowed to say that that important and intensely-interesting portion of it which turns on a fatal duel, offers the very best illustration of the mingled wickedness and folly of that modern barbarism that we are acquainted with; and the Old Bailey trial, which is one of its results, is (notwithstanding a few trifling technical errors in its details), capable of standing a comparison with the very best scenes of a similar nature that are to be found in fiction.

As a specimen of the writer's skill, both in portrait-painting and in grouping, we shall give a passage which introduces to the reader several of the principal characters who figure in the story. It would be difficult to instance a larger amount of artistical talent in an equal space.

The chamber from which, in the privilege of our vocation, we would lift the curtain, is a pleasant low-roofed parlour on the ground floor, lighted by two large old-fashioned oriel windows, and spacious enough to afford ample accommodation for a moderate sufficiency of chairs and sofas, besides a grand piano and a well-filled bookcase, which occupy one entire side of the room. There were flower-stands in the windows, and bouquets in china vases on every table. In one corner stood a tambour-frame, and in another a large work-basket of snowy wicker revealed glimpses of a coarse fabric that looked like Dorcas work. Over the fireplace was hung a portrait of a beautiful girl in some fantastic dress of the last generation, and with both her tiny feet resting on a coronet; and, immediately under it, a clever pencil sketch of a handsome boy of ten years old, standing on a cliff, and grasping the rein of a terrified pony which stood on the brink with a female rider.

There was a small fire of logs, and both windows were thrown open to admit the soft evening air, and on one of the cushions of the window-seat there was a guitar lying, and a little silk tartan plaid; and beside it, in the recess, stood a little table with drawing materials, which gave that side of the apartment a certain *tournure* of romance which was exceedingly agreeable to the imagination, and not at all infringed upon by the circumstance of a large bunch of housekeeping keys, that shared the resting-place of the crayons and pencils.

There is no such assistance to one's ideas of the air of an apartment, as a description of the various positions of its occupants; so the part which is generally of most consequence to a picture will be supplied by us, rather as a finishing touch to what is gone before, than as a matter of much individual interest to the looker-on.

On one side of the fire, a lady, very infirm in appearance, was seated in an arm-chair of most inviting dimensions and capacity, which was covered with a rich brocaded silk, bearing a resemblance so striking to a similar fabric well known to me, that I think it must once have personated one of those gorgeous ancestral petticoats which sensible people occasionally put to such uses as the one alluded to, and others retain upon the dignified seclusion of a roller, wherewithal to tempt the hearts and vanities of their granddaughters.

The lady and the chair were in excellent keeping ; the latter exemplifying, in its change of dynasty, the fluctuations of time and tide ; and the former exhibiting, in her delicate and faded form, the waywardness of fate, which steals often the rose from the cheek, and the glitter from the eye, when time would have willingly spared them.

The lady was daintily habited in a pale-coloured silk gown, and her spotless French gloves and cambric handkerchief seemed the appendages of one who knew nothing of the mechanism of a *ménage*. Her employment might be guessed, from a fairy volume bound in rose-colour, and evincing, from the paucity of the letter-press and the frequency of the illustrations, a literary taste of the very lightest order. The book was as suitable to the calm, pale, pulseless quiescence of the reader's person and features, as a volume of calf-skin profundities would have been opposed to it. A crystal essence-bottle, which shared the attention bestowed upon her studies, completes the picture, and enables us to pass to the other side of the apartment.

On one corner of a sofa a gentleman was seated, who furnished as vivid a contrast to the first-mentioned figure of the group, as the most ardent admirer of strong shades could desire. He was a tall, muscular, and handsome man, in the prime of life, with a bland and elevated expression of the eyes and forehead, which conveyed an idea of suffering even in its extreme sweetness, and touched the looker-on with a feeling of sympathy, which the manly and intelligent dignity of his bearing never failed to control. He was dressed in clerical black ; and there was something in his air which, without bordering on the aristocratic—which implies always an undefinable tint of fashion—expressed the gentlemanly refinement of an intellectual mind, and an elegant and cultivated taste. He was caressing a beautiful hound which lay near him on the carpet, and looked up from time to time to reply to the chit-chat of another member of the circle whom it is not yet time to delineate.

The other end of the sofa was occupied by a little wrinkled old man in a shining suit of snuff-brown, a magnificent diamond-ring, a gold chain, studs, breast-pin, and spectacles. His hair was frizzed up to that dry, wiry fineness of texture which indicates long residence in a warm climate, and his complexion resembled that which majesty wears on a new-struck farthing. He was reading a red book wonderfully resembling the almanac, with all the intensity of attention which generally characterizes people engaged in any employment to which they are totally unaccustomed ; and his small sparkling gray eyes wore, even when fixed upon the page, an expression of such intense acuteness, that you might have thought them capable of searching for gold in the very bowels of the earth.

The only remaining member of the circle was standing before one of the little tables which, in endless number and every variety of design, ornamented the room. An open work-box was before her, and she was busily engaged in repairing the injury which a gentleman's white glove had sustained in a first attempt to draw it on. She was a girl of eighteen or nineteen years old, tall and very slender ; with a face which, if not beautiful, possessed a peculiarity of expression which, though very difficult to describe, is yet appreciated by every heart that lies open to the admiration of beauty and goodness. Her complexion was of the most limpid transparency that belongs to youth, and her hair dark, silken, and luxuriant. But it was in her eye that the lady's stronghold of beauty lay—it was a magnificent eye. It might have done for a genius, and yet something whispered to you, while you looked upon it, that it belonged only to a meek and lowly Christian : for there was a pure depth of innocence, a holy and quenchless light of womanly devotion in it, which might have been mistaken for poesy, had not the simple and disengaged liveliness of her address carried conviction with it that her enthusiasm was of the happiest and healthiest tone, and her reason and principle undimmed by a beam from the poisoned atmosphere of this world's passions.

We shall conclude by observing, for the benefit of those readers who

insist on more brilliant and distinguished qualities in a heroine of romance than those we have attributed to "Katherine Randolph," that they will find all they seek in the Lady Ida Mar, one of the most spirited, natural, and charming sketches that has ever been drawn from a class of originals which no other country can parallel, for a union of intellectual and personal loveliness—the youthful female aristocracy of the British Isles.

These volumes come before the world under circumstances which, though very melancholy, will give an adventitious interest to them that their intrinsic and sterling merits might well have dispensed with. We gather from the brief preface of their editor, Mr. Gleig, that they are the production of a young and beautiful Scotch lady named Campbell; that they were written, and indeed entirely printed off, more than two years ago; and that their gifted author has been taken from the world just as she was about to reap the reward of this her chief literary labour, in the admiring gratitude of its readers.

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#### NIMROD ABROAD.

WE are always glad to meet Nimrod any where, though England is undoubtedly the spot where he is most himself, and therefore most welcome. Yet is there that good sense and good temper about him which make him "at home" any where—even "abroad," where there is no such place. The truth is that we have seldom seen Mr. Apperley more "at home," or to better purpose, than we find him in these pleasant and gossiping volumes, while partaking of the princely hospitalities of the late Duke of Orleans at Chantilly, or the Prince of Moskowa at Paris, or Count Duval at the chateau d'Attoy, or Count Veltheim at Harbke, or Count Plessen at Avenach, or Count Hahn at Bassedon, or the Baron Biel at Zierow, or of half a score other sporting noblemen in all parts of the civilized world, all of whom seem to have regarded our worthy "Nimrod" as a sporting godsend, and to have pulled hunting-caps for his temporary possession accordingly. In fact his offhand sketches, not merely of the sporting pretensions and practices of the French, Belgian, and German nobles, but of their personal characters, habits, and modes of life, are as novel and entertaining as they are instructive and useful in more than one point of view.

Nor must Mr. Apperley's general sketches of life and manners in the abovenamed countries be passed over without regard: for though he is the most accomplished of sportsmen, he is nevertheless (say rather he is of course) a man of sense and observation, and therefore whatever he has to say on topics of general interest are worth attention. The early pages of his present work give us the result of his observation and experience during a residence of some years in the immediate neighbourhood of Calais, consequently they will prove of great practical utility to those of our countrymen who make a brief residence in that vicinity the first step to their final adoption of France as

a home. He then, about the middle of the 'first' volume, quits the general path of observation, for that in which he has so long been pre-eminent: in a word he changes from the domestic and quiet, but observant Mr. Apperley, to the famous "Nimrod," from whose sporting *dicta* there is no appeal, and straightway carries the reader with him to enjoy every species of sport which the wide world affords,—from the royal stag hunt of Chantilly, the baronial boar-hunt of the black forest, the bear-tracking of Russia, the wolf-hunting and deer-stalking of Canada, the tiger-hunting and hawking of India,—up to the whole of these, and half-a-dozen more united, in the great Russian battue,—besides many other sports and places "too tedious to mention" to any but exclusively sporting ears.

Altogether "Nimrod Abroad" is a pleasant medley of many pleasant things; and if those of our regular readers who happen to take it up should discover that some of its pages have met their eye before, under the modest drab-coloured covers of our all-providing miscellany, they will not think the worse of them on that account.

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#### LETTERS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.\*

THE increasing popularity of historical literature which has within the last few years formed a remarkable feature in our national tastes, while it affords a proof of the improving spirit of the age, may perhaps be regarded as the result of the labours of those intelligent antiquaries, who have devoted their time, their talents, and their learning to the purpose of bringing to light the forgotten treasures of the past. The Russian prince, Alexander Ivhanoff, spent eight years of his life in five-and-thirty original letters of Mary Queen of Scots, which with other interesting documents connected with the history of that unfortunate princess, were printed at Paris in the year 1839. The sensation caused by the appearance of Prince Ivhanoff's precious volume was so powerful that every copy of the edition was presently exhausted, and it has become a rare book even on the continent. Under the circumstances, a translation must be considered peculiarly acceptable to the English reader, and we are happy to find that it is contained in these volumes, combined with many other letters of equal importance, from the pen of Mary Stuart. The Ivhanoff letters indeed, valuable as they are, form neither the largest nor the most interesting portion of the work before us, which comprehends a series of letters and documents chronologically arranged during the last eight-and-twenty years of Mary Stuart's life, prefaced by an historical introduction from the pen of Miss Agnes Strickland, who, for the composition of an impor-

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\* Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Documents connected with her Personal History. Now first published, with an Introduction by Miss Agnes Strickland, author of "The Lives of the Queens of England." 3 vols.

tant portion of her admirable work, "The Lives of the Queens of England," being obliged to go over the incidents of the tragic drama in which that unfortunate princess played so conspicuous a part, must necessarily have a comprehensible knowledge of the subject. The care which she has shown in illustrating the text, and the critical acumen exhibited by her in the very interesting introduction she has prefixed to the volumes, are the most satisfactory evidences that she can apply her reading to a profitable purpose. Miss Strickland has again invested the story of Mary Stuart with that touching romance universally considered to belong to it, till certain stern critics chose to call in question her claim to sympathy.

The letters are of powerful interest, not merely with regard to their extreme value as historical documents, but as records of the royal writer's feelings and employments during her woful captivity. They are rendered intelligible to readers of all ages by modern orthography, and the admirable manner in which they are arranged. The beauty and piety of the sentiments, and the unaffected elegance of the composition will render this work a delightful addition to the literature destined for the use of families. It is a work that no library ought to be without, for it will lend a charm to the study of the history, not only of Mary Stuart, but to that of Elizabeth, and throws considerable light on the policy of the court of France. These letters are of great value; and while devoid of the tedium and weariness of state papers, are confidential and full of domestic traits. They admit us within the gloomy recesses of the prisons in which the royal heroine wore away her melancholy hours. She has described them with the graphic minuteness of Silvia Pellico, or Baron Trenck, and the reader becomes almost painfully identified with the hapless captive, as he reads the memorials of her sufferings. To those who know the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart only through the medium of poetry or romance, her letters will possess the same degree of fascination with which the epistolary romances of the last century were devoured.

We will commence our extracts with a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, written by Queen Mary from her prison at Lochleven Castle.

*The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow.*

From my prison this last day of March (1568).

Monsieur de Glasgow, your brother will inform you of my miserable situation, and I beg you will present him and his letters, saying all that you can in my behalf. He will tell you the rest, as I have neither paper nor time to write more, unless to entreat the king, the queen, and my uncles, to burn my letters; for should it be known that I have written, it may cost a great many lives, put my own in peril, and cause me to be still more strictly guarded. God preserve you, and give me patience!

Your old very good mistress and friend,

MARY R.

Being now a prisoner, I request you to direct five hundred crowns to be paid to the bearer for travelling expenses, and more, if he has need of it.

The earnest request of the royal captive to her faithful friends in France to destroy her letters was, however, disregarded. They were



probably esteemed by them as relics far too precious to be committed to the flames. Several of these are preserved in the imperial library at St. Petersburg, to which Miss Agnes Strickland thus alludes in her introduction.

Through the inestimable kindness of my beloved friend, Miss Jane Porter, who, last winter, made some valuable transcripts for me from the royal autograph collection in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, I am fortunately enabled to enrich this introduction with one of that precious and almost inaccessible series of the inedited letters of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is addressed to her royal mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, Queen Dowager of France, and written by Mary's own agitated hand, and dated "De ma prison" (Lochleven Castle), 1st Mai, 1568.

"Madame,

"I send to you by this bearer, and by the same opportunity I write to the king, your son. He (the bearer) will tell you more at length, for so closely am I watched that I have no leisure but while they dine or when they sleep, when I rise (i. e. to write by stealth), for their girls sleep with me—this bearer will tell you all. I implore you to credit him, and to recompense him, even as I would myself.

"I pray that both of you (viz., King Charles IX. and Queen Catherine) will have pity on me; for, if you do not take me by force, I shall never go from hence, of that I am sure; but, if you will please to send troops, all the Scotch will revolt against Mora and Mirton [Murray and Morton], if they have but the means of gathering themselves together.

"I entreat you will give belief to this bearer, and hold me in your good graces, and pray to God that—"

Here the letter of the fair Majesty of Scotland was abruptly concluded; perhaps some sigh or sleeping motion of one of the maidens, from whose side she had stolen to write it, made her extinguish her taper and return to bed; or perhaps the letter was cut short by a signal connected with her projected flight, for it is dated on the eve of her successful escape from Lochleven. She had previously made an abortive attempt to leave the castle in the disguise of the washerwoman who came to take away her linen, on which occasion her real quality was betrayed by the beauty and delicacy of the hand she raised to draw the hood and muffler closer to her face, and she was carried back. A full and very interesting detail of this adventure is given in the Appendix.

Mary's temperate and mild letter of remonstrance to Elizabeth, p. 107, is the last of those written from Bolton, where she was in the comparatively gentle keeping of the Lady Scrope, the sister of the Duke of Norfolk, whose romantic courtship of the captive queen commenced during that period. It was undoubtedly the discovery of their correspondence which induced Elizabeth to remove Mary to Tutbury, where she was placed under the harsh surveillance of the treacherous and unfeeling Countess of Shrewsbury, and her time-serving husband. A sadder and more painful interest darkens over Mary's letters from that period. The pangs of hope deferred, combined with the baleful effect of the noxious air and other discomforts of her abode, began to produce sickness of body as well as of mind.

#### *The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth.*

Madam my good sister, I know not what occasion I can have given to any of this company, or at least of your kingdom, that they should endeavour to persuade you (as it appears to me, by your letter) of a thing so distant from my thoughts, whereof my conduct has borne witness. Madam, I came to you in my trouble for succour and support, on the faith of the assurance that I might reckon upon you for every assistance in my necessity; and, for this reason,

I refrained from applying for any other aid to friends, relatives, and ancient allies ; relying solely upon your promised favour. I have never attempted, either by word or deed, aught to the contrary, and nobody can lay to my charge any thing against you. Still, to my unspeakable regret, I see my actions falsely represented and construed ; but I hope that God and time, the father of truth, will declare otherwise, and prove to you the sincerity of my intentions towards you.

In the mean time, I am treated so rigorously, that I cannot comprehend whence proceeds the extreme indignation which this demonstrates that you have conceived against me, in return for the confidence which I have placed in you, in preference to all other princes, and the desire I have shown to obtain your favour. I cannot but deplore my evil fortune, seeing you have been pleased not only to refuse me your presence, causing me to be declared unworthy of it by your nobles ; but also suffered me to be torn in pieces by my rebels, without even making them answer to that which I had alleged against them ; not allowing me to have copies of their false accusations, or affording me any liberty to accuse them. You have also permitted them to retire, with a decree in a manner absolving and strengthening them in this usurped so-called regency, and have thrown the blame upon me, and covertly condemned me without giving me a hearing, detained my ministers, caused me to be removed by force, without informing me what has been resolved upon respecting my affairs ; why I am to be transferred to another abode ; how long I am to remain there ; how I shall be treated there ; or for what reason I am confined, and all support and my requests refused.

All these things, along with other petty annoyances, such as not permitting me to receive news from my relatives in France, nor from my servants on my private necessities ; having in like manner anew interdicted all communication with Scotland,—nay, refused me leave to give any commission to one of my servants, or to send my letters by them, grieve me so sorely and make me to tell you the truth, so timid and irresolute, that I am at a loss how to act, nor can I resolve upon obeying so sudden an order to depart, without first receiving some news from my commissioners ; not that this place is a whit more agreeable than any other which you may be pleased to assign ; when you have made me acquainted with your good will towards me, and on what conditions.

Wherefore, madam, I entreat you not to think that I mean any offence, but a natural care which I owe to myself and my people, to which to know the end before disposing of myself so lightly, I mean voluntarily ; for I am in your power, and you can, in spite of me, command even the lowest of your subjects to sacrifice me without my being able to do any thing but appeal to God and you, for other support I have none ; and, thank God, I am not so silly as to suppose that any of your subjects concern themselves about the affairs of a poor, forlorn, foreign princess, who, next to God, seeks your aid alone, and, if my adversaries tell you any thing to the contrary, they are false and deceive you ; for I honour you as my elder sister, and, notwithstanding all the grievances above mentioned, I shall be ever ready to solicit, as of my elder sister, your friendship before that of any other. Would to God you would grant it me, and treat me as I should wish to deserve in your place ! When this shall come to pass, I shall be happy ; if not, God grant me patience, and you his grace ! And here I will humbly recommend myself to yours, praying God to grant you, madam, health and a long and a happy life.

From Boton, this xxii of January [1568-9].

Your very affectionate good sister and cousin,

MARY R.

There is this attractive feature in all the letters of Mary Queen of Scots—they are full of domestic traits, and the natural feelings of her heart. Trifles from her pen assume a grace, and delight us, because of the unaffected simpli-

city with which she writes. Then, too, it is impossible to forbear smiling at the feminine earnestness with which, in the midst of all her trouble and bitter mortifications, she requests grave ambassadors and learned ecclesiastics to procure for her patterns of dresses, silks the handsomest and rarest that are worn at Paris; new fashions of head-dresses from Italy, and veils and ribbons of gold and silver (see vol. i., p. 198-9). Again, at p. 209, she says, "If M. the Cardinal de Guise, my uncle, is gone to Lyons, I am sure he will send me a couple of pretty little dogs; and you must buy me two more, for, besides writing and work, I take pleasure only in all the little animals that I can get. You must send them in baskets, that they may be kept very warm."

One of the most beautiful letters in this collection occurs vol. i., p. 113; it is written by the unfortunate queen to the Archbishop of Glasgow, on the death of her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and affords a touching example of Christian resignation under the most poignant affliction.

*The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow.*

From Sheffield, 20th February [1575].

Monsieur de Glascow, I am much astonished that, on so melancholy an event, I have neither received information nor consolation from you. I cannot attribute this to any thing but the extreme sorrow you feel for the loss I have sustained; yet, God be praised, if he sends me afflictions, he has, thus far, given me grace to support them. Though I cannot, at the first moment, command my feelings, or prevent the tears that will flow, yet my long adversity has taught me to hope for consolation for all my afflictions in a better life. Alas! I am a prisoner, and God has bereft me of one of those persons whom I most loved; what shall I say more? He has bereft me, at one blow, of my father and my uncle: I shall now follow, whenever He pleases, with less regret; but yet, instead of comforting me, do not distress yourself too much on my account, lest I might be deprived of a good and faithful servant, which, I feel assured, I have in you.

I have made some new regulations, as you will see, but merely with the intention of investing you with the power of providing for those legacies which are most urgent. I beg and command you to accept the charge without any hesitation, and to attend to my affairs, and do your utmost, that I may, in every thing, be strictly obeyed. There are some moneys which you will oblige by seeing to it that my treasurer collects. For the rest, you will be made acquainted with the subject by my said instructions, and by what I have commanded your brother to write to you; for, as you may perceive by the marks on this, it is painful to me to write on this subject. I had no need to be told of this event; as I had a frightful dream, from which I awoke fully convinced of that which was subsequently confirmed. I beg you will write me a particular account of every thing, and if he spoke of me before his death, for that would be a consolation to me.

I send you a letter to be delivered to the King, M. my good brother, in which I recommend you to him. Hasten the departure of Nau, for I can do nothing respecting my accounts without him. Send me the head-dresses from Poissy, and other things as soon as you can, and be sure to remind the king and the queen of my affairs, the more so as I have need of their favour and assistance; and comfort for me, if you can, madame my grandmother, my uncle M. the cardinal, and my aunt, and tell me all the news respecting them, which I pray God may be good, that he may have you in his holy keeping.

You will inform Lord Farnhers that I have heard of his arrival over there, and shall be glad to render him any service, as also to Haumenes and Hakerston, to whom I shall write on the arrival of my secretary; meanwhile, I shall not forget them.

Your very good mistress and friend,

MARY R.

I beg you to follow up the affair of the priory, of which I before wrote to you, with my cousin de Fescaut, as you did with monsieur, the late cardinal, my uncle. I have written a few words to him, which you must deliver, and beg him to let me know his decision, and let me know, as speedily as possible, what answer he gives. Send Nau to me without delay.

I had forgotten to beg you to stand sponsor, in my name, for M. Duvergier's infant; if it is a boy, name him after yourself—if a girl, Antoinette. You are acquainted with the custom, and that the present and the money must be given in the chamber, in the usual manner. A chain for the waist, and another for the neck, of a moderate price, must serve for the present. I forgot to tell you that I wrote to you some time ago, begging you to assist the good Lady Seyton in her affairs, with my name and interest; but I have been told you never received those letters. I, however, trust these few words will suffice for this purpose of recommendation, and I am sure that you will exert yourself so readily, that I shall not have occasion to repeat my request; remember me to her, and let her be paid agreeably to what you will perceive to be my intention in the memorandum.

A farewell letter, p. 106, is addressed by Mary to Mendoza, from Fotheringhay Castle, after Lord Blackhurst and Beal had announced to her that sentence of death had been pronounced against her; this is, perhaps, the most interesting of all she has written. "Yesterday," she says, "they took down my canopy, saying 'that I was no more than a dead woman, and without any rank.' They are at present working in my hall—erecting the scaffold, I suppose, whereon I am to perform the last act of this tragedy." But not so promptly was the *coup-de-grace* to be dealt to the royal victim, who was doomed to take a lengthened draught of the bitterness of death during the three gloomy months which intervened between the publication of her sentence and its execution. Her letter to Mendoza, dated November 23d, 1586, was written under the impression that she would be summoned to the scaffold in a few hours. She bequeaths to him a precious legacy in these words, p. 109: "You will receive from me, as a token of my remembrance, a diamond, which I have held very dear, having been given to me by the late Duke of Norfolk, as a pledge of his troth, and I have always worn it as such. Keep it for my sake."

After the samples that have been given of this interesting and beautiful correspondence it will be unnecessary to add any commendation of a work that speaks so admirably for itself, and which must be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions to historical literature that has ever issued from the press.

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#### THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.\*

THE author of this work has inscribed upon its opening page the names of his two youthful daughters, to whom he presents the tale. It is a fitting and graceful offering; being a story well adapted to charm the young, and well worthy of their acceptance, by its vivid portrayal of the style and manner prevalent in England a century ago, by its animated pictures of struggling and generous affection, of

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\* The Miser's Daughter. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 3 vols.

filial love under grievous trials, of honest devotion in servitude, of grateful and unfaltering fidelity; and then on the darker side, of flip-pant and idle folly, ending in disappointment, of vicious intrigue foiled, of spendthrift knavery exposed, of sordid and miserable avarice eating away the heart, and working its own misery in that of others.

These are subjects which embrace a large view of human life, and enable the writer to fulfil many of the objects of the moralist without writing a moral essay in chapters. The tone of the story, though it has its startling and romantic situations, its deep tragic passion, and its exhibitions of melancholy depravity, is upon the whole extremely cheerful and winning, and calculated to put the world in good humour with itself. One cause of this result is, that the virtues are here painted with manliness and sincerity; there is nothing mawkish in them; nothing of that intolerable heartlessness and affectation which so often make good people in books so lackadaisical, and set us wishing for the knaves and villains to be always on the scene. Nor are the knaves and villains here painted blacker than they need to be. Where the shade of vice and treachery is of a deep dye, the influences which have darkened it are truly shown, and nature is therefore never outraged for the sake of a convenient effect.

The plot, which clears up from the interesting and the mysterious into the simple, is skilfully constructed. The characters are many without overcrowding the scene, the majority of them belonging to comedy. Indeed many parts of this story carry us quite back into a past age. We move amidst the frolics and fashions of Ranelagh, we are rowed away into the folly on the Thames, we breathe the same air with Kitty Conway the actress, we scent the essences of Beau Villiers, and take "snush" out of the borrowed box of his incomparable valet. It is a merit in the plot, not a common one, that there is but one action going on, that the rapidly occurring incidents all tend to the same point, and that every character is more or less an agent in carrying on the design.

This story will perhaps be more popular than any of Mr. Ainsworth's writings. It has one quality in common with his other tales; he never appears upon the stage himself. His close, clear, distinct narrative, and his characters entering into full and explicit dialogue (this is carried sometimes to a faulty extent), tell the whole tale and work out the author's purpose—amusement, moral and all. There is perhaps not a line in these volumes in the way of observation or reflection by the writer, or that does not actually belong to the story. The stream of fiction flows continually on, and bears the reader, be its course rough or smooth, with it. The illustrations, by George Cruikshank, partake of the animation, vigour, and picturesque grouping of the pages they so beautifully embellish.

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THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MORE NEWS FROM CHINA.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. IV.

*To Mr. Abel Dottin, Grocer, Manchester.*

Dear Brother,

A violent cold having flown to my chest, I am too ill to enjoy retorting and retaliating, and which must plead my apology for not recriminating at more length. As such you must excuse my not resenting sereatim every point in your last letter, and making you thoroughly ashamed of yourself and your unnatural sentiments. I allude particularly to your taking refuge as an Uncle in the character of a Pawnbroker, and declining loans to your nearest ties, except on the usual sharking terms of those moral monsters. But trade hardens every thing. It teaches to adulterate our genuine feelings with sordid ingredients, and to weigh the just claims of consanguinity in scales that are any thing but correct.

Gracious heavens! where *is* a sister or a nevy to look up to for assistance if needful, but to a rich connexion without chick or child, rolling in wealth; and where I venture to say, every shilling he advances will be to his everlasting credit! O, Brother, consider your nevy's propinquity! Your sister's own son—and if ever a youth exhibited a decided propensity to get elevated, its him. I do hope, therefore, you will reflect before you shirk one so likely to redound upon you as dear Gus. Already by his native genius, improved by talent, he has arrived at a pitch of splendour to which few sons rise in the East; and of course the greater his eminence and prosperity, the more he will reflect on his relations. To be sure, if a nevy was going down in the world instead of up, some people might feel justified in backing him with a cold shoulder; but where he promises wealth, affluence, and opulence, rank, title, and dignity, to cut one's own flesh and blood, must be perfect infatuation! And suppose a little pecunery assistance *was* necessary to his exaltation, ought the laudable heights of his ambition to be chilled and snowed upon by a cold calculating passimony,



and let him be arrested on the high-road to fame and fortune, for want of a trifle, as I may say, to pay the gates? What's a paltry 50*l.* for such a figure in China! And that dear Gus has turned out a phenomenon, is plain from his own account. So great a rise in life of course demands a corresponding study of appearances,—but as transpires, poor fellow, from his letter, he has lost all his linen and clothes. Such a misfortune must and shall be remedied, whatsoever shifts I may have to make, or if I strip myself to my last dividend. For I presume even *you* would not wish your nevy to be a General without a shirt, or a Colonel without inexpressibles, and especially when he has attracted, as I may say, the Eyes of Europe. A nevy who may some day have to be sculptured, collossially, and set up on a prancing charging horse, over a triumphant arch.

But some people may treat such a picture as chimerical, though quite as wonderful metamorphoses have come down to us. Look at Boneyparte, who at first was only an engineer officer, like Mr. Braidwood, and yet came to be Emperor of the French. Or look at Washington, who from a common American soldier rose to be king of the whole republic! For my own part I will say for my son, it has been my constant aim to instil genius into him, morning, noon and night, and to cultivate a genteel turn for either the army, or the navy, or the church. The last, I own, would have been most congenial to my maternal wishes, for besides the safety of a pulpit, a soldier or a sailor when peace comes, is a moral non-entity, but there is no peace in the church. However dear Gus would never hear of a shovel hat and a silk apron, and especially at the present time, when, as I understand, the clergy is to go back to their ancient, antiquated costume, and put on their old-fashioned rubrics. As to the law, he never could abide a chancellor's wig and gown, and indeed always showed a perfect antipathy to any thing legal. So far, then, the Chinese war was a blessing, and all has turned out for the best; for dear Gus has attained to martial glory, quite unusual at his age, and if a parent may predict, will some day be made a peer of, like Wellington, and hand himself down to posterity with his family arms.

In the mean time I have packed up for him a dozen ready-made shirts, together with such money as I could scrape up, namely four sovereigns, a sum, alas! which will fall far short of his Pekin expectations, and certainly not enough to let him see any great capital. In fact he names fifty pounds as the very smallest minimum for supporting the honour of his country at the Chinese court, and which most people will consider as very moderate terms. I do hope, therefore, when such a trifle is in the case and so much at stake, you will kindly contrive to make it up, or if cash is inconvenient, by an accommodation bill or a creditable letter to some banking-house abroad. As to security, my own U. O. I. would, I trust, be sufficient between relatives, or if you preferr'd, dear Gus would no doubt be agreeable to your taking out the amount in tea or Chinese fans, or nid-noddin mandarins, or any other articles you might fancy. In which case you *can* be no loser, but will enjoy the satisfaction of putting forward a shining branch that will greatly add to our family lustre.

How he escaped from such awful Waterloo work as he described is a perfect miracle. The mere perusal almost turned my whole mass

of blood, and made me feel as if poked and stabbed in every fibre, and squibbed and rocketted besides. Indeed war seems from his picture to be a combination of storm, total eclipse, the great earthquake that should have been, and the fifth of November. It follows that dear Gus must have been specially preserved from such a concatenation for some brilliant destiny, which it would be a sin in us to frustrate by any scrimp measures. I do beg and hope, therefore, to hear from you with the needful, by return of post, in which case I remain, dear Brother,

Your affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BUDGE.

Wisbech, 17th November, 1842.

No. V.

Dear Mother,

As I expected in my last, I have at length set foot in the Chinese empire, and am at this moment writing from Chew-shew, a regular Celestial village, though not to be found perhaps on the Celestial globe. However it is a pleasant place enough, and would be pleasanter if our quartermaster had not quartered me with a wholesale breeder of black beetles, for a great Soy manufactory in the neighbourhood—a hint which I suppose will set your face and stomach for the future against that soy-disant sauce. However, here is the process from the Chinese receipt. First fatten your beetles on as much pounded rice as they will eat. Then mash the insects to a paste, which must be slowly boiled in a strong decoction of Spanish liquorice. Strain the liquor carefully, and bottle it, well corked, for English use.

Since my last we have had several brushes with the natives, whose first attempt was to make a bonfire of us in the river, having agreed to a truce for the purpose. In fact a regular gunpowder plot; but such traitors are sure to split amongst themselves, and one of them gave our commander the office the day before. At first the report was treated as a bam. However, after dark, as soon as the tide turned, down came the fire-raft with the ebb, and if the pigtails had been content with a business-like flare-up of combustibles and destructibles, might have played old gooseberry with our ship. But the Chinese are famous for their pirotechnics, in which they take the shine out of Madame Hengler herself, so their vanity could not resist a little show off in the fancy line, to accompany their infernal machine. Accordingly, instead of the raft drifting quietly down on us, with a length of slow-match proportioned to the distance, we were warned of it two miles off by a shower of outlandish squibbs and crackers and serpents, cutting away in all directions, and then forming themselves into Chinese characters, one of them standing, as the pilot told us, for a certain very hot place. Of course we soon shifted our birth, and let the fire-raft drive clear of us, which soon after blew up in the shape of a great fiery dragon with a blazing tail, twisting to a point like a red-hot corkscrew, and spitting a volley of blue zigzaggy lightning darting out of its mouth. It was a splendid sight, beating the grand Vauxhall finales, or the Surrey Zoological, all to sticks—and except in one little accident a very satisfactory performance.

In the hurry of shifting the ship, the Chinese wash-boats that were fastened astern of her were all cut adrift, and getting entangled

with the raft, our damp linen was terribly over-aired. Being the first wash after the voyage from England, my whole stock, unfortunately, was in the tub—shirts, trowsers, stockings, in short, every thing—so that what I am to do for a change I know not, unless I can turn my blanket into a flannel waistcoat, and my sheets into a pair of ducks. A queer sort of toggery to exhibit in to the Brother of the Sun and Moon and the Imperial Family at Peking. To be sure I have since obtained a few laurels, and if they were real ones might go to court as a Jack in the Green—but no, the thing is beyond a joke, and I do hope that on the receipt of this my dear mother will immediately forward a dozen shirts (fine ones mind) to her dear Gus. For trowsers, the climate being warm, I can perhaps make shift, *à la* Highlander, but the shirts are indispensable, and may be sent to the care of John Shearing, Esquire, Star Coffee-house, Drury-lane, who is coming out with the first reinforcements and supplies.

Having mentioned my laurels, you will naturally wish to know where they were picked. After the fire-raft business our commanders resolved in a council of war to waste no more time in chaffing, but to commence uncivil operations and do the offensive. So we were all disembarked, soldiers, sailors, and marines, and after a skirmish or two brought the enemy to a regular stand-up fight, at a place called Kow-Tan. They were in great force, and opened a smart fire on us from their matchlocks and field artillery, which are small swivels fastened on camels' backs, but are frequently so overloaded that the recoil tears off the poor animal's hump. On our side we had lots of howitzers that kept shelling out their bombs and grapnels like fun.

Our right was composed of the marines, and our centre of the regulars, but we had no left at all on account of a swamp. The sailors were the reserve, only, as usual, they would not reserve themselves, but ran off helter-skelter to a Chinese castle, which they took by boarding. In the mean time Captain Pidding got possession of a tea-grove towards Howqua, while Twining's company captured a magazine containing about 20,000 pounds of fine gunpowder, and immediately opened a discharge of canisters, that made regular Mincing-lanes through the main body of the Teatollers. My own post was with a cloud of skirmishers that was pushed forward to enfilade our artillery, while it made a reconnoissance—but I do not pretend to describe all the manœuvres of our army, like the moves at a game of chess. Some eyewitnesses, I know, profess to have seen every thing in an action, right and left, back and front, and in the middle, as clear as the figures of a quadrille, but which is very different to my notion and experience of a battle. To my mind it is more like a turn-up in London, where you are too much engaged with your own customers to attend to what goes on over the way, or at the other end of the street,—not to forget the dust and smother, for the guns and cannons, as yet, are not obliged by Act of Parliament to consume their own smoke. To give a clear idea of it, just fancy yourself in a London fog, so thick that you can only see your two next files. Well, by and by, the right-hand one, after cutting an extraordinary caper, suddenly drops and rolls out of sight into the fog, and when you look rather anxiously for your left-hand man, you see Tom Brown instead of Jack Robinson. The next minute you throw a summerset yourself over a log or a dead corporal, you cannot

see which, and then plunge with your head into the big drum, or perhaps on a dismounted cannon, with a crash that makes you see all the gaslights in London in one focus. Of course, you're insensible for a bit till your refreshed with a kick or a stab, and then you revive again about as cool and collected as a gentleman waking suddenly, at midnight, to a storm of thunder and lightning, a smother of smoke, a strong smell of fire, and a burglar or two at his bedside. All you see distinctly is some sort of bright picked-pointed instrument within an inch of your eye, which of course you parry off by natural instinct, and then going to work at random, cut and thrust right and left with your sword, or pike, or bayonet into the darkness visible, which goes into something soft, and comes back red and dripping. That's to say, if you have good luck: if not, you get a slash or a poke yourself, from some person or persons unknown, in your throat, or your chest, or your stomach, or wherever you like. However, for this once you win first blood—so on you go groping, stumbling, poking, parrying, and coughing, when you've time for it, and winking if you can't help it, the flashes increasing like blazes, the smother getting thicker and thicker, and the noise louder and louder,—so that you don't know you've been cheering except by getting hoarse and short of wind. No matter, on you push, or are pushed, into the cloud, till at last you dimly see a sort of Ombre Shinois dodging before you, that suddenly turns to a real Tartar, painted and dressed up to look like a Bengal Tiger, and flourishing a great double-edged sword in each of his fore-paws. Of course it's kill or be killed, so at it you go, like Carter and his wild beasts, only in right down earnest, two or three more Tigers joining in, clash slash, and the sparks flying as thick as in a smith's forge, or at a Terrific Combat at the Surrey or the Wells. Such a shindy is too hot to last, and, accordingly, if you're alive at the end of two jiffies, the chance is that you find yourself making quite a melodramatic Tableau—namely, your bloody sword in one hand, a Chinese pigtail in the other, and four or five weltering Tartars lying round your feet!

What followed I hardly know, my head seeming to spin like Harlequin's; but I am told that I performed prodigies of pluck, and which, if you do not read of in the despatches, must be laid to the envy and jealousy of our Top Sawyers and the Commander-in-chief.

The pigtails, to do the handsome, behaved with great coolness, many of them fanning themselves with their great fans in the heat of the action. But, as usual, 'European tactics prevailed over want of discipline; and the barbarians having both their wings broken were obliged to fly. The slaughter was prodigious—our mortars playing like bricks, and the flying artillery dropping their tumbrils with beautiful precision into the thick of the mob. The sword and bayonet, as we may suppose, were not idle, but indulged in lots of "sticks and strikes," as Miss Martineau says, at the expense of the Chinese, and turned a great many of their flanks. The swag is immense: including the enemy's military-chest, and the key of their position, which is of solid gold, and first-rate workmanship, and is to be sent home to England for presentation to the Queen.

The loss on the English side was trifling; only one man belonging to our ship being killed,—a London Billsticker who had volunteered

with the Expedition, to get a sight, as he said, of the great Chinese Wall.

Well, after the battle was over, we turned, as the song says, from Lions into Lambs, sparing all such as made signs for quarter, only marking them, by cutting off their tails, as being under British protection. A good many of the natives were also chevied after, and humanely hunted back to their homes, though some of our fellows, it must be owned, preferred breaking into the villas and Joss-houses in search of the silver, and got plenty of tin, besides Poo-Choos, Joo-ees, and the like. Mister Augustus for his share only getting a fiddling little Ye-Yin, *alias* a Kit. The truth is, I was too much interested in going after a poor little stray Chinese. From the marks, it was evidently very young, and unaccompanied, and the mere idea of a lost child in such a vast empire of China, would have engaged the commonest humanity in the task; the country, besides being full of swamps and canals, and hundreds of uncovered wells, into which, in its headlong terror, it might plunge. My heart turned sick at the very thought, and made me the more eager to overtake the youngster, while fancy painted the delightful scene of restoring it uninjured to its distracted parents. But fear had lent wings to the little feet which I tracked, with Indian-like perseverance, by the prints in the mud and sand,—on, and on, and on, but alas! without a glimpse of the fugitive. Scared by the thunder of our artillery, it had probably flown for miles, and I had almost given up all hope, when the trail, as Cooper calls it, led me to the edge of a paddy-ground (or rice-field) where I caught sight of something crouching down amongst the herbage. You may guess with what eagerness I dashed in and made a grab at her blue-satin, when, suddenly jumping up to bolt, the poor child turned out to be her own mother, or at least a full-sized Chinawoman, but with the little tiny feet of an English two-year-old. Still, being a female in distress, I tried to comfort and encourage her—no easy job for a foreign Barbarian, as black as a sweep with gunpowder, as ragged as a beggar with slashing and fencing and jabbering all his compliments and consolations in an unknown tongue. So as chaffing was of no use, I was compelled to active measures—but the more I tried to save her the more the little catty package clawed me with what I can only compare to human tenpenny nails. However, I made shift to carry her off to the nearest house, which proved to be either her own or a friend's; for she flung herself into the arms of a fat elderly Chinaman, who met us at the door. The old fellow, whether husband or father, was very civil, and seemed to twig my motives much better than the lady: for after a little telegraphing, he politely set before me a regular Chinese feast, namely a saucer full of candied garden-worms, a cold boiled bird's-nest, and a basin of addled eggs, making signs besides, that if I would wait for one being killed, I should have a dish of dead dog. All being intended on his part to do the handsome and the grateful in return for my services—but which, as virtue is its own reward, I declined.

Our victory at Kow-Tan, it is thought, will end the war, so that before you are much older, you may look, my dear mother, to see

Your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS BUDGE.

P.S.—I re-open my letter to say that a Treaty of Peace has been signed at Nankin. It remains to be seen whether the English nation will be satisfied with the terms, but they were the best we could get—namely, the Chinese are all to turn Christians, and to pay off our National Debt. Of course there will be Illuminations in London, and at Peking there is to be a grand Feast of Lanterns, to which the Emperor has invited our Commander-in-chief, with such officers as he may name; and I am proud and happy to say I am set down rather high in the list. So to say nothing of promotion at home, which may be booked, I am sure of something handsome from the Brother of the Sun and Moon, who, like those celestial relatives, is famous for tipping with gold and silver. But a little of the ready, say fifty pounds at the very lowest, will be absolutely needful in the mean time, if I am to keep up my rank at the Chinese Court. In such a case I know *you* will grudge nothing, and perhaps Uncle Abel will come down, in whole or in part. *But pray do remember that the money must be had*, and may be forwarded through the same channel as the shirts.

## No. VI.

*To Mrs. Budge, Wisbech.*

Dear Sister,

Your last of the 17 Instant came duly to hand And am sorry to note you are too poorly for ill feeling which in course I can excuse. In such a case being loath to aggravate, shall confine myself to Matters of Facts which being unanswerable will save you the trouble of a Reply. Otherwise I should have considered my duty to set you to rites and partickly on the subje<sup>x</sup> of Trade and Tradesmen and their adulteratin and use of short waits. As to which a honest man, altho he is a grocer, may be a fare dealer and have as nice senses of honners in his trade, as a Lord or a Duke who has no Bisness whatever in the world. Thats my feeling, and on my own Private Account beg to say so fur from aproving of fraudulent Practises if so be I thought my Skales was cheatin I would kick the beam. Concerning which I may remark that some people who considder themselves Gentry such as Bankers toppin Merchants and the like contrive to have false Bal'ances without any Skales at all. So much for your flings at trade tho I do not care a Fig, nor even a whole Drum of them for sich reflexions. Praps if my Nevy had been put erly in life to the same Bisness he mite by this time have been rollin in Welth as well as his Uncle, which however I ant. The times is too up hill and money too scarce for any sich opperation. But at any rate he mite have reallized a little Mint instead of his Sprigs of Lawril of which I advise to inquire the vally at Common Garden. But that comes of your genteel notions of a polite bringin up and which nothin would satisfy more humbler then a Lord Chancellor, or a Bishop, or a Field Martial. In my yunger days the sons of limmitted Widders with narrer incums had no sich capital choices, or my own Muther would certanely have preferred me in a silk apon to a dowlus, and a clericle shovel hat to a shockin bad un with the brim turned up all round. Not to name a military hat on full cock and very full fledged with fethers. Also a fine scarlet or blew uniform with goold lace



down my unexpresibles, in loo of a pair of cordray Shorts meant for longs, as well as shabby, with a scrimp Jackit that praps objected to meet them on that account. As for linnin, its enuff to say my Muther hardly thort it wurth markin, and never numbered it at all. As regards which its my opinnion if you ever see dear Gus again you are more likely to see a shurt without a General than a General without a shurt. But its the prevailing fashion nowadays for every Boddy to aspire above their stashuns, or at any rate to pass off their humbleness under some high flown name. For exampel John Burril of our place, who I overheard the other day calling himself the Architect of his own fortune, and he's only a little Bilder.

But as I said above I am not going pint by pint through your faver, but to convey certain perticlurs as follows. When I received yours of said date I was jist on the eve of startin off by the railway on urgent business to the metropulus. So I had only time to put your letter in my pockit-book, which will explane my ansering it from this place, namely the Gorge and Vulture, High Holborn—N.B. and prepaid beforehand. Being seven year since my last visit to London and my first regular holliday, it apeared not altogether incumpatible to treat myself for once to the play, which was Theatre Royal Drury Lane, at three shillings ahead to the pit, the front row next the Musick. The peace was King John, another exampel you will say of a hard harted Uncle and a neglected Navy, and as such a theatricle slap in somebody's face. But beggin pardon it seams to me that the account between such relashunships have never been correctly stated nor the claims of the junior party fairly made out. A Father is a father with his own consent and concurrants and therefore only responsibel as I may say for hisown Acceptance—but an Unkle is made such willynilly whether he's agreeable or not, as is partickly hard on a single Batcheler who not wanting children at all, is obligated to have them at second hand in the shapes of Nevies and Neeces. As such I could not help simperthisin with King John, with a plaguy Navy of a Prince Arthur, and an unreasonable Muther, always harping, like somebody else on her son, her son, her son, and to be sure when she did kick up a dust it was a hot one, like ground pepper and ginger! However the second act being over, I stud up and looked round, as usual, to have a survey of the House and the cumpany when lo and behold whom should I see about three rows off in the pit, whom but dear Gus himself!—your preshus Son and my identical Navy,—who ought by rites at that very moment to have been at Canton in Chiney! What I said or did in my surprise I don't know, but the hole House, Boxes Pit and Gallery, bust out in a loud roar of horse lauffing which to my humbel capacity was any thing but a propper display of feelin at such juvenile dpravity. However I scrambled over the Benshes without ceremunny and had well nigh apprehendid him when a genteel blaggard thumpt down my bran new bever right over my bridge of my Nose and afore I could get it up agin, both scoundrils includin dear Gus had made off. Still I mite praps have ketchd him except for a new Police but more like an old Fool, who insistid on detainin me to know my particklers of my Loss. Why then says I it's 30 pound, a new hat and a navy, but as he had seen none of them took he declined to interfere. I mite have added to my minuses the best part of the Play, which of course I could not set out

but returned to the Gorge and Vulture to engage a sleepless bed for the night. But not being bed time I set down to answer your favour, on referring to which put me in mind to inquire of his friend sum Reprobate of course at the Coffee shop in Drury Lane and the same being handy instead of the letter I posted off myself and asked if Mr. Shearing was known at the House. Which he was. So I was showed into the Coffee room, into a privet box and sure enuf there he were—not his friend but himself, havin only used the other name for an Alibi. However there he were, with a siggar in his mouth and a glass of Negus afore him which I indignently drunk up myself and then demandid an account of his misconduct, Errers not Excepted. Which he give. So the long and the short is he made a full Confession whereby it appears insted of goin abroad he was never out of London at least not further then Hyde Park Corner to a Chinees Exhibition and where he pickt up his confounded Long Tungs and Slang Wangs and Swan Pans and every attum he knows of them infurnal Celestials.

As mite be expected his Cash including my £30 was all squandered mostly I suppose for bottles of wine and smoke,—and such little desideratums. His goold watch went a month ago—and the bullocks trunks as I predicted grew out of his own Head. So much for a shinin character and a Genus above the common. As such you will soon have dear Gus on your own hands agin, at Wisbech, where if Uncles may advise as well as contribit he will be placed with some steddly tradesman to lern a bisness, Unless praps you prefer him to have an Appintment in the next Expedition to Bottany Bay. With which I remain, dear Sister,

Your loving Brother,

ABEL DOTTIN.

London. November the 28th, 1842.

P.S. I did hope to save the new Shurts, out of the fire. But to use his own words they are Spouted and he have lost the Ticket.

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## A LATE TOUR IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

“THEY are, indeed, a lovely pair,” said I, when the dining-room door had closed upon good, quiet Mrs. Sharpson and her elderly maiden sister, and with the intimation that coffee would be ready in half an hour, we had been left alone with our glasses and nut-crackers.

“Yes, they are, indeed, a most lovely pair!”

But the rapturous remark was not applied (I am ashamed to say) to the two reserved and respectable ladies who had just quitted the room. It was addressed, with considerable fervour of emphasis, to a pair of small pictures which smiled upon me in a favourable light from the opposite wall, as I drew my chair to the left-side of the fire to match the position of Sharpson on the right.

“You were devouring them all dinner-time,” said he, “and your hunger doesn’t appear to be in the least abated. What is it you see in them? They are but sketches, you know.”



"What do I see in them? Form, colour, elevated grace, ideal beauty, sublime simplicity, and power. The girl there, with her patches of loose drapery which the wandering air of heaven might blow about as it listeth, was born under a loftier and lovelier star than the conscious wearer of the rarest laces and satins which Chalon ever took pains to paint. The old woman, on the other bit of canvass, may have been Phocion's mother, or a sibyl, or an empress by divine right. There she sits; whether on an old oak-tree root, or in a carved-chair, or on a broken column amidst the ruins of an empire, I can't make out; the scene may be a tangled wood, a wild moor, or a castle hall; but she is sitting on a throne braver than Cleopatra's. What wondrous riches may not the fancy work out of that endless mine, the Obscure! How captivating and ethereal are the beauties which art, pausing in her elaborate work, only ventures to indicate by a magic touch!

"Sketches!" I continued—"yes, verily as you say, these things before us are but sketches—yet they are perfection. The imagination of the painter has outstripped his hand—the genius has been too quick and subtle for the mechanical process—a grand effect flashes out of utter darkness upon the searching eye, kindling and rewarding the sensibilities of the inquirer—and art, not satisfied indeed, yet charmed, hazarded no further effort, but dropped her useless tools. Wise distrust, or if you will inspired laziness, of the painter, that refused to finish the designs! Great master of the rare art to forbear! Here, in this splendid smear, and again in that dazzling smudge, we discern all that his soul contemplated, and possibly much more than his skill, exercised for half an age, could have expressed."

"Ay, ay," said Sharpson, quietly cracking a walnut, "you needn't tell me, I know all about it. Times and places are every thing to people who set themselves up as oracles upon art. The things they were in raptures with yesterday, are daubs to-day; and the same picture which if sold as trash amidst the lumber of an old farmhouse, or the rubbish of a country-inn, they wouldn't bid three-farthings for, they would hold to be deuced fine and cheap at three hundred pounds if they saw it in the Grosvenor collection! I know all about it. Take some wine, and then push it this way."

As I well knew my old companion was always a little sarcastic upon any exhibition of enthusiasm—for this reason, perhaps, that he had himself, between the ages of fifteen and fifty, experienced at least a dozen fits of enthusiasm in relation to as many arts or pursuits—book-collecting at one time, picture-seeking at another, and moth-catching at a third,—learned in horses now, deep in experimental chemistry next year, and then engineering more eagerly still,—over the ankles in gardening to-day, and up to the neck in farming to-morrow; aware, I say, that his life had been one successive scene of enthusiastic fits, and that his present cue was to deride enthusiasm and to doubt its sincerity, I was not in the least offended at his sarcastic tone, and the smile delicately edged with a sneer that followed his remark.

"What!" I exclaimed; "you astonish me beyond expression. You, the possessor of those masterly sketches, to disparage them! to doubt their effects! to suppose their beauty may be before the eye and not seen, presented to the sense and not felt! For my own part, had I met them on the plains of Hindostan, I had worshipped them."

"Had you met them," returned Sharpson, pushing back the port, "at an old rag-shop in Leather-lane, with 'for sale, seven-and-six-pence' chalked upon their sublimity; had you seen them hanging upon the whitewashed walls of the Stag's Head, amidst portraits of winning horses and prize oxen, with samplers by youthful human prodigies more astonishing still—you should have examined them for an hour without discovering a beauty. The fat heifer weighing one-tenth of Smithfield-market, or the correct likeness of Mr. Smash's blood-mare 'Bolt,' you would regard with some interest, and forgive the villanous picture in consideration of its being what it professes to be. But the sublime and beautiful in my sketches, would never have flashed out upon you from those obscure walls. Expecting nothing poetical in so unlikely a nook, you would discern no genius on the smeared canvass; you would think them the *failures* of the man who painted the sign outside the house; and would either laugh at the absurd beginnings for their downright burlesque, or scorn them for the impudence of their pretension. I'll trouble you for the salt."

"And you really think that *I* should—I, who—"

"You, who go to the exhibition every year, and drop into the National Gallery or the Dulwich once in three, or as often as a sight-seeing relation from the country comes scrambling about London. You needn't tell me, I know all about it. I never yet acquired knowledge enough on any subject to feel myself quite sure of being in the right, but I have gone sufficiently deep into many to be certain that other people are in the wrong. On this one subject, in particular, they know nothing. When I speak of *you*, I mean the world—you can't be offended if you have your fellow-creatures on your side, and I freely make you a present of them."

"But," I urged, "your argument carries you further than you intended, and lands you in a palpable error; for it supposes a general want of that sense of the beautiful, and that strong perception of some particular features of it, which so far from being a rarity in society is a general characteristic. You will hardly deny that very ordinary persons, whatever they may think of their own faces, are not blind to the good looks of others—that a common impression is produced on a common crowd by the sight of a handsome woman—that the stupidest starers find something to gaze upon when the moonlight silvers a pile of ancient buildings—and that the vulgar when they glance round a rich summer-landscape, or behold a magnificent sea-view, have a touch of the universal joy and refinement produced by the universal inspirer, the Presence of Beauty."

"Yes, and if art were only what you seem to consider it, I should be silent; but their appreciation of handsome faces and moonlit buildings, is all they carry with them into picture-galleries. Hence their understanding ends where the imaginative in art begins, and their feelings are alone interested by what is literal and exact. The most correct and best made-out pieces charm them most. The most vulgar and rigid copy is to their eyes most like the original. They see the likeness of the handsome face, and a miniature view of the woody mountain—they comprehend them, and are satisfied. Their little souls expand to receive the commonplace. My fine sketches there would be rare hieroglyphics to the good shilling-paying people."

"And yet," I responded, "the best artists are always the most admired. Some inferior ones may, from adventitious circumstances, obtain patronage in high places, but they do not command, even with this advantage, the popular voice. Whose names are most familiar to the public mouth? The names which the highest talent has made memorable. Around what pictures in an exhibition are the largest and most admiring crowds collected? The pictures which high talent has made glorious."

"Fashion," returned Sharpson, "holds sway more or less in every thing, and crowds beget crowds. Besides, there are some kinds of power which, employed on certain subjects, will always interest even the dull herd. But rarely indeed, save under the influence of fashion and flock-following, do the dull herd seek pasturage on the eminences of art. They prefer to leave the 'fair mountain' to 'batten on this moor,' where their low spirits are quite at home. Of course they do not go away without getting a glimpse of the pictures, the frames at all events, to which great names are attached; because they are aware that in the cant of the 'circle' in which they move, be it wide or narrow, they are required to take part; and they are alive to the necessity of falling into ecstasies, whether the present performances of those leading artists be exquisite or so-so. But it is the commonplace that in reality enchants them—the portrait of a lady, the kitten with the ball of cotton, the intolerable hamper of game, the detestable bunch of flowers, and the execrable basket of fruit."

"That such execrables are yearly exhibited in sundry places is admitted; but you are not thence to assume that they are admired—"

"I prove it," interposed Sharpson, "when I prove that they are painted. Artists, good and bad, work for the market. The great painter, indeed, *may* find a liberal purchaser for his work; but the profound Incapable is almost *sure* of a customer. Why, what becomes of the hundreds of odious outrages annually sent forth! Do you think they are burned? *They are bought*. Somewhere shines the sun upon their horrible varnish, and some poor wretches' eyes have daily to endure the sight of them."

"Nay, if they are bought," cried I, "they cease to be atrocities. They instantly acquire a moral glow that gives a mellowing tone to their flaring hues—they are wrapt in a poetry of sentiment that redeems them from contempt. The act of purchase seals their pretensions as valuable works of art, and the 'thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' an heirloom on the walls of its owner."

"You substantiate the charge with which I started!" exclaimed Sharpson, upsetting his glass. "I said you judged of a picture by the wall on which it hung."

"The *owner* of it often does; but I have no pictures, and am a disinterested witness. It is the owner of the picture who is wall-eyed. Possession is nine points of criticism. The painting whose merit never struck him while seen by the light from a friend's window, becomes a work of tremendous power in the light shed upon it through his own. The bad specimen of an indifferent master, being the property of a neighbour, is transformed into an excellent specimen of a consummate genius, being hung in his own study. What was a poor copy while it was any body's property, is an undeniable original when his."

“What’s that you say?” muttered Sharpson.

“Did you ever see—or rather did you ever hear of the man, who, boasting of pictures at all, failed to boast of them as perfections? Is not every body’s little collection quite unique? Is it not every where understood that the large painting in the dining-room, with a particular hue over the flesh of the figures, is a Guido! Who doubts that the dark canvass dashed with light, exhibits the hand of Rembrandt? If any body, certainly it is not the possessor of such prizes. He is as thoroughly assured of the genuineness of that Salvator before his eyes, as he would have been doubtful of it a year ago, before he ever dreamed of its becoming his. He has not a bad picture, and scarcely an indifferent one, in his house. His sole doubt is, whether his favourites are the best things ever painted by the artists to whom he attributes them, or merely equal to the best. He is always sure that he prefers his own to the Duke of Devonshire’s specimen. He has three times refused two hundred guineas at least for any one of them you may chance to suspect. You may doubt and dislike any thing that is his, rather than his pictures. Tell him that he has been ill-used by his wine-merchant; pick his costliest books to pieces as the genuine waste-paper editions—and you may be forgiven, while you forbear to hazard a suspicion that Velasquez never painted that man in red, or that Vandyck is as innocent of the lady in blue as the lady’s child that is unborn.”

“Dry work,” said Sharpson, “some claret.”

“And you yourself,” I continued, returning from generals to particulars, with which the conversation had commenced, “were you quite sure, when you attributed my appreciation of these sketches to the accident of finding them accredited and in capital company, that you were free from the usual bias in their favour created by the consciousness of their being your own? I believe that this idea of property enters insensibly but very largely into many of our tastes and opinions. Whatever is ours we esteem in a degree as part of us—self puts a golden gloss upon it. It is a modification of the intenser feeling with which we regard our children; we cannot for our lives see their snub noses and vicious tempers. They have sweet voices, clean faces, delightful dispositions, and there is no end to their prodigious cleverness, because they belong to us. They are ducks, loves, and angels—for they are ours. What are the very same children, the identical little nuisances, when they belong to the people over the way—”

“I beg—I beg pardon,” interrupted Sharpson, “but really I must say—a—Mrs. Sharpson, as you are aware, has hitherto had no children—I mean, we have no family at present—but still these abusive epithets to a father’s—that is, to a husband’s ears—and besides you are wrong. If I had not fallen desperately in love with those two sketches, while they were the property of a stranger, they never would have been mine at all. Shall I tell you how I got them? What do you say? Claret and a short story, or coffee and—”

“No, no; if there’s to be a story indeed, we had better not inflict it upon the ladies. So go on, I have filled already.”

He began:—

“In a common Covent-garden sale-room, heaped with a variety of goods, I first spied my treasures, in company with a great French



flaring picture, all crimson and purple. These three formed 'Lot 70.' Turning this pair of precious faces to the wall, and placing the gaudy foreigner in front, that their native lustre might not attract notice, I marked the number in my catalogue. The sale was to take place in six days. The lot might be inspected in the interim by hundreds, but not one in a thousand among that troop of picture-buyers and teaboard critics would recognise those rude sketches as being worth five shillings. The French flare, however, had its fascinations, and it was but too probable that the lot would fetch money. Much or little, I looked upon that lot as mine; and duly attended at the appointed hour of sale, resolved to stand a contest if need be, even at the cost of being supposed guilty of coveting such an abomination as the purple and crimson thing. Alas! the door was closed, and the sale was over! It had taken place a day earlier, in consequence of Her Majesty's coronation-day being changed."

"It was changed, I remember; George the Fourth, you know, died—"

"I can't help that," said Sharpson, impatiently; "but I know the change occasioned me bitter mortification, and many weeks of anxious labour and inquiry. Those twin-beauties had been carried off at one fell swoop, by some vulgar hand that clutched only at their bright-coloured companion. The possessor never coveted those simple deities in an undress, he was in love only with Sukey Tawdry. He had paid something for what was worthless, but he had obtained what was invaluable for nothing. Yes, literally, that pair of Exquisites, whose divine beauty you conceive to be intelligible 'to the meanest capacity,' had been in scores of hands, taken up and set down again, held in a particular light to promote the discovery of their meaning, and turned over and over in the search for some name that might illumine their obscurity: yet they had only been knocked down at last as foils to the lustre of the foreigner.

"Had a man of taste, discovering the hidden jewels, borne them off for their own sakes, I should have felt more reconciled to my mischance; had I been defeated in a contest for *them*, I had been content; but they had fallen to one who gained nothing by my loss. I was a victim, not to superior sagacity, but to false principles of taste, and vulgar ignorance of the beautiful.

"All I could learn about the lot was, that it fetched nothing and was knocked down to nobody—to a man named ———; perhaps a dealer, perhaps not; he had paid, and departed with his prize. In every direction did I go to work, to discover a man named ———. From the 'Directory' to the 'Court-guide,' from the 'Court-guide' to the lists of the learned societies, of Parliament and of the Army and Navy, I searched, and found the name often, but no clue to the picture-buyer. I wrote many letters, and paid divers visits. I made the grand tour of town, dipping into the frame-makers' shops, ransacking the brokers, and routing up every neglected receptacle for odds-and-ends of *vertu*. But in the course of this adventurous and wearying search, not one word of inquiry did I hazard concerning the real objects of my desire. People, though profoundly ignorant of art, are learned in human whims, and, if successful in finding them for me, would have made me pay for my apparent craziness. I asked only

for the French flarer, which I did not mean to buy. Its colour, once descried, would be a torch to light me to my nameless treasures.

“At last, upon my putting the question, which I began now to do mechanically to every one I met, ‘Do you know a man named ———, a sort of picture-dealer?’ I one day felt myself lifted into the air with joy at hearing the unhopèd-for answer,

“‘Yes, I think I do; if you go into Barbican—’ And I was directed to the street.

“And therein, indeed, was the house I sought. There amidst a miscellaneous assemblage of valuables, comprising second-hand harness, new and old implements of trade and remnants of faded furniture, a few pictures were visible through the smoke and dust. In another minute I had paused before the door, and could scarcely suppress in the open street a cry of delight. Brightest and loveliest amongst them, like Lucifer, star of the morning, shone in the place of honour at the doorway—on the line, as they say in the Academy—the glorious French *chef d’œuvre* in crimson and purple. I have been in Holland, Belgium, France, and Italy, but I think I never saw a picture with half so much pleasure. I could have found it in my heart to buy it—to give away to an acquaintance who had injured me. But revenge is not a Christian virtue, and I buttoned up my pocket.

“After a few turns, to and fro, to allay my rapture, I again paused at the door. The man named ———, my long-sought, late-found, all unconscious, but most cruel enemy, at once made his appearance. He marked my glistening eye as I pretended to inspect the French phenomenon, and felt sure that he had got a customer. I looked at him for an instant with the inward reflection, ‘So *you* are the man named ———! Merciful gods, how I have talked and dreamed about you!’

“‘A fine picture that, sir—chaste colouring—by an eminent French artist, and quite new. The price? It’s only fifteen guineas!’

“‘It is certainly a brilliant work of its kind,’ I remarked, walking into the shop, and glancing carelessly round; ‘I fancied it might form a companion to a French picture of mine—if so—but I shall see—give me the dimensions of it, will you? Fifteen guineas! umph! I think it would fit a vacant frame I happen to have—ah! yes—pray let me have the exact measure.’

“And at this point of the proceeding, my eyes, which during the measurement of the four feet of purple by three of crimson, had been anxiously directed, high and low, into every corner of the shop, detected near the end, the two springs in the desert—my pair of painted poems, my *Paradise Lost and Regained*! My heart leaped up, as though I had beheld

A rainbow in the sky!

Nay, two rainbows! But caution was still necessary, for eagerness might defeat my purpose.

“The man named ———, had he seen how the sketches affected me, would have been cunning enough to ask a huge price, and I was predetermined to complete my triumph by securing them for a trifle.

“‘Ah! so these are the exact dimensions—three-feet-four—yes, very well—it is a striking picture, certainly. Why, you have several

good paintings here, several; excellent indeed; pleasing foreground that, and sky quite airy. This! by Sir *Joshua* Lawrence! is it really? very clever, and a capital frame! Ah, so you paint a little yourself, I perceive—these two things here.'

" 'What things, sir? Oh, them—ah! no, sir, I didn't do 'em—little too busy to amuse myself that way.'

" 'Better employed, eh? But one of your little boys, perhaps, has been trying his hand—has a sort of turn for—'

" 'No, sir, no; I don't know what they are, not I; I met with 'em somewhere—I've heard say they don't look amiss in some lights—at this distance now?'

" 'Ah! I perceive—might easily be improved though, you think. Well, now I see you didn't paint them, or you wouldn't laugh at them so. But this French picture here—I have a fit companion for it—fifteen pounds you said—guineas, was it? I always pay pounds. And this is the exact measure—umph! As for these queer beginnings, I suppose they are not for sale at all? I think I could colour them up into something rather different.'

" 'Why, sir, if you take the handsome French painting, I shall throw you these things in for nothing.'

" 'No, no, not for nothing. Well then—come—suppose I agree to your price, guineas instead of pounds, allowing the odd shillings for these little extras! And, by the by, I may as well move them out of your way at once, and take them in the cab with me. Can you give me change for a sovereign?'

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'The cab seemed to fly away with me—me and my two companions.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace!"

I exclaimed, "these are the names of the two. Lovely and spiritual children of exalted Art, partakers of the spirit's privilege—Invisibility—being before the world's eyes, yet all unnoticed and unseen! But I must be pardoned, notwithstanding this true story, for maintaining that the present remarkable and adventurous age is not so grossly ignorant—"

"On all points; assuredly not," returned Sharpson. "The educated classes generally, are excellent judges of beef, respectable judges of books, tolerable judges of music, no contemptible judges of taxes, and very bad judges of each other—but the thing they know least about is Art. People who are good critics on other great subjects, are mere canters upon this—that's my creed. And now, what shall it be, once more—coffee or claret?"



## THE HOT-WATER CURE.

ACCORDING to the traditions of the last century, a physician of 1742 was a well-powdered, elderly gentleman, whose town residence was a well-built London chariot, and whose ensign of office, a gold-headed consulting-cane. After the birthday, on the 4th of June, it was his custom to order his patients for three or four months into the country, for change of air, while *he* proceeded to his country-seat for the enjoyment of its domestic felicity and sour grapes; while such among them as were obstinate enough to be bedridden, were assigned for the period of his absence to the well-tied hands of some confidential apothecary.

A physician of 1842, on the contrary, is a gentleman of a certain age, who figures in a natty caoutchouc brutus, and highly-varnished boots; whose town residence stands in a fashionable square, and whose bâton of office is the whip of a well-appointed cabriolet. At the close of the season, the fashionable M.D. orders himself to some foreign watering-place:—Aix-la-Chapelle, Wiesbaden, Töplitz, or Carlsbad,—the waters of which become indispensable, not only to his own health, but to that of all his patients,—beneficial at once to his own gout,—the plethora of the fat marchioness,—the dyspepsia of the *roué* duke, and the consumption or hysteria of a whole bevy of fashionable misses! By this arrangement his professional career becomes as agreeable as profitable, and it will go hard with such a medicus if he do not pick up a black, white, or yellow eagle among the German principicules, as a pretext for being beknighted on his return to England. Once Sir Anything, he has only to get up a quarto on the virtues of Twitchingem or Switchingem, or some other equally sonorous spa of the Black Forest, affix to his name the initials of his German order, as well as of the various societies into which he has flummeried himself;—send a well-bound copy to the Emperor of Russia, to secure a diamond ring in return; another to Louis Philippe, to fish for a snuff box; and a third to Louis of Bavaria, as a hint for a gold medal; which imperial benefactions and regal compliments he duly advertises, as they successively come to hand, per paragraph in the morning papers, and lo! his fortune is made with the fools of the fashionable world!

Even such a man is the eminent Sir Jedediah Claversham, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. of Hanover-square; whose portrait may be admired in the various annual exhibitions,—in oils, crayons, water-colours,—from miniature to full length, besides being engraved in all the printshops, and stitched in Berlin-work in all the fancy repositories!

Arranged with fitting classification under glass in his gorgeous drawing-room, lie the insignia of half-a-dozen orders, a profusion of gold and silver medals of honour, autograph letters from crowned heads, diplomas from foreign universities, announcing Sir Jedediah Claversham to be a man of “European reputation.” The *beau monde* cannot be ignorant that while his cab is waiting at the door of some dowager in Wilton Crescent, Rome, Dresden, Stockholm, are in agonies of impatience for his answer to their letters. Sir Jedediah is, in short, a

modern Boerhaave—a Boerhaave with diamond shirt-studs and white kid-gloves !

The influence which this transformation in the form and pressure of medical capacities may have had on the bills of mortality, is a matter for the consideration of Mr. Wakley, or the discussion of the Statistical Society. Certain it is, meanwhile, that our pills have been agreeably gilded by the innovations of the new school : and that a one-and-twenty day fever, prolonged in duration to forty-two, *appears* reduced to a ten days visitation by the agreeability of the Sir Jedediahs of the day.

By the obsolete order of three-visits-and-three-draughts-a-day-apothecaries, a malady was rendered a calamity indeed ! whereas the travelled Esculapii execute for the sick and ailing world all that Howell and James perform for the fashionable, by the assiduous importation of the last new novelties and spring fashions of the continent. While the jog-trot men of routine, still extant in the quizzical old College of Physicians, or their snail-shells in Baker-street or Bloomsbury, adhere to rhubarb, senna, and the Pharmacopeia Londonensis or Edinensis, the Sir Jedediahs come back from the continent at the expiration of every cholera-season, bringing with them, by the Antwerp steamer, some monstrous nostrum—some patent device, such as curing consumption by the application of bear's-grease to the soles of the feet, or removing tubercles from the lungs by baths of ox-tail soup ! One year, homœopathy is their stalking-horse ; the next, brandy and salt ; the third, the cold-water cure !

The importation of Sir Jedediah last season, however, still remains an anonymous mystery—a cure without a name ! Homœopathy has long been vulgarized by the press ; and Vincent Preissnitz became a by-word the moment his book of revelations was seen in print ; warned by which experience, Sir Jedediah chose to be as mute as a mummy concerning a new system of medical treatment, to which he is reported to have become a convert at the baths of Mehadia, in Hungary, in consultation with the body-physician of Georgewitsch Czerny, Prince of Servia, called in with him to attend the hysterical waiting-maid of an English dowager of fashion, by whom rumours of the wondrous works of her united doctors were circulated on her return, throughout half the country-houses of Great Britain. In the course of the spring, accordingly, Sir Jedediah began to foresee the necessity for doubling the returns of his profits to the income-tax commissioners. Patients sprang under his feet like mushrooms ! Still he uttered not a word. When applied to by a dozen applicants for a programme of his performances—when requested by letters from Ireland or the Land's-end, to state whether his mode of practice were founded on electropathy, or hydropathy, or any other newly-invented pathy, he contented himself with replying that he possessed no exclusive mode of practice, and that all he demanded was “the power of communicating with his patient in person and alone.”

The immediate consequence of this regulation was the establishment of two new hotels, and the letting of all the old lodging-houses in the vicinity of Hanover-square, at the various doors of which the cab of the fashionable physician is still seen in daily waiting, in doses of

half an hour at a time. Already wonders are related of the healing influence of these visits. Four countesses dying of nervous fever, three honourable misses subject to spasms,—the young Viscount Benledi who inherits seventy thousand a year, and a liver complaint,—to say nothing of an eminent ex-member of parliament, given over in an atrophy, have been successively redeemed from the brink of the grave by the miraculous spells of Sir Jedediah Claversham, &c. &c. &c.!!

Now I plead guilty to a weakness for new inventions. Through life I have been a martyr to patents, and my lumber-room is encumbered with lamps “on an entirely novel principle,” which could never be made to burn, and locks of scientific mechanism, which could never be kept shut. Having the misfortune to enjoy perfect health, I had, however, no pretext for searching into the mysteries of the Prince of Servia’s body-physician. But I have at least the good fortune to possess a near relative in a highly infirm state of nerves; a lady of fashion and fortune, for whose recovery, having nothing to hope from her will, I am deeply interested. Some months ago I persuaded *her* to consult Sir Jedediah.

“I am too ill and nervous to see strangers,” was her reply, drawing her cachemere shawl more closely round her stooping shoulders.

“But a physician is never a *stranger*!” said I, “and Sir Jedediah will *cure* you of being weak and nervous.”

“No, no! He will do as all the others have done,—advise air, exercise, exertion;—exertion to *me*, who have scarcely strength to turn on my sofa! These doctors come here, themselves in robust health, from visiting the wife of some country squire, and fancy that a person of *my* susceptibility is to be treated in the same manner! Physician, my dear cousin, is but another name for savage.”

“Sir Jedediah is the most amiable person on the face of the earth,” cried I. “At Vienna he is cited as more courteous than the ambassador. He has figured at all the courts in Europe. At Rome he used to drink tea with the Pope; and the Hetman of the Cossacks offered him millions of rubles a year, and the hand of his niece, to become his household physician!”

“Well, well! I will try to think about it,” said Lady Anne. “My nerves are so wretchedly shattered that even the mention of a new name makes me tremble from head to foot.”

Nerves, indeed! A solitary prisoner, month after month, in a boudoir fifteen feet square, with the thermometer at 80°, and the atmosphere charged with the emanations of cape jessamines, tuberose, and *sachets* of *vitiori* and *marselline*, living on a diet of green tea, French novels, and *échaudés*! One of Meux’s dray-horses could not have stood it a week! However, I had no choice but to leave poor dear Lady Anne to the enjoyment of her vagaries, and soon afterwards crossed the channel for a ramble through Normandy.

On my return to town, finding still a remnant left of the season, I sauntered into Hyde Park, where, in the fervours of July, the fashionable world concentrates itself, as is its custom of an afternoon, from six to eight o’clock, in open carriages, stationary beside the cool waters of the Serpentine, surrounded by equestrians, male and female, engaged in the smallest of small-talk with the fair loungers of the britzkas and barouches. To my utter surprise, the first carriage that met my view



was that of the charming Lady Anne, confronting the keen air of the dog-days with only half-a-dozen India shawls and boas for her protection. I approached with my congratulations on this auspicious convalescence.

"It is all Sir Jedediah's doing," said she, cordially accepting my shake of the hand. "Sir Jedediah is the cleverest creature in the world!"

"You have seen him, then, at last?"

"Seen him? I would not pass a day without seeing him for the universe! My life is in his hands!"

"And may I inquire," said I, with a smile, "by what peculiar charm he has wrought this last and greatest of miracles?"

"I cannot tell you if I would," replied her ladyship; "though as my first adviser in the business you are in every way entitled to my confidence! Between ourselves, Sir Jedediah calls it *THE HOT-WATER CURE*; why, I am sure, I cannot conjecture; for he expressly interdicts the use of the warm bath. However, come to my house to tea this evening, and I will explain to you the whole affair!"

A few months before and I would as soon have gone to drink caudle with some Welsh curate's prolific consort, as tea with my fair cousin. But the prospect of the development of the grand mystery of —pathy tempted me sorely. At nine o'clock, therefore, I entered the well-known boudoir in Chesterfield-street.

Nothing was altered. The same subdued light—the same hermetically-closed windows—the same overpowering scent of heliotropes and orange-blossom—the same *bonbonnières* scattered about. Every thing I had been accustomed to notice in her delicate retreat was still there, with the exception of the last H. B., and the latest novel of Balzac.

"You may remember," said Lady Anne in a cheerful voice, inviting me to take my place beside her, as soon as we had swallowed two tiny cups of coffee, yellow and transparent as a Cairn-Gorm pebble, "how utterly lost I was when you quitted London. Chambers had ordered me to Nice,—Sir Henry insisted on my wintering at Malta. So reduced was I, that three wafers and half an ice a day were almost too much for my digestion, while my spirits were in such a fluttering state that I was obliged to order poor Flora into Mademoiselle's room, not being able to bear the excitement of her company. In short, my dear cousin, I felt my end to be approaching. I had signed my will, and every now and then added a codicil,—instructions for which to my men of business, served only to increase my depression. By your desire I sent, as a last resource, to Sir Jedediah. Aware that he only came to see me die by inches, I could have no objection to comply with your wishes, and let him *see me die*!"

Assuming a becoming face of sympathy, I patted the head of poor Flora, now restored to her former post of honour beside her lady.

"Never shall I forget," resumed Lady Anne, "the evening on which that inestimable man paid me his first visit. The morning had been rainy, with that small, still, spring rain, so far from conveying the excitement of a summer shower. All day, one had known that it would rain all day:—that there would be no intermission, and consequently no droppers-in,—no chat,—no news,—no nothing! By degrees, as

the dusk drew on, I felt absolutely exterminated. The long evening of a solitary invalid was before me;—too close for a fire,—too damp for an open window;—even the hissing of the tea-urn, after sinking to a low humming murmur, subsided into silence. As you are well aware, Chesterfield-street is no thoroughfare, and my boudoir overlooks the quiet gardens of Chesterfield House. All, all, therefore, was still as death,—still as the family vault into which I felt myself to be gradually sinking. Amid the general gloom, I could hear the faint ticking of the Bréguet watch that lies on yonder console. At that moment, my dear cousin, the door was quietly opened, and without fuss or announcement, a gentlemanly, middle-aged man, entered and took a seat,—near me, but not commanding a view of my face; so that my agitation at his unexpected appearance was unobserved.

“I have to apologize,” said Sir Jedediah, “for not attending to your ladyship’s application by an earlier visit. (Give me leave to feel your pulse?) An engagement of a very peculiar nature rendered it impossible for me so much as to reply to your ladyship’s note. (May I request to see your tongue?) I consoled myself with the earnest hope of being able to wait upon your ladyship this evening. The weather, I am happy to say, has cleared up,—the night is delicious,—and so soft a temperature that, with your ladyship’s permission, I will slightly open the opposite window.”

“Open the window?” faltered I, too weak, however, for opposition. “I have not exposed myself to the night-air, even in July, these three years past.”

“I have opened it only wide enough to admit the interposition of a sheet of, *very* thin Bath-post,” replied Sir Jedediah, resuming his place, while a gentle air gradually expanded in the apartment, not altogether unrefreshing. “We will close it in less than five minutes, by my chronometer. As I said before, I would fain have waited upon your ladyship last night, but for a singular adventure, which has, I fear, been a source of disappointment to several of my expectant patients. But the circumstances were so peculiar,—so *VERY* peculiar,—I may say, so unprecedented.”

“A tremour seemed to invade his voice as he spoke, and involuntarily I fixed my inquiring eyes upon his face. There is something in the aspect of a strong man subdued to weakness by struggles of powerful emotion peculiarly exciting.

“I had just risen from dinner yesterday evening, and was about to enter my study for the purpose of answering your ladyship’s note,” resumed Sir Jedediah, in answer to my mute interrogation, “when I was startled by a loud knock at my door; and my servant entering, inquired whether I would be at home to a gentleman who had called in his cabriolet. I inquired his name. The gentleman had expressly declared such announcement to be of no consequence, as he was not one of my habitual patients. Not caring to be interrupted in my purpose of replying to your ladyship, I sent word that I was particularly engaged, and must decline the honour of his visit. The gentleman, it seems, persisted; for a few minutes afterwards, my confidential servant returned, with the sort of deprecating air he assumes whenever his feelings have been especially appealed to by persons desiring to consult me; and whispered that, ‘if not particularly inconvenient, the stranger

was *most anxious* for the honour of an interview.' Conceiving that a quarter of an hour was the utmost sacrifice of time he required of me, I rashly complied; and immediately afterwards a light step hastened along the hall, and a young man, personally unknown to me, glided into the room. Tall, graceful, strikingly handsome, his fine open countenance evinced tokens of considerable emotion as he offered a thousand incoherent apologies for his unauthorized intrusion at such an hour."

"If the case admitted of the least delay," said he, directing his large gray eyes pleadingly towards mine, "I had not been thus ungraciously persevering. But alas! not a moment is to be lost! I have to entreat you will accompany me a mile or two out of town to visit a patient in the most urgent need of your assistance."

"And you had no idea *who* was the person thus addressing you?" said I (for I could not help surmising I was better informed on the subject than Sir Jedediah).

"Not the slightest! The stranger was about five feet eleven, with a high forehead and arched eyebrows,—a Roman nose, delicately chiselled, and the handsomest mouth I ever remember to have seen."

"It *must* have been Lord Charles L——!" was my secret reflection, but I uttered not a syllable, to indicate any peculiar interest in the matter.

"I assured my visiter," resumed Sir Jedediah, "that it was totally out of my power to comply with his request; that I had letters to write—visits to pay; in short, the thing was impossible. Still he pleaded so urgently the importance of the case, that it was difficult to persist in denial."

"I ask only the sacrifice of an hour," said he, with the most feeling earnestness, "an hour, vital to the existence of a fellow-creature,—to the happiness of many! *Can* you have the inhumanity to refuse?"

"I am convinced that you had *not*!" interrupted I, becoming gradually interested in his narrative.

"Your ladyship has judged me rightly! Laying aside my writing materials, I rang for my hat and gloves, and proposed ordering my carriage."

"No, no, doctor," replied the young man; "it is almost as essential that you should be unaccompanied by servants in this visit as that you should come at all. *My* cab is at the door,—my horse is notoriously the fastest stepper in London."

"It *must* have been Lord Charles," thought I, "whose bay is the most noted cab-horse about town."

"In short, madam, he persuaded me to jump into his cabriolet; and though I flatter myself my own horse is citable for speed, I was almost startled by the pace at which I soon found myself proceeding down the Bayswater-road. We had soon passed Hyde Park Terrace,—Kensington Gravel-pits,—Notting-Hill,—till, when we finally attained the park palings of Holland House, I ventured to inquire whether we had not *almost* attained our destination. Even at the rate we were proceeding I could not but be aware, as we approached Acton, that allowing only twenty minutes for my professional visit, on my return the hour specified must be far exceeded."

"We have still somewhat more than a mile before us," said my com-

panion, breaking silence in a husky voice. My horse knows the road, doctor, as *you* know your own hearthrug !”

“Touching the noble animal slightly on the flank as he spoke, it started off anew, and though I could only discover by the waving aroma or effluvia of the atmosphere that we were skirting alternately clover-fields, brick-fields, and hay-fields, we kept the winding road as steadily as though it were the well worn ring of Hyde Park.

“The cross-road, though the nearest cut from Marylebone to Kingston, is wholly unfrequented at night,” observed my companion, “one never meets so much as a foot passenger.”

“Nor is there a house for half a mile round,—which is singular enough so near the metropolis,” replied I, peeping out through the darkness of the night, in hopes of discovering *some* habitation across the dreary pastures.

“Not one !” resumed he, in an emphatic tone, and in spite of myself, and the gentlemanly deportment I had remarked in my companion, I could not forbear wishing that, when consenting to become the companion of a total stranger in such an expedition, I had left my pocket-book and gold repeater behind.

“Why you surely did not mistake him for a highwayman ?” escaped my lips.

“I knew not what to infer from his taciturnity, and a certain mysterious reserve whenever I ventured to renew my inquiries concerning the unknown patient to whom we were hurrying. With growing anxiety did I watch by the reflected light of the lamps, the hedges go by, at the end of which I knew we must approach the populous confines of Chiswick. At length the welcome fragrance of gardens,—the happy, domestic flower-border—scent of stocks and mignonette, apprized me that human habitations were at hand. We emerged into the Great Western road, and my momentary mistrust was instantly dissipated ! Life,—noise,—lamp-posts,—lights,—turnpikes,—omnibuses,—renewing the ordinary occupations of life, seemed to restore my confidence in my companion.

“We are now more than five miles distant from Hyde Park Corner !” cried I, finding myself thus deceived as to time.

“And the worst of it is,” was his cool reply, as he turned his horse’s head towards town, “that we must, in the first instance, retrace our steps. The first turn to Hammersmith will bring us into the Fulham-road.”

“Into the Fulham-road he accordingly soon announced himself to have turned. But so dark was the night, that I was utterly unable to discover my whereabouts. All I could determine was, that we were threading our way through market-gardens, dotted with dwarf fruit-trees, and savouring powerfully of onion-beds and melon-grounds.

“We are on the direct road to our place of destination !” was his mysterious reply ;—a reply *so* mysterious, that my previous anxieties were on the eve of returning ; and I took it into my head that one or two turns and doublings attempted by my driver, were solely intended to deceive me as to our direction.

“It is now an hour since we left my house,” said I, striking my repeater ; when, by the increased freshness of the atmosphere, we seemed to be approaching the river. “The time is already exceeded which you

demanded of me; and I must insist upon knowing either your own name or that of the patient to whom you are conducting me."

"In five minutes your very natural inquiry will be answered by the individual in question!" replied he, wholly undisturbed by my abrupt apostrophe. "We are now approaching the house."

"The lane we were threading was narrow and tedious; but I soon perceived that on the side nearest, as I supposed, to the river, the hitherto straggling hedge was replaced by a paling, overtopped by a shrubbery. The fragrance of a choice flower-garden was perceptible in the air. In another moment we paused beside a row of lofty trees, which, though bordering an opposite field, threw their shade over both paling and shrubbery, and formed a sort of natural portico to a rustic gateway. My companion, giving the reins into my hand, now alighted, and rang a bell which, in the silence of that secluded place, sounded so loud and shrill, that I fancied the signal must be audible at half a mile distance, instead of requiring to be repeated again and again, ere servants appeared at the gate. One of them instantly advanced to the horse's head; I leapt from the cabriolet.

"I can scarcely say by what concatenation of ideas, but as I traversed the gravel-walk of what appeared to be a delightful cottage residence, or rustic villa, there occurred to my mind the vulgar tragedy of *Weare*, and *Gill's Hill Lane*,<sup>†</sup> with which, thanks to newspapers and melodramas, all London was painfully familiarized some twenty years ago. Ashamed, however, of these misgivings, I silently followed my companion towards what, by the light of the reflector carried by an aged servant out of livery who preceded us, appeared to be a rustic wall formed of fragments of rough-hewn stone, piled after the fashion of rock-work, and partially covered with creeping and trailing plants. In the centre was a simple garden-doorway, on either side of which were niches—the one containing a fine marble statue of a saint in adoration—the other of a dancing Faun. I had leisure to note these particulars while the servant applied a patent key to an interstice of the wall, close beside which, a door, apparently of weighty bronze, revolved slowly on its hinges, and displayed within (in lieu of the open garden I had expected) the square, well-lighted vestibule of a comfortable mansion! The floor, of white marble, was traversed by a single breadth of scarlet cloth, towards an inner-door of polished mahogany, leading to a smaller octangular vestibule, from which four doors appeared to open into as many apartments—the intersecting angles having niches containing simple canephoræ of white marble for the support of lamps. As we entered this second vestibule (the floor of which was muffled by a thick Turkey carpet), I overheard the aged servant whisper to my young companion, "I am charged to conduct the gentlemen into the armory."

"Good!" was the succinct reply, and the old man having thrown open a door to the left, I found myself in a small but admirably proportioned chamber. The walls and floor were of highly-polished Silesian granite; the latter being covered in the centre with a circular Indian mat, surrounded by low seats of carved ebony, with cushions of curiously-embossed velvet; while the walls were garnished on all sides with trophies of rich armour, symmetrically disposed. Stands of assorted arms filled up the angles of the chamber, and on casting my

eyes inquiringly around, I perceived, by the imperfect light of a single lamp standing on the granite chimneypiece (under which smouldered a few dying brands, lighted probably on rainy days even in summer, to secure the armour from rust), that the collection was of rare beauty and elegance, comprising princely specimens of Italian plating,—of Damascus work,—of chain-mail,—of Toledo steel,—the murky krees of the Malayan warriors—the jewelled claymore of the Highland chief!

“An antiquary might find here ample room for his researches!” said I, intending to address the young man by whom I had been accompanied from town. But on turning round, astonished by his silence, I found that he had disappeared.

“I seem to have fallen among a strange set of people!” was my secret reflection, as I fixed my eyes on a complete suit of Milan steel, richly incrustated with gold, of the fourteenth century—the scaled gauntlets of which had done honour to the workshop of a Bond-street goldsmith! And lo! as I stood absorbed in contemplation, the niche or panel in which the suit was suspended, appeared suddenly to recede, and I found that the figure served only to mask a doorway into an adjoining apartment, which now lay open before me.

“If my glance at the elaborate richness of the armory, with all its wealth of daggers, pistols, shields, and cuirasses, had impressed me with the conviction that the owner was not only a man, but a man of noble fortune, as well as warlike tendencies and pursuits, the room I *now* entered, inspired me with a far different conviction! At all events, the wealthy invalid had decidedly a female companion in his luxurious solitude;—

A hermit with an angel for his guest!

“It was a music-room! The walls, consisting of that dazzling white stucco which Russia has so successfully imported into Europe from the east, were delicately painted in compartments after the Etruscan fashion, with a selection of the most exquisite designs discovered at Herculaneum, each bearing classical reference to the arts of harmony. The floor was formed of highly-polished engrained woods to correspond, so that no extrinsic obstacle intervened to impede the sound of the instrument. In the centre of the room, in a moveable orchestra, furnished with seats and desks, stood a grand pianoforte, in a simple rosewood case, a harp, and a variety of stringed and winged instruments in their cases.

“One side of the room was furnished with a library of music-books, richly bound, bearing on their backs the names of the greatest composers of all countries—such as Matthew Locke, Purcell, Palestrina, Gluck, and Beethoven; and in this, as in the adjoining chamber, no windows disturbed the harmony of the architecture. The light was exclusively admitted from above, through the domed ceiling; the villa being evidently constructed after the single-storied architecture of the ancients.

“But I am wearing your ladyship with all these details,” cried Sir Jedediah, suddenly interrupting himself.

“On the contrary,” cried I; “I am inexpressibly interested by your narrative. I fancied myself acquainted with all the villas of note in



the neighbourhood of town—Chiswick, Rose-bank, Sion—but I would give worlds to visit any thing so new and original as the place you describe.”

“ I confess I was as much struck by the reality as your ladyship’s more impressible sensibilities appear to be by my crude and meagre description ! I stood transfixed, lost in surmises concerning the luxurious Sybarite by whose imagination this rare retreat had been called into existence. If the personal charms of the fair creature, the presiding genius of such a music-room, were in any degree correspondent with its beauty and elegance, he was indeed to be envied ! But *who* could he be ? Your ladyship has named the most opulent of our aristocratic enchanters ;—I could myself point out the suburban villas of almost every man of note or notoriety. What mysterious epicurean was this ? Lord W——d ? the Marquis of H——d ? the Earl of P——e ? My mind was bewildered by conjectures ! At the extremity of the music-room was a recess, the nature and extent of which was concealed by muslin draperies. But ere I had been many minutes in the room, these curtains being gently withdrawn by cords arranged within, discovered a table covered with wines and liqueurs, cakes, and fruit, served in a magnificent style. It was neither quite a woman’s refection, nor altogether a man’s. For the former, tea was wanting ; for the latter, still more substantial diet. Untempted, however, by the elegance with which the little banquet was set out, I pursued my examination of the fresco paintings around me, which, from the transparent whiteness of the stucco, had the effect of being painted on porcelain. So much indeed was I engrossed by the examination of their exquisite execution, that I heeded not the progress of time, till reminded of the unfair encroachment on my own, by an alabaster timepiece placed on an adjoining bracket, which, after the chiming of the hour, struck up one of Auber’s brilliant boleros, as if to cheer the progress of the night.

“ I now looked round the room for a bell to summon back the aged servant, and express my indignation at being paraded like a child through the curiosities of a showhouse, on pretence that my professional services were seriously required. Resolved to be no longer trifled with, I made up my mind to order the cabriolet, and drive myself back to town, in case the patient, to whom I had been assured my services were indispensable, should be still unprepared to receive me, or my former companion to escort my return. Bell, however, there was none. The exquisite and almost poetical distribution of the house, was not to be polluted by any thing so matter-of-fact as a bell-pull. Mechanically, therefore, I clapped my hands, as I have seen practised in the east, though rather as a relief to my impatience than from any expectation of finding my signal obeyed. To my great surprise, the gray-headed servant instantly made his appearance.

“ No need to avow my irritability or signify my impatience. Without a word spoken, the old man made me a sign to follow him ; and passing through the recess, from which meanwhile the table had silently disappeared (probably by the mechanical process used at the old palace of Choisy, or that of the hermitage at St. Petersburg), I entered a third chamber, more striking, if possible, than the two former ones—half-saloon, half-library, having on a sofa-table a single silver branch, the

candles of which were concealed under a cupola of green Bohemian glass. Impossible to be more pleasingly subdued than the light emitted! The hangings of the room were of a straggling, dark-patterned, Indian chintz—the ground being so white and so highly glazed as to assume the appearance of marble. The furniture, covered with the same material, was composed of unpolished rosewood. On the sofa-table supporting the light, lay a carpet woven of Indian reeds, and opposite the table were folding-doors opening through a small conservatory, trellised with the most curious floriferous exotics to the lawn beyond, the fragrant freshness of which penetrated deliciously into the apartment.

“Instinctively, my dear cousin, I drew a deep breath at this picture of luxurious enjoyment.”

“Is the window too much for your ladyship?” cried Sir Jedediah, rising and bringing back the sheet of Bath-post, in token of having closed it in deference to the susceptibility of my chest.

“By no means!” I breathlessly exclaimed, as he returned from the window. “But no matter,” cried I, impatiently, lest he should lose time in replacing it. “I entreat of you, continue your narrative. Was this charming morning-room also unoccupied?”

“At first, I thought it deserted like the rest; but a low murmuring sound gradually attracted my attention to a chaise-lounge placed to the right of the table near the doors; and no sooner had my eyes accommodated themselves to the glimmering light of the place, than I perceived an emaciated figure, in a loose wrapper, extended there-upon.

“*A woman?*” cried I, half rising from my own recumbent posture, inexpressibly interested.

“No, madam! The form was that of a man!—his head, white with age (if I might judge by the few hairs straggling around his temples), was covered by a black silk skullcap, increasing the solemnity of his appearance. The lineaments of his finely-formed face were of striking beauty; although painfully attenuated by age or indisposition. Concluding him to be asleep, for he stirred neither hand nor foot, I stole towards the sofa, with the view of feeling his pulse, and ascertaining if possible the nature of his temperament and its irregularities, while thus absorbed in repose.

“Scarcely, however, had I touched the sleeve of his robe, when he started up with the activity of a man twenty years of age, and motioned me to draw towards the sofa one of the stools with which the chamber was furnished. Objecting to a seat so incommodious, I looked round for an arm-chair. There was but one in the room—an American rocking-chair, of patent iron, painted to imitate bamboo, which tempted me as little as the *plians* to which I was now fain to have recourse.

“Do you speak French, sir?” inquired the old gentleman, in a low, melodious voice, but with a peculiarly distinct enunciation; and on my answering in the affirmative, he renewed his conversation in that language.

“Are you, pray, one of those doctors,” was his abrupt inquiry, “who fancy the emanations of stramonium fatal as those of the upas?”

"An incoherent query, which I should have attributed to aberration of intellect, had he not pointed to a fine *Dhatura Arborea* in full bloom, planted in the adjoining conservatory.

"If you are afraid of it," said he, "the folding-doors shall be closed in a second."

"Not on my account, sir," was my reply. "I have certainly been led to believe the emission of the plant of a nature highly injurious to human life. But *your* position opposes a direct contradiction to the prejudice. You would not of course be lying within scope of the vapour, had not your previous experience ascertained it to be innocuous."

"I sometimes fancy poisons have less ascendancy over *my* constitution than those of other men," replied the old gentleman, waving his head, and assuming a mournful tone. "However, you have nothing to fear from yonder beautiful *Dhatura*; I have seen a child sleep unharmed under its branches!"

"Having no time to waste in discussions of natural history, I now took occasion to inquire of my companion the nature of his ailments.

"Of *my* ailments?" cried he, greatly surprised.

"It is at your commands, sir, I conclude, that I am summoned hither?" said I, coldly.

"By my commands—certainly. But do *I* look like an ailing man? Am *I* a subject for the charlatantry of mountebanks?—for the experiments of a physician?"

"Your advanced age, sir," I was beginning; but the mercurial old man started to his feet to interrupt me.

"AGE?" cried he—"age is a chimera. The Pyramids are what is called old; but any row of houses run up last week on Brixton Hill, is a thousand times more decrepit! I am a boy, sir! I never experienced an ailment in my life, or consulted a leech in this or any other country."

"In that case, sir," said I, rising to take leave of one at whose strangeness I was beginning to stand almost in awe, "I have no business here. Suffer me, therefore, to take my leave."

"You are tolerably hasty for one whose business it is to bear with the peculiarities and regulate the irregularities of mankind," retorted he, with a cynical smile. "If I sent for you hither, Sir Jedediah, it was neither for the purpose of refreshing your lungs (jaded by the enervating vapours of sick-rooms), by a country night-ride, nor for the ostentation of introducing a stranger into my Tusculum (though by the way, you might return as you came, little the worse for having been compelled to either enjoyment)—no, no, sir! Your professional attendance here has a specific object, and will be suitably remunerated."

"My impatience, sir, is less interested than you seem to suppose," cried I, with indignation. "I am desirous of coming to the point, chiefly because my presence is required elsewhere."

"Be a physician where he may, his presence is probably required elsewhere," retorted the eccentric old man. "Such is the exigence of their profession. As to disinterestedness—but for the temptation of a fee—a man must be indeed filthily minded to become a physician,—a

mere groper into the bodily infirmities of his fellow-creatures. By all the mummies of the Pharaohs! I would fain think better of the understanding of my learned leech, than suppose him indifferent to the amount of his guerdon."

"So saying, he took from under the pillow of his chaise-longue a purse containing, apparently, about a hundred pieces of gold, and almost flung it into my lap.

"A very moderate portion of this will satisfy my claims, when you have done me the honour to consult me," said I, laying it coldly on the table.

"How know you that?" cried the old gentleman. "What can you surmise of the nature of the service required of you, for which I thus tender pre-payment?"

"What, indeed!—or how can *you*, sir, determine whether it may suit me to accept either the offer or the charge?"

"A physician is servant of the public," said the old cynic, scornfully.

"But not its slave! I, at least, being independent in circumstances, am not to be hired like a hackney-coach, by the first comer. In proof of which, sir, I have the honour to wish you a good-night. I am not used to be thus peremptorily dealt with."

"The old man shrugged his shoulders, implying that he thought me a blockhead; when having pushed the heavy purse towards him, I prepared for instant departure.

"Not quite so fast, doctor," cried he; "I do not like you the less for this little outburst of spirit. You are just the man described to me—a pepper-pot, but a gentleman. Some day or other we shall perhaps be better acquainted, and exercise mutual forbearance towards each other's oddities. Seat yourself and listen."

"A command to 'seat yourself and listen,' usually prognosticates a long story. My time being sadly bespoken, I was forced to be chary of it, and my vexation being, I suppose, depicted in my countenance, the old gentleman exclaimed, with a dry, short laugh,

"Ha! ha! You are afraid I should keep you maundering on till midnight, eh? Don't be alarmed, as some fellow or other said about the parson and his lengthy sermon. The man who can't explain his meaning in half an hour, doesn't understand his business. Twenty minutes, sir, and you are free! Moreover, throughout your intercourse with me, your time will be exactly calculated and honourably remunerated—and now to business. What may be your opinion, pray, of the young fellow who brought you hither to-night?"

"As we have not been three hours acquainted, and our acquaintance is of the slightest kind, I was beginning—"

"Pho! pho! pho!" interrupted the strange old man; "no one is ever ten minutes alone with another, without imbibing decided impressions concerning him—like or dislike—confidence or mistrust. Out with your notions. What did you think of him?"

"As he spoke he rolled the light sofa nearer to the table, and peered into my eyes.

"That he appeared a very gentlemanly young man," said I.

"Gentlemauly? Ha! ha! The merit of his tailor, hatter, hosier!

Say more, or say nothing! Answer me at once, doctor!—would you not intrust yourself blindly to his hands? Are you not satisfied from a certain air of high blood and breeding in his person and manners, that you have only honourable entertainment to expect at his hands?"

"I have already, sir, afforded some proof of confidence in your young friend," said I; "nor is it as yet diminished by my experience here."

"Ha! ha!—stiff and straightforward as a crocodile!" cried the old man. "But you are wasting the time which, as you observed just now, is not your own. In a word, the patient concerning whom I am interested to procure your opinion, abides not in this house; nor do I choose you to know to *what* house you are conducted for the purpose of an interview. Will you, therefore submit to be blindfolded, to accompany the same gentleman in the same cab, half an hour's distance from this spot?"

"Certainly not," said I. "Though free from apprehension of personal ill-usage, I respect myself too much to act in concert with those who evince a total want of confidence in my discretion."

"I have as much confidence in your discretion as in any other person's," replied my singular host, "but the best of us are babblers and boasters. It is not, however, so much what you will whisper to-morrow at your club of which I stand in fear, as the influence of name and position in your verdict upon the patient,—an eminent person,—a person whose antecedents are so well known to yourself and all the world, that your opinion *must* be prejudiced. You would ground your judgment upon circumstances, not upon observation; whereas I am desirous of a fresh, free, and unshackled decision on a case that has interested hundreds of your brethren in this and other countries."

"Once more it occurred to me that I was conversing with a man of disturbed intellects; and with his former perspicuity he interpreted the look of uneasiness contracting my brows."

"No, doctor, I am not mad—saner perhaps than yourself in this matter."

"My determination, sir, has never wavered," said I. "As a physician of regular practice I have no occasion to digress into adventures and mummeries to increase my list of patients. Such tricks as blindfolding, or masking, have their fitting place in the pages of a second-rate novel, or the scenes of some vulgar melodrama, but are out of my line of business. Permit me, therefore, to ring for the carriage that brought me hither."

"You *refuse*?—refuse, with a hundred golden reasons for compliance glittering before you?" said the old gentleman, withdrawing his chin from his bony hands, and clenching them with rage.

"I refuse!"

"But have you the *right* to refuse?" persisted he. "When once a man by the combined force of genius, study, and experience attains *your* eminence in the profession, has he a right to withhold his aid from an unfortunate being, struggling against a cruel malady and the blunders of the faculty, whom his advice may restore to an afflicted family?"

"I was not to be deluded by the flatteries thus plausibly applied."

“ Let me see my patient, sir, by fair means, in the ordinary way,” cried I, “ and my utmost exertions will evince the sincerity of my professional zeal.”

“ Instead of replying, the old man clapped his hands so eagerly that I concluded my terms were about to be complied with. The venerable servant instantly reappeared.

“ Conduct this gentleman to the stables,” said he; “ the chariot will instantly convey him as speedily as possible back to town. Do me the justice to accept this remuneration for your visit,” concluded he, forcing five guineas into my hand. “ My young friend cannot drive you home again, as he must instantly seek the services of some more accommodating medical attendant.”

“ Some signal may have passed at the same time between the master and his attendant, for I was, I admit, so nettled at his imperious mode of dismissing me, that I followed the domestic rapidly out of the room, with the expectation of being recalled ere I reached the carriage. As I traversed the vestibule I determined to demand an interview with the young man who had escorted me down. But scarcely had I stepped upon the gravel of the entrance-drive, when, turning to signify my wishes to my companion, I found myself alone. The house-door had suddenly closed upon me, and all was darkness. It was not difficult to retrace the few steps I had advanced from the door, but having regained it, what did I obtain? There was neither bell nor knocker. All that met my hands amid the darkness of the night was the cold bronze of the knob-nailed portal; to make myself heard through which was as if to knock at the tomb of the Capulets. Beyond, on either side, extended only the rugged fragments of rock-work forming the wall of this mysterious habitation, along which I crossed, first to the right then to the left, till they became unapproachable behind the thorny holly-branches of the shubbery. Not a window, not a loophole,—not a means of ingress in any direction. The only objects I encountered in my researches were the clammy, bloated leaves of the cacti and other trailing plants, which, moistened with dew, revolted the touch like the slimy skin of some noisome, crawling reptile.

“ Having wasted more than an hour in infructuous attempts to re-enter the house, make myself heard by the inmates, or reach the stables, a drizzling rain began to fall, and as not a vestige of shelter presented itself, it suddenly occurred to me to approach the gate and clamour at the house-bell till I obtained admittance. The gate it was easy to make out, but neither bell nor bell-wire could I find. Either they had been purposely removed, or the bell rung on our arrival by my companion was suspended to some lofty tree. I might as well have attempted to force my way into a fortress, as into this abominable villa.”

“ You were, in short, a solitary prisoner, between the garden paling and an impervious wall, exposed to a soaking rain. What a persecution !”

“ But as if all this, madam, did not suffice, while endeavouring to find the bell I was startled by a low growl proceeding from the neighbouring bushes, and on renewing my attempts, two house-dogs of colossal size, came prowling about my legs, resisting with surly defiance



all attempts at conciliation, by hand or voice, in a manner which persons conversant with the demonstrations of canine nature hold far more alarming than a snarl.

"In a fit of desperation I now snatched at the handle of the gate, when, to my utter amazement, the latch yielded. Without hesitation I rushed forth. The gate closed behind me with a snap; and finding myself in a lane, and secure at least from the attacks of the gaunt guardians of this trap-hole of a villa, I determined to walk on briskly towards the nearest habitation (which as far as I could remember was a small alehouse by the road-side, about a quarter of a mile distant) whence I might despatch a person in quest of a vehicle to take me back, or at all events satisfy my curiosity concerning the originators of the extraordinary hoax of which I was the victim. Before I attained the spot, however, I became perplexed by a turning, and taking the way I flattered myself led to the London road (my hat being slouched over my eyes, and my collar drawn up to my ears as a shelter against the rain), I trudged onwards along a raised causeway, which gradually sank into the road, and became miry almost as a quagmire. Another moment and I found my feet actually in the water,—a step further, I should have been floating in the cold, dark waters of the Thames.

"I had attained the river it seemed at a spot used as a watering-place for cattle; overhung by the straggling branches of a broken old willow-tree; a most unsafe place for foot-travellers on a starless night. All I had now to do, was to retrace my steps towards the cross-road, on reaching which, I suffered myself to be again puzzled, again misled. To find the well-remembered public-house, baffled in short all my attempts! I passed the gates of several market-gardens, in which there were habitations. But at these in succession I rang in vain. The first light I discerned after quitting the hateful villa, was—

"But I humbly entreat your ladyship's pardon," cried Sir Jedediah, interrupting himself, as he glanced at the timepiece. "I have intruded on your ladyship's time far beyond any reasonable hour of retiring to rest. In the engrossment of my egotism, I forgot that I am addressing an invalid, of whose ailments I have not been as yet enabled to form a definite idea. You will, perhaps, permit me to consider this a friendly visit, and return to-morrow afternoon, for a professional investigation of your symptoms? Meanwhile, I rejoice to perceive a sensible diminution of the languor I noticed in your ladyship's appearance on my first entrance. There is a slight effusion of colour on your ladyship's cheek, and your eyes are brightened, at this moment, by a degree of animation, denoting, perhaps, feverish excitement, but which might be mistaken for the looks of a young person in perfect health."

"My spirits have been indeed lightened of a heavy load this evening," said I, ashamed to own how deeply I was interested in his narrative; and how gladly I would have sat up till one in the morning to listen to its conclusion.

"It is perhaps owing to the slight stream of air you introduced into the room by opening the window, that I have been thus relieved. I am apt to confine myself to too stagnant an atmosphere."

"On that point, with your ladyship's leave, we will decide to-morrow," said he, rising to take leave, after politely declining the offered fee.

“And on the morrow,” cried I, in my turn, almost as much interested as Lady Anne had been herself in the first instance, to hear the conclusion of Sir Jedediah’s strange adventure; “what did he suggest? and above all, what more did you learn of the extraordinary people and place with whom he had been thus singularly brought into collision?”

“*That* secret constitutes a main portion of Sir Jedediah’s professional Arcana,” said Lady Anne, with a provoking smile. “If you also are suffering from that worst of nervous disorders called *ennui*, you have no right to pretend to be cured gratis. Come here to-morrow at one o’clock, and meet my incomparable doctor; you shall then, if you think proper, learn from his own lips the conclusion of his story. No one but himself can do justice to the adventure.”

This was provoking enough, for I could only understand my fair cousin’s refusal as a hint for dismissal; and so excited were my feelings by all I had heard, and the expressive brilliancy of her countenance animated by the interest of the moment, that I would fain have listened for hours. But the waxlights were burning low, and even Flora got up and stretched herself, as though to remind me that the hour of rest for man and beast was at hand.

“One word more, lady fair,” said I, as I prepared to take leave. “Did the patient so mysteriously concealed from Sir Jedediah, turn out to be—”

“Ask him yourself,” cried Lady Anne, extending her delicate forefinger towards me to be shaken. “Meanwhile, from the eagerness depicted in your countenance, I see that you are as likely to become a convert as myself to the new system, as well as a most capital subject for Sir Jedediah Claversham’s HOT-WATER CURE.”

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### SONNET.

THE world is with me, and its many cares,  
 Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears  
 That wait on all terrestrial affairs—  
 The shades of former and of future years—  
 Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,  
 Quelling a spirit that was once elate.  
 Heavens! what a wilderness the earth appears,  
 Where Youth, and Mirth, and Health are out of date!  
 But no—a laugh of innocence and joy  
 Resounds, like music of the fairy race,  
 And gladly turning from the world’s annoy  
 I gaze upon a little radiant face,  
 And bless, internally, the merry boy  
 Who “makes a *son-shine* in a shady place.”

T. H.

## SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS :

AN ANECDOTE.

Ce qu'on appelle l'amitié n'est qu'un, &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD *passim*.

Nous nous aimions dès l'enfance.

MARMONTEL.

WE will spare our readers a prelection upon the maxims of the French moralist (or immoralist as they may please to call him); the world is too old, and too much on the alert, to need further instruction on the mere A, B, C of its code. It is all very well to talk prudently before the servants and the children, or Joseph-superficially when in need of a loan, or in a moonlight *tête-à-tête* with a boarding-school young lady; every one knows (and acts upon the knowledge) how the case really stands,—that friendship (as Gray says) is but a name, that *quoad* that virtue, man is a beast, woman a beastess, and the whole race of children, male and female, a set of the most selfish, self-centred, self-conceited animals in all creation. It is little to the purpose, that in the daily intercourse of life people must come together, that their respective qualities (good or bad) must sometimes dovetail, that connexions may be useful, acquaintances convenient, and that these necessities must beget habits difficult to break through. Men, therefore, may live in society more comfortably than dog and cat—that is, without coming to an open rupture; but to imagine, on the strength of such premises, that in these *liaisons* there is more than a game of brag, a bargain and sale of good offices, or rather a trial of wit and dexterity, is to be a very dupe: and this is known *lippis et tonsoribus*.

But though the fact be thus familiar, its cause is less generally bruited; and it merits a word of explanation, not merely as confirmatory of a great principle, but for its own curiosity. Had La Rochefoucauld been aware of the causation, it would have saved him an immensity of trouble in arriving at those first elements of human action, which enabled him to reduce the whole conduct of life within the compass of a few pages; and if the great masters of sentimental ethics had possessed the remotest notion of the ground they stood upon, it would have spared them many an extravagance.

To Cuvier, humanity is indebted for the organic bases of our veritable theory of friendship, as it is for a knowledge of the earth's formations, and for the recovered memoirs of "the buried majesty" of countless antediluvian respectabilities with exceedingly hard names. Whoever will take the pains to study the writings of this greatest of physiologists and naturalists, will learn that nature's first rude idea of an animal is comprised in a simple digesting sack,—that a stomach is the most elemental form in which sensation is manifested, and that, as we mount in the scale of beings, there are discovered, grouped around this centre in succession, an ascending series of members, viscera, and faculties. A closer examination will further show that through all this admirable diversity of form, of structure, and of action, the end to be attained is one and the same—that what-

ever may be the secondary and specific purposes answered by such additional pieces in the machine, they are all *en dernier ressort* subservient to the common end of assuring to the stomach a better supply of congruous aliment. Even that crowning miracle, the magnificent faculty which penetrates the immensity of space, and in the moral world elevates its possessor to the conception of a great first cause, exists in the closest connexion with alimentary necessities; and by ninety-nine out of every hundred thinkers, it is exclusively employed in discovering what is good to eat, and in laying schemes for the better compassing a more or less succulent dinner. One of the most knowing of the Greek physicians (and the Greeks were shrewd guessers at truth), has declared the stomach to be the seat and controlling cause of all pleasures and pains; and Rabelais (who had more *sous* than the entire Sorbonne, and knew more than a bench of Puseyite bishops, and a seceding Synod of presbyterians, all lumped together), arrived substantially at the same conclusion, which he reduced into his well-known maxim of *tout pour la trippe*. Although a French critic therefore may have been right in saying that the style is the man (meaning, thereby, that it is an exponent of the man, an outward sign of his intellectual modality), yet in a more transcendental and philosophical sense, it is the stomach that constitutes the man. Might we not, indeed, say, that men are but stomachs of a larger growth; for that organ is the true centre from which all human actions arise, and in which all human desires terminate. The pineal gland be hanged, the true seat of the soul is in the abdomen, or to speak more precisely, in the solar plexus, the nervous ganglion which animates the stomach, with all its dependent viscera.

Accordingly, the earliest developed instinct of the new-born babe is connected with these organs; infants carry all things that they can grasp to their mouth, while there is nothing which the adult will not swallow—ay, and digest, too—provided it may be turned to profit, *id est*, to keep the pot boiling. Every wise and good man assures himself with reasonable certainty of his daily bread, before he permits himself to indulge in any other propensity;—the wise man, because of the major importance of that *sine quâ non*;—the good man, because he fully understands that the wretch who is starving, is *brouillé* with all holy thoughts, and on the very brink of determined wickedness. Instinctively, the unlettered many have been led to acknowledge the truth of this matter; and the wisdom of nations is not in fault, when it talks of stomaching injuries, and possessing bowels of compassion; for only let the stomach and bowels be put thoroughly out of humour by a long and distressing fast, and then see what becomes of every human sympathy and affection.

Mediately or immediately every passion may be resolved into the instinct of self-preservation, and consequently it tends to the stomach, and is subservient, as we have said, to its ends: and though anatomists have regarded the passion of love as an exception, and referred it to an object of its own; yet when it is considered that the end of love is matrimony, and the end of matrimony a marriage portion or a settlement, the exception must be taken as more apparent than real. Henceforth, then, let man be defined as being a more or less well-conditioned substantive stomach, armed with its adjective accidents, *videlicet*, a

mouth to swallow, teeth to masticate, salivary glands to lubricate, with hands to feed the mouth, legs to run after nature's *menu*, with a head to plot, and a heart to execute every thing good or bad, which can conduce to the purposes of provision : *les quarante avec de l'esprit comme quatre* could not define him better.

And now we come to the matter in hand, to the great *quod erat demonstrandum* of moralists of all schools and classes—the nature of friendship ; pray therefore perpend, and mark the beauty, the simplicity, the lucidity of the consequence. If man be indeed a stomach, friendship can be nothing else but an union of two stomachs hunting in couples, according to the nature of stomachs, for the more perfect or convenient attainment, in co-operation, of all those ends, that a solitary single stomach cannot effect *per se*. Round this truth, as around a centre, rolls the whole philosophy of the subject ; and as the sun in the solar system, so does it throw light on the entire microcosm, while it governs and controls every distinct particular. Before this truth, all mysteries disappear, all irregularities are reduced to rule. By its assistance we discover why Amphitryon never wants a friend ; and why all the world bids God bless him, who is “ possessed of ought to give.” Pleasant conversation aids digestion, and therefore the stomach prompts the Amphitryon to be hospitable ; while the diner out (that is the afore-said solar plexus), finds every good quality of his host summed up in the gastronomic excellences of his cook ; and therefore is he grateful for dinners yet to come. So, too, in the intercourse between patrons and clients, the influence of the stomach is conclusive. If the one is in want of a tool, the other is desirous of a place ; and each seeks to obtain from the other assistance in a common pursuit of the *de quoi manger*. In short, for why should we be long on so clear a case, the stomach is at the bottom, not only of all La Rochefoucauld's maxims, but of every other mystery of human nature, from Persius's *Magister artis*, Juvenal's *Græculus esuriens*, or Horace's *ibit eo*, to the *Dinde trouffé* of Cambaceres, and the English Regent's passion for the Marchioness's “ cutlets and curaçoa.”

Had natural history then been better understood, the reveries of sentimental moralists would never have obtained a hearing ; and the La Bruyères and the Mandevilles would never have made a reputation by refuting their *niaiseries*.

Having thus disposed of the affections of men, we shall have the less difficulty in treating those of children. What are we to think, for instance, of those school friendships, which even parents, who should know better, so often imagine, are to make the fortunes of their children ? Do not, good readers, suffer yourselves to be run away with by the notion that Eton is so fashionable, and stands so high in parental estimation, as it does, on account of the *beaux yeux* of its unintelligible Latin grammar, or its fanatical addiction to Greek metres, or for its conservative sticking to birchbroom discipline, and the fagging system,—all-venerable though these things be : the real motive for thus continuing to submit our soft pledges of conjugal affection to the rough tuition of the fifteenth century, is the chance it gives Master Tommy of hooking on to a lord, or of becoming “ in strong con ” with a future premier.

“ Who knows, my love, but a friendship formed at school may make

the boy a bishop, place him on the woolsack, or at all events assist him in becoming a rector, or a clerk of the Treasury, or a land-waiter at the Custom-house :”

Visions of glory spare my aching sight.

If it be remembered that among the causes of lasting acquaintance between the adult stomachs of this world, the firmest and the best is *convenance*, if it be borne in mind that similarity of tastes, pursuits, and associations (that is, the *idem sentire* concerning cheating, eating, &c. &c.), are at the bottom of almost all the *soi-disant* friendships, from the days of Pylades and Orestes, to those of Pitt and Dundas, or of Brougham and Lyndhurst, a reason will readily be discovered why the friendships of tadpole stomachs should be of a less enduring character. The bases of juvenile adhesiveness, such as the being in the same form, lodging with the same dame, sleeping in the same apartment, or possibly coming from the same county, are of a far more contingent and temporary nature; and friendships thus formed, can last only so long as the influential circumstances remain unchanged; being severed at the very first turning. Oxford and Cambridge break up many of these tender ties. India and the colonies have much to answer for; a country curacy is the grave of intimacies that threatened to outlast the crack of doom; and the miscellaneous encounters of the club-house are not less fatal another way. But the freezing mixture which no warmth of feeling can resist, is the ill assortment of worldly stations. It may be all very well for the merchant's son to be admitted to the friendship of his noble class-fellow, or for the curate's boy to be long stop to the squire's heir, as long as they are at school,—though even this is rare and exceptional: but in the world, difference of fortune alone is enough to break up all intimate association, and out of sight out of mind is a necessary consequence. Granting even that habit, caprice, or individual oddity, might (once in a century or so) maintain acquaintances under circumstances thus hostile; still the first touch of ridicule, the first blush of shame at being detected in an unequal alliance with vulgarity, trade, an unfashionable exterior, or worse still, an empty purse, would, as a general rule, suffice to separate brotherhood itself.

It is a serious and absurd mistake, cherished principally by novel writers and sentimentalists in the essay way, to maintain that the friendships of youth are founded upon purer motives, and therefore are more calculated for duration. If there be any difference in this particular between young stomachs and old, it is that the digestion of the former is quicker, and its demands on the system more importunate. Smaller motives, therefore, bring the juvenile parties together, and smaller motives part them; their friendships are more capricious and variable. There is no denying that the parasite is as common a character in schools as in the world; the possession of plenty of money to spend in cakes or clandestine dinners, with a constitutional dislike of hoarding, are as frequent causes of popularity in the under school, as they are in adult associations. Nay, beginning with the beginning, does not the nursling cut its mother, and attach its most mercenary self to the wet-nurse? and before the imp can go alone, he has learned the lessons of bribery, and is only to be tempted into



obedience and order, by incessant donatives of raspberry-jam and slices of plum-cake. Observe, too, that the first instincts of childhood are to keep all for itself; and a mother's best oratory fails in persuading the selfish creature to share with another any thing that can be eaten, until she has beaten into its obtuse imagination an adequate conception of the speculative advantages of parting with a sprat to catch a whale.

In preparatory schools, friendships between the inmates are first developed by baskets of goodies despatched from home. The possessor of a lot of apples is a hero, the owner of a home-made cake an admirable Crichton—as long as it lasts, and no longer. *Donec eris felix* is thus rendered the law of school attachments no less than of those between the merest worldlings upon town; and when all is demolished, the hero is left alone in his glory;—all his fair-weather admirers having transferred their affections to the owner of a newer arrival. At the public schools, if friendships are commenced, as we have stated, on larger motives of temporary *convenience*, their activity is not the less generally directed to gastronomic purposes, to conspiracies for stealing and roasting a duck, poaching a neighbouring fish-pond, or the maintenance of a clandestine club for good eating. Sometimes its great end is the establishment of a system of reciprocity in casual invitations to friends' houses for a holiday, or in a dinner with an uncle or other goodnatured philopæd visiter at the neighbouring inn. Even in the aristocratic associations of young lords, which rarely extend below the son of a landholder, if the pride of birth goes for a good deal, coefficient of expensive self-indulgences is still more influential.

Another reason why school friendships should not be lasting, is the undeveloped state of the schoolboy's nature. At that period of life the provision for the wants of the stomach lies exclusively with "the governor;" and all those infinite combinations which Figaro tells us must be carried out, simply to exist, have not worked their good and their evil upon the adolescent disposition. Hundreds and hundreds of cravings have not yet agitated the being, and changed the direction of the natural feelings, which in afterlife may convert a Trajan into a Nero, and cool an Alcibiades into an Elwes. Boys and girls do not know their own minds; how then can they appreciate those of others; and if they did, by and by all is changed. Love comes, and makes its victims, strange to their own nature, obliterating all "the trivial and fond records" of childish and adolescent friendships.

One of the great ends of friendly association, and certainly not the least effective link in the chain which binds man to man, is the power of discussing common interests, and especially those interests which refer most directly to the stomach. Hence the different modes of supplying that organ are powerfully instrumental in breaking up school friendships. Lawyers are seen through life herding with lawyers, parsons with parsons, and the military with the military; and then, as the saint sung, *αυραι φερουσι τας παλαιας ελπιδας*, it is all over with the orchard-robbing friendships of school, which are thus quickly forgotten, to make way for newer attachments, generated in the mess-room, the cockpit, the cathedral close, or the stock-exchange. When, after a lapse of years, two school friends thus separated come together, they no

longer speak a common language, or have a common idea to communicate; and when they have taxed their memory to the uttermost, to revive the details of a barring out, a rowing match, or a fight with the town, they are reduced to silence, and each wonders what he could possibly have seen in the other boy to have adopted him for a companion.

Much worse is it with the school friendships of the softer sex. Whether women are abstractedly less formed for friendship than men, we cannot stop to inquire. When the tie does operate upon females, it certainly is (while it lasts) more energetic and trustworthy than among men; but, on the other hand, a woman is usually so taken up and preoccupied by family duties,—by the interests of her husband and children, that she has not leisure for extra parochial attachments. It is further to be observed that the friendships of women are more frequently formed with the opposite sex than with their own: and in the few cases in which females enter into relations of peace and amity with each other, it is most commonly but the prelude for a bitter and internecine warfare.

But without dwelling too earnestly on this position, the life of school girls is so much more circumscribed than that of boys—their conduct is so closely restricted, and their intellect so little called on, that there is far less scope afforded for selection in the formation of their friendships; and when they have lived a little in the world their entire being and affections have become so changed, that identity itself nearly disappears. So those that parted intimates at the boarding-school, meet in society with the coolest indifference; at most exchange a hasty recognition, and hurry onwards in search of newer and livelier interests.

But though the school friendships of females are thus frail and unenduring, and yield but the perfume and the suppliance of a minute, they are, notwithstanding, while they last, exceedingly exalted and engrossing. The reasons are manifold. Girls in general are brought up in a denser atmosphere of illusions than boys; the realities of life are more sedulously excluded; ignorance is made a substitute for innocence, and female youth is prepared for doing its duty in a world of things by a guarded training in every thing that is not. The judgment thus thwarted and crabbed, leaves the imagination unregulated, and every thing is excessive, because nothing is compared.

The friendships of girls are also augmented by the revolution which is going on at the time in their own frame; the consequent development of new ideas gives birth to endless self-questionings, which lead to mutual revelations combining the pleasures of curiosity and the charm of secrecy. These associations acquire a factitious exaltation through the excitable nature of the subject. Such friendships indeed are little less than misplaced love. The adolescent stomach looks out beyond itself for something (it as yet knows not what), and it takes to chalk and sealingwax, and indulges in yearnings that are not embodied in ideas. Thus an unapplied fund of morbid expansiveness is generated, which is vested in the first object of sympathy that offers. The satirist may perhaps add to these causes the more garrulous and communicative disposition of females,—in plainer English, their love of gossip, which, when all is said in the way of railing, is but the manifestation of a more sensitive and *liant* nature. Lastly, must be added to

these various sources of intimate association, the close circumvallation of prohibitions which environ boarding-school existence, and which occasion a stronger rush of the impulses in those channels which happen to be left free.;

We have been led to put these thoughts of ours upon paper by an anecdote of school friendship which we recently encountered, and which strikingly elucidates many points of our doctrine. We shall therefore give it to our readers; for though we cannot absolutely guarantee its authenticity, and can only tell the tale as 'twas told to us, yet there is something in its details so accordant with the character of the times, and of the individuals, that it is impossible to refuse it a degree of credence.

Most of our readers know something of Bonaparte's foundation for female education at *Ecouen*, an aping of Louis the Fourteenth's and Madame de Maintenon's school at St. Cyr, but turned to other purposes. In this school the daughters of military parents of all ranks were admitted on a footing of perfect equality; and the heiress of a marshal of France might become the intimate associate and *confidante* of the orphan of a corporal or a sergeant. Among the pupils of the establishment there were at one time three friends, whose mutual attachment was a subject of general remark and eulogy, in a school where emulation, carried to its fullest extent, rarely gave birth to jealousy or dislike. These heroines of friendship were called Hortense, Maria, and Clarissa. Maria was the child of a poor sub-lieutenant, who had been disabled by losing his eyes in an action on the Rhine. Clarissa, on the contrary, was the daughter of one of those generals who made such immense fortunes in the wars of the revolution, and to whom Napoleon had given principalities, as stop-gaps to appease ambition, till better things should turn up. Hortense was of a still more distinguished birth. The young and interesting friends were remarkable for the equality of their attainments; they pursued their studies with an identical success. At each distribution of prizes the three names were sure to issue together from the mouth of the grand-chancellor of the empire, whose limited charge it was on such occasions to give honour where honour was due; and the three always rose together to receive the same recompence.

Years were thus passed away, and friendship ripened with the ripening intelligence of these Pylades and Orestes in petticoats, these Jonathans and Davids in monitors. How comes it, by the by, that we have no female instances on record of proverbial friendship to quote as pendants for our masculine miracles? The day, however, came (as such days always will come, if folks have only the patience to await them), which was to part the friends, and to cut a gordian-knot, to which the true lover's is but as one of Sterne's "equivocating reduplications." The triumfeminate was to be broken up, a sister was to be abstracted from the bevy: for Maria, the daughter of the blind lieutenant, was summoned to her home. Her mother had died, and her father was in want of an Antigone to guide his benighted steps.

To tell what was the grief of the inseparables, to count the tears that fell, the sighs which were breathed to the winds, in utter neglect of the known propensity of the like *autant en emporter*, were an idle waste

of time. The grief of well jointured widows, the sorrow of disconsolate relicts of ungovernable shrews were as nothing in comparison; and what is still more, *les belles éplorées* were in perfect earnest, and they lamented with a good faith as commendable as it is rare. We cannot help suspecting, too, that the bitterness of parting must have been aggravated by something more than an instinctive foreknowledge of the consequences of worldly associations upon the future duration of an attachment thus shaken to its centre. Paris was within reach of Ecouen, and an intercourse with the capital must have already exhibited the abyss which yawns between the rich and the poor, between the humble and the powerful, in that head-quarters of the antiapothecosis of all things sublunary: for what was the conduct of these young friends on the trying emergency?

Our sentimental readers will here perhaps anticipate our narrative, and jump *pedibus junctis* to the conclusion that they sought consolation in the prospect of a speedy reunion, as they should be successively liberated from the trammels of Ecouen; and that the first use they proposed to make of their acquired free agency should be (in the parlance of sentiment), to rush into each other's arms. No such thing—the *élèves* of Madame Campan were too well brought up not to be aware of the *déconvenance* of such an idea. The world has its occupations which impose, its pleasures which distract, and they knew it. An immediate meeting never entered their imagination.

Clarissa, the daughter of the General, the most thoroughly aware, in all probability, of the brilliant region she was predestined to inhabit, was the first to form a rational view of the case; and to bound her wishes to a reunion at that more distant period when the first novelty of the world, its business, and its pleasures, should have passed, and when there might, perhaps, be “a time for such a word”—

“Let us swear,” she said, “come weal, come woe, that we three will meet this day ten years at the gate of the Tuileries.”

We might say much that is edifying of the young lady's palpable violation of Horace's *spem longam reseces*. How confiding is youth! how strong the sentiment of vitality at sweet sixteen! No mistrusting of where the gate of the Tuileries might be in ten years' time, where themselves—in absence, in matrimony, in prison, or death. It really is very lucky that such a thought does not often enter into the heads of the youthful; what lively day-dreams it would dissipate—what necessary previsions, ay, and provisions, too, it would impede.

“Yes!” quoth Hortense, “on this day ten years, there, at the gate, I shall be, I swear it to you, Clarissa, and to you, Maria. Will you not be there also?”

“Do you doubt it?” cried Maria and Clarissa simultaneously; and they beckoned to a gardener, who was at work near the spot where they were standing.

“Do you be witness, George,” they said, “of our oath. We three Hortense, Clarissa, and Maria, swear to give each other a meeting at the gate of the Tuileries this day ten years, at this very hour of six in the evening.”

An Ecouen gardener was too polished a gentleman to doubt a young lady's word; and so without more ado the conference broke up. The

next day Maria quitted Econen ; three months after, Clarissa also left and was married ; and before the revolution of another year, Hortense, in her turn, bade Madame Campan adieu and departed.

Here we must pause, to notice an improbability in the narrative of our Archbishop Turpin, the author to whom we are indebted for the story. The chances of Parisian life ought to have brought the friends together before ten years could elapse. In those days, the exclusive spirit which now separates the fauxbourg and the chaussée d'Antin "far as the poles asunder," had not commenced ; and "*la finance*" and "*la noblesse Napolienne*," were on the best terms. Clarissa, too, and Hortense, might, without any great stretch of benevolence, have laid their heads together to do something for poor Maria and her parent. On reflection, however, this, so far from being a ground for doubt, proves the "o'er true" reality of the tale ; a romancer would not have missed such an opportunity. The revolution was an epoch of strong sensations, generosity was a fashion, and a pension to the blind lieutenant, worthy of the fifth act of a sentimental comedy, was in the very spirit of the times, too obvious to overlook. Our respectable authority, however, has proved himself above such claptraps, and he is to be believed accordingly.

Ten years ! how soon they pass in this best of all possible worlds, and especially when we occupy one of the best places in its ranks. As for Clarissa, the splendour of her establishment was the theme of general conversation ; so, too, was the elegance of her manners. Her husband was one of the richest bankers in Europe ; and his brilliant, bustling, pompous life, which was shared by his wife, was too engrossing to let school friendships intrude.

The grandeurs which awaited Hortense were still more distracting : as for Maria, she, poor girl, as far as her friends seem to have known, might have possessed neither equipage nor establishment to make time fly withal—nothing beyond the consolation of seeing her father enjoy the warmth of the sun, when she led him into its rays. With her, however, time if it did not fly, must have crept ; for with the sorrowful as with the joyous, with the poor as with the rich, nothing is stationary, except pens, ink, and paper. The time of *tryst* therefore arrived "in due course," and the ten years were accomplished.

It was on a Sunday in autumn, at ten minutes before six. The gardens of the Tuileries were, in the language of Hibernia, "to the fore ;" but as yet not one of the three friends appeared ; five minutes later, the *factionnaire* at the gate still paced his appointed ground, undisturbed by friendship *en émeute*. But hark ! the clock strikes, and behold as the last bell tolls, a carriage rolls up with its four horses. The carriage was covered with gold, the horses were genuine English. The door opened, and a lady, still young, alighted and cast an inquiring glance on every side. She was beautiful and splendidly dressed, and all the world gathered round her to admire.

This glittering personage was no other than Maria—Maria, the poor daughter of the poor lieutenant. What had operated such a change ?

Ten years, we have said, had passed ; and ten years we were taught at school were too much for Troy : a single day indeed sufficed to over-

throw Nineveh and the Trocadero ; nine years, according to Horace, will ripen a tragedy, and as many hours will create a perfect and first-rate melodrama. Time, though it measures all things, is itself measured by the clockmaker alone. The reader, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that two nights—a night of fire and a night of snow—should suffice to explain the phenomenon of Maria's equipage and appearance. Moscow had not burned in vain, "the winter's flaw" had triumphed over Napoleon, the "Grand Restorateur" was reseated on his throne, and among other restorations that followed, was that of Maria's family to the ample estates they had forfeited at the emigration. It is, indeed, an ill wind that blows nobody good.

While Maria thus stood, the observed of all observers, but intent only on the expected advent of her two great friends, a female, modestly dressed in clothes whose neatness could not conceal their poverty, approached with a hesitating step, and addressed her. In an instant, Maria was in the arms of Clarissa.

Clarissa, the rich Clarissa, the daughter of the peculating General of the empire, the wife of the *millionaire* banker, had been long ruined. Her husband was a bankrupt and a fugitive.

"You will tell me your story at night," said Maria, hastily ; "for we part no more. I was poor at Ecouen, and you disdained not to love me. I am now rich in my turn, and you must not let pride come between us, but accept the old equality of our school."

Clarissa, less hurt probably than surprised at the *élan* of generosity thus blurted out, was about to enter her friend's carriage, when they paused by one accord, and looked at each other.

"But Hortense, where is Hortense?" they asked at an instant.

"You knew what she was," said Maria, with a sigh.

"You know what she is," added Clarissa, and a tear dropped as she spoke.

Ten years had made Maria rich and Clarissa poor. Ten years had carried Hortense an exile to Germany.

At that moment they were addressed by a third person who was evidently seeking for them.

"Are not you Clarissa—and you madame, are you not Maria," said the gardener George ; for it was he who spoke. "This," he continued, "is for you, and this for you."

He placed, as he spoke, into the hands of each a small box, and disappeared in the crowd.

The two friends opened their respective boxes, and found within, the two halves of a crown. It was that worn by the ex-Queen of Holland, the elegant, the accomplished sister-in-law of Napoleon !

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## PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &amp;c.

## CHAP. XLII.

OUR HERO A MARRIED MAN—A STRONG CASE OF "*GRAY MARE*" IS ESTABLISHED—HE IS UNDER THE DISAGREEABLE NECESSITY OF LIVING LIKE A GENTLEMAN—PLEASANT PARTIES *VERSUS* PRUDERY: VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF—THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE first few weeks succeeding their marriage, whilst the sting of disappointed avarice and (which was if possible still more galling) of baffled "'cuteness" was rankling in Quiddy's heart, were passed in mutual reproach and recrimination. Such honey-(?)moon was, however, productive of this advantage to them: it assured them that their affection for each other could never, under any circumstances, suffer decrease—a prospect which is not always realized after honeymoons of a more agreeable character. Quiddy sometimes, indeed, thought of a separation; but in that case exposures unfavourable to him might be made: the matter would become the town-talk, and he would be laughed at for having outwitted and overreached his own very dear and clever self.

That "When things come to the worst they must mend" is an adage which is not in all cases true; for, occasionally, when they have arrived at that pleasant point, there will they obstinately remain. It was true, however, in the instance before us. To quarrel and turmoil at length succeeded a state of quiet, passably decent. Affection there was none, nor happiness in its pure and exquisite sense; but habit reconciled them at last to each other's society; and if it did no more, it did at least as much as could reasonably have been expected. They were indissolubly bound together: it was necessary to their comfort, their mere comfort, that they should make the best of their hymeneal bondage, and this for their own separate and individual sakes, they endeavoured to do.

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They had been married three years.

"I think Bloomsbury-square is quite good enough for us," said Mr. Quiddy, ill-humouredly.

"Quite," said, Mrs. Quiddy, coolly; "but I am tired of it, and Russell-square will be better."

"I wonder, madam, you don't at once talk of Portman-square, or Grosvenor-square," said he.

"I may, perhaps, one of these days," replied she; "but the other will do for the present. This house is not large enough for my parties, and that will be just the thing. I have been over it from the top to the bottom; it is in tolerable repair, and except for papering, and painting, and gilding, and a few such trifles, it will not cost us more than a few

hundreds to get into it. It will require new furniture, certainly ; but that, you know, is mere matter of course."

"And pray, madam, where is the money to come from?"

"From your sheer industry which you are so fond of talking about," replied Honoria, with a laugh. "You have now upwards of eighty thousand pounds : we neither of us have a relative in the world ; we have no children to provide for ; and as circumstances are likely so to remain till the end of the chapter, why cannot you be content to spend your money like a gentleman?"

"But you are not satisfied, Mrs. Q., with my spending my money like a gentleman ; you expect me to spend as much as if I was twenty gentlemen."

"No, no, Mr. Quiddy," said Honoria, laughing, "I am not so exorbitant in my expectations : conduct yourself in *any* matter like one gentleman, and I shall be satisfied."

"Very well, ma'am, very well indeed," said Quiddy, piqued by the retort ; "quite as it ought to be : a lady who brings her husband ten thousand pounds on the wedding-day, has a right to give herself airs."

"Still the old subject !" exclaimed Mrs. Quiddy. "Now do you suppose that had I possessed such a fortune—had not, indeed, my friend Mr. Honestly-and-candidly left me destitute, utterly destitute—do you suppose I would have married Mr. Phineas Quiddy?"

"Well, ma'am, that's candid, at any rate," cried Quiddy.

"'Tis of your own seeking, sir," laughingly replied she ; "you know that whenever you allude to that subject, so surely do you provoke that avowal. But why reproach *me*? I didn't deceive you ; blinded by avarice you deceived yourself. Had you had the manliness, the candour, to question me concerning the state of my affairs I would have told you the truth."

"Candour, indeed !" exclaimed he ; "if you had had the candour to tell me you hadn't a shilling in the world——"

"I should no longer have been tormented by Mr. Quiddy's protestations of disinterested affection. But, no :—you eagerly followed me to Brighton ; you left me not a moment to myself ; by all the means that could be used you hurried me into marriage ; nor was it till the morning after the wedding, when you thought my "fortune" secure within your grasp, that you questioned me concerning it—in what it consisted—in what stock it was invested ; and when you were informed of the real state of the case—ha ! ha ! ha !—I wish Gilray or Rowlandson could have seen you !"

"I see nothing to laugh at, at all events, ma'am ; and—and—if *you* didn't deceive me, Mrs. Fleecer did."

"No, not even exactly that," said Mrs. Quiddy ; "the most I will admit against her is, that she furnished you with the threads with which you yourself constructed a net—to catch yourself in."

"And in gratitude for that little service," said Quiddy, "you insisted upon my settling upon her sixty pounds a-year for her life."

"No," said Mrs. Quiddy, "you know very well it was not for that. In the first place, what would have become of the poor old soul, when, very soon after our marriage, her house in Surrey-street was burned to the ground, together with every thing in it, and she was uninsured ?

As it is, there is she comfortably settled for the rest of her life with her sister in Cornwall." She paused ere she continued. "Then — although she is not malicious, yet when once her tongue is set moving her discretion is not to be depended on. We *now* are not likely ever to see her again; and—and—for certain reasons it is better that it should be so."

Whatever may have been the "certain reasons" so tenderly alluded to, Quiddy made no reply to the remark.

And here we will mention a circumstance which is not altogether unworthy of notice.

Whenever Mr. Quiddy spoke to his lady of the late Mr. Slymore (which was seldom), whatever he may have known, or thought, or suspected, he invariably called him her "uncle." Now, well acquainted as we are with the constitution of his mind, we cannot attribute the circumstance in question to an overstrained, a morbid delicacy of feeling; we must allow it, therefore, to be assigned to some motive of which *self* was the object.—Could he have thought that his own position in society might have been affected by his recognition, or otherwise, of the relationship?

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"I *will*," continued Mrs. Quiddy, "so say no more about it. Besides, the house is your own property; and (as you have said) you got it at a third of its value by the failure of its late owner to redeem it on a certain day."

"True," said Quiddy; "but if you go on throwing away with two hands what I am scraping together with one——"

"Pray, Mr. Quiddy, don't talk to me in that vulgar, sordid style. I am resolved to remove to it, so be quiet."

"Well, Mrs. Q., if you will, you will: that I know to my cost. But this I have to say; once there, I hope I shall hear no more about moving again."

"I *hope* so, too," replied the lady; "but we are living in a world of uncertainties, and cannot answer positively for any thing." And she rang for the carriage.

"May I ask where you are going?" inquired Quiddy.

"It doesn't exactly concern you to know; however, I am going to Veneer's, the upholsterer's, in Bond-street, to consult about the furniture, and carpets, and glasses," replied Mrs. Quiddy.

"Veneer's!" exclaimed Quiddy; "why, ma'am, they are the dearest people in all London!"

"So it is said," said Mrs. Quiddy, in a tone of indifference; "but they are the best; and then for taste there is nothing like them."

"Ah! taste," muttered Quiddy; "I hear about nothing but taste; and a pretty expensive article I find it!"

We cannot state precisely the period at which the discovery was made (though probably it was not long subsequent to the ingenious invention of horses) that when two persons ride on horseback one must mount behind. Now applying the expression figuratively to Mr. and Mrs. Q., we think the preceding scene will have rendered it clear that our hero was not the one who usually occupied the seat nearest the animal's head.

By this time the pair had become acquainted with each other's ways.

And what were those? Mrs. Quiddy's way—(and wisely considering that there is nothing like having the start, she very soon after her marriage manifested, beyond the possibility of a doubt, what her way was)—Mrs. Quiddy's way was to have her own way: Mr. Quiddy's was—to submit to it. This he never did with a good grace, unless (which was seldom) their ways happened to tend to the same point. He would attempt, or rather, pretend resistance (as we have seen) just for form's sake, as a gun-boat might fire a single shot on surrendering to an enemy's seventy-four; but—submit he did. And why? Because he very well knew there was no help for it.

Is it possible! And was Phineas Quiddy the arrogant, the overbearing, the tyrannical, subdued into the most submissive of men? Yes; *at home*. But in the City, on 'Change, and in his money-manufactory in Mark-lane——! Woe to his "people," from the head clerk in his counting-house down to the underling; from the superintendent of his warehouse down to the scrubby errand-boy such as himself had been; double woe to the poor, the needy, who applied to him for his help—the *usurer's* HELP!—to the humble and trembling suppliant who applied to him for forbearance, for delay, for a merciful relaxation of his rapacious grasp—woe, double and treble woe to him, for (escaped from such scenes as the foregoing) on each and all of their unhappy heads did Quiddy magnanimously avenge his home-subjection! There found he solace meet and sweet for his domestic slavery—there, safely, might he play the tyrant still!

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How rapidly time passes! Another year has gone by.

"I find we have no engagement for the sixteenth, Mr. Quiddy," said his lady.

"None, ma'am," replied he.

"Then I shall issue cards for a small dinner-party—twelve—and thirty, or, perhaps forty, for the evening," said Mrs. Quiddy.

"Why, ma'am, we had the same sort of thing only two days ago!" exclaimed he. "Is there to be no end to this?"

"Oh, yes," coolly replied she, "at the end of the season."

"Just such a party two days ago, and ——"

"Why, surely, Mr. Quiddy; you wouldn't have me invite all our acquaintance at the same time; I *must divide* my parties. I haven't a room as large as the Crown and Anchor, and pretty dull work it would be if I had. Now—which of *your* set would you wish me to ask to dinner? I can spare you three places."

"Three!" said he; "and the rest will be filled with your *choice* friends—your authors, and painters, and sculptures, and all that sort of thing."

"Exactly so, sir; one must have a preponderance of talent to overcome the dulness of your——Well?"

"Why, then," said Quiddy, who knew that resistance would be in vain, "I should like to ask the Cheshires."

"Very well," said she, "that will exactly do it: Sir Gog, her ladyship, and the unmarried daughter Jane. I rather like Jane: she's sensible, unassuming woman." Jane, be it remembered, being *now*, as a watchman would cry it, "*Pa-ast thirty-two*."

"And I wish, Mrs. Q., you could contrive to ask Alderman Bristlethwaite and his wife," said Quiddy.

"Not this time," replied Mrs. Q. "Besides, I don't like the lady—I haven't even returned her call. However, should I have any refusals, I'll send them a card, since it will oblige you."

"Well—thank'e—I *shall* be obliged," meekly replied Quiddy.

"In the evening a little music and dancing, and—"

"Ah!" said Quiddy, interrupting her; "that's the most disagreeable part of the affair to me. I don't dance, I don't care about music, and—"

"Dear me!" said the lady, somewhat pettishly, "what *would* you have? Haven't you your quiet rubber at whist in a corner of the back drawing-room, where nobody is in your way" (and she muttered inaudibly), "and where you are in nobody's."

"But all this costs a lot of money, ma'am. And then, as usual, I suppose, there will be supper after all?"

"Supper, Mr. Quiddy! to be sure there will. I have no notion of sending one's friends away with a raspberry-tartlet and a glass of weak wine-and-water."

"Have you a card from the Quiddys for the sixteenth?" inquired Lady Cheshire of Mrs. Alderman Bristlethwaite, who was paying a morning visit to her ladyship.

"What, I!" exclaimed Mrs. Bristlethwaite; "oh, dear, no!"

"Don't you visit?" continued her ladyship.

We know that the alderman's lady had *twice* left her card at Mrs. Quiddy's, and that the latter had not returned the call.

"Visit, indeed! not I," said the alderman's lady, with a contemptuous toss of the head; "and I *must* say, I wonder your ladyship does, *considering*."

"Oh, there was no truth whatever in that report," said Lady Cheshire; "and, for my part, I never believed it—*besides*, her parties are among the pleasantest in town."

"Nevertheless, Lady Cheshire, I have it from the alderman, who *must* know—"

"It was a piece of malicious slander, I assure you, my dear Mrs. Bristlethwaite. The late Mr. Slymore *was* her uncle, and she was the orphan daughter of his sister, whose husband, Captain—Captain—dear me, I forget his name—who was killed at—bless me, I forget where he was killed—But no matter, Sir Gog knows all that to be true, don't you, Sir Gog?"

"To be sure I know it, my lady—in short, d—'d know it—*besides*, they give capital dinners."

"Notwithstanding," said Mrs. Bristlethwaite, "the alderman says—"

"I am telling you the fact—*besides*, their house in Russell-square is furnished with the utmost taste and elegance," said her ladyship.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Bristlethwaite—

"Nonsense," said her ladyship: "she is a very charming woman—*besides*, she frequently gives me a seat in her box at the Opera."

"Independently of that, I don't like *him*," said the alderman's lady."

"Vastly improved since his marriage," said Sir Gog;—"in short, d—'d vastly—*besides*, he's worth nearly a hundred thousand pounds."

"I'm told she completely governs him," said Mrs. Bristlethwaite, "and spends his money for him much faster than he likes."

"Why," said Lady Cheshire, laughing, "certainly it is a confirmed case of 'gray mare' (you understand); but then she is so superior to him in all respects, that her control over him is not to be wondered at."

"Now—answer me candidly," said Mrs. Bristlethwaite: "what *sort* of people *do* go there?"

"*Sort* of people, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Cheshire; "why, some of the best people in town, including many of the most distinguished literary men and artists—a *sort* of people in whose society she takes great pleasure."

"And how does *he* get on upon such occasions?" continued the inquirer.

"Oh, he is little better than a cipher amongst them," replied her ladyship.

"But, my dear Lady Cheshire, doesn't he talk?"

"Oh, yes, he *talks* and laughs too. If the subject of conversation be grave and above his comprehension, he listens with a look as wise as an owl's—gives an approving nod, and, every now and then, exclaims, '*In* course—perfectly true—quite agree with you—exactly my opinion.' If any thing pleasant or witty be said, he honours it with a loud 'Ho! ho! ho! uncommon good!—capital!'"

"Does *Miss* Cheshire go with you?" inquired Mrs. Bristlethwaite, in a tone that implied her expectation of an "Oh dear, no," for answer.

"Certainly," replied her ladyship.

"Oh—to be sure—silly question of mine: I have *heard* that a great many *marrying* men visit there," said the goodnatured aldermaness.

Lady Cheshire bit her nether lip, and, after a moment's silence, replied—

"*We* have no daughters to marry. They are all now, except Jane, settled—admirably; and she (from the advantageous, *highly* advantageous offers she is constantly refusing) seems to have made up her mind to remain single. Doesn't she, Cheshire?"

"Remain single, my lady?—In short, d—'d remain single," responded the knight.

"But, *dearest* Mrs. Bristlethwaite"—[The tone in which she uttered the "*dearest*" foretold mischief.]—"for the reason that marrying men *do* go there. I should think it an excellent visiting-house for people whose daughters *hang on hand*."

Mrs. Bristlethwaite in her turn bit her lip, was silent, and rose to depart.

"Well, my lady," at length said she, "every lady has a right to choose her own acquaintance; but considering the report about her—"

"I—I disbelieve it," said Lady Cheshire. "However, it was not till shortly after her marriage that I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with her, and, since then, I would stake *my* character upon the purity of hers."

And, in justice to Mrs. Quiddy, we may say that this her ladyship might safely have done.



Mrs. Bristlethwaite took her leave and departed.

"Mighty nice of that Mrs. Bristlethwaite, upon my word!" exclaimed Lady Cheshire. "Whatever people's memories may be about others, they are conveniently short concerning themselves. What *were* the rights of that Salt Hill affair some years ago, Gog?—you know what I mean—Major Mopus, of the Cheapside Volunteers—and the alderman stopping to lunch at Salt Hill on his way back from Bristol a week earlier than he was expected—and a postchaise—and Mrs. Bristlethwaite—and the alderman threatening to have a good mind to call the major out. Dear me! how stupid of me to forget it!"

"Come, come, my lady, that's not fair of your ladyship—in short, d—'d not fair. As the matter was hushed up, why—"

"Why, I think it does not exactly become Mrs. Bristlethwaite to be over-severe upon others," said her ladyship. "But that is ever the way with the Mrs. Bristlethwaites of the world!"

On her return home the lady found upon her table a card:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Quiddy request the honour of Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Bristlethwaite's company to dinner on Tuesday, the sixteenth instant. at six o'clock precisely.

"The favour of an answer will oblige."

"How perplexing! What answer *can* we send?" exclaimed she.

"What do *you* think, Polly?" said the alderman.

"I have no doubt she returned *one* of my cards, at least; and so I thought from the first. But those servants are so careless about cards," said she.

"They give famous dinners, that's certain," said the alderman.

"The *Cheshires* are going," said the lady.

"There will be venison, rely on it," said the alderman.

"And Lady Cheshire, who *must* know, assures me that Slymore *was* her uncle. Moreover, her ladyship says she is a most exemplary, a most excellent, a most delightful, a most charming person: indeed all the world allows that. And, *then*, she is so *very* accommodating with her box at the Opera."

"And I should not wonder in the least," said the alderman, musingly: "'tis the very best month in the year for it; "yes, I'd bet a wager there'll be turtle too."

"And it may pave the way for getting our girls in—and so many *nice* young men go there," said she.

"And *such* Madeira as he has got!" said the alderman.

The *pros* and *cons* (?) touching the propriety of the step having been thus cautiously considered, the invitation was instantly and joyfully accepted.

"Well, Sir Gog," said Lady Cheshire, as they were driving home from Mrs. Quiddy's party on the sixteenth; "well; who would have thought of seeing the Bristlethwaites there after all! But 'tis the way of the world; and, for my part, I'm not astonished at any thing."

"Astonished at any thing, my lady," replied the knight; "nor I, my lady—in short, d—'d not astonished at any thing."

CHAP. XLIII.

A REMONSTRANCE WELL INTENDED, BUT INEFFECTUAL—OUR HERO ALL BUT——— AN UNEXPECTED AND ALARMING SIGHT, AND ITS FATAL CONSEQUENCES—CONCLUSION.

Mrs. QUIDDY, who had become cognizant of the means whereby our hero had acquired, and continued to increase, his wealth, frequently remonstrated with him upon what she unhesitatingly stigmatized as the “enormous wickedness” of his proceedings.

“Wickedness, Mrs. Q. ! Why, where’s the harm of it ?”

“Where’s the harm of it, sir ! Has practice rendered you so callous as—Heavens ! Is there, then, no harm in oppressing the necessitous—the distressed ? Why, almost every guinea you possess has been wrung out of the needy hand of the unfortunate.”

“Pooh ! nonsense, ma’am ; people come to me for help—and I help them. Nobody can expect I should be such a fool as to do so unless I got something by it.”

“Help !” exclaimed Mrs. Quiddy. “By *such* help——But as one instance amongst many—the Fairfields—the father died in a gaol, the mother in a madhouse, whilst the eldest daughter, poor girl ! is——Better she were in her grave !”

At this allusion to the Fairfields, Quiddy turned away. For a moment he was silent, whilst a nervous twitching of the mouth might have been observed. At length, with affected indifference, he said—

“Oh, my dear Mrs. Q., you talk woman-like : women understand nothing of business ; business never could be carried on if one were to give way to such fine feelings.”

“*Fine* feelings, indeed !” exclaimed she : “I don’t understand what you mean by *fine* feelings in these cases ; but this I know, that the exercise of feelings of common honesty, of mere humanity, is imperative, and that little more would be required of you.”

“As to humanity,” said he, “I have as much as most people ; for I can say, with a safe conscience, that I would not hurt a fly.” [Grinding the very hearts out of men, went for nothing in his estimation.] “And as to honesty, I always take up my bills when they are due, and never did a single thing that I should be ashamed for all the world to——”

He paused ; for a vision that sometimes troubled him—the only one that ever seriously did so—rose before him. There was Shrubsole dead in his chair, and himself violently wrenching the bank-notes from out his clenched hand—that cold and rigid hand. And the same awful shudder that convulsed his frame while the scene was really acting, came over it even now.

This was not observed by his wife, who availed herself of the pause to say—

“Don’t mistake me ; I don’t mean to accuse you of being ashamed of any one action of your life ; but——”

“Well—well,” said our obtuse friend, “that’s all I desire : I only wish to be done justice to.”

“But,” continued Mrs. Quiddy, “do, pray do, relinquish business ; give over your nefa—I mean your not over-creditable pursuits. You

are rich enough, more than rich enough, for all desirable purposes; and—”

“Give up business!” exclaimed he. “Oh! no; at least not yet—not till I have rounded a hundred thousand pounds, and got myself knighted, like Sir Gog. Besides, what should I be if I were out of business? A nobody; little better than a mere nobody. As it is, P. Q. is *somebody*—at least in the *city*, ma’am”—(and he mentally added)—“however contemptibly I may be looked upon in my own house in Russell-square by your choice set.”

“At least, then,” continued the lady, “since you can now afford to do it, pursue your occupation upon equitable principles—like a gentleman. You may thereby do much good, real good, to others, without injury to yourself. You know that when I talk to you upon this subject it is not from any propensity to preaching; but, seriously, I am so shocked and disgusted at—”

“Ho! ho! ho! my dear good Mrs. Q.,” said Quiddy, with one of his loud vulgar laughs, “pretty work I should make of it if I followed your advice. You remember a couple of years ago—eh? Lend two hundred pounds to a widow-woman, whose house, like Mrs. Fleecer’s, was burned down uninsured, to set her up again in the stationery line and a circulating library, eh? Ho! ho! ho! And lend it at five *per cent.* too, with little better than no security. *That’s what you’d have had me do; but, ho! ho! ho! that isn’t the way to carry on the war, ma’am.*”

“War you may indeed call it, and a war of extermination,” said Mrs. Quiddy; adding—“And that is exactly a case in point:—you might have done great good to her, without loss to yourself; for by this time the poor lady would have repaid you every guinea of the loan.”

“And how can you know that?” inquired he.

“I dare say I shall incur your contempt by the confession; nevertheless I’ll risk it,” replied she. “Out of my own economies I lent her the money. She has prospered—has repaid me to the uttermost farthing, and is now supporting herself and two daughters respectably, which she could not otherwise have done.

“What, ma’am!” exclaimed he, with astonishment; “and lent it to her without security?”

“No, no,” replied she, “I was not quite such a fool as that; neither would I have disgraced myself by a proceeding so unworthy of the wife of Mr. Phineas Quiddy.”

“Well, well,” said Quiddy, in a conciliatory tone; “then the matter was not so very bad after all. But what *was* the security you took?”

“Her well-known integrity and *sheer industry*, Mr. Quiddy,” said she, dropping him a low courtesy of mock respect. And she quitted the room. Our gentleman thrust his hands into his pockets, paced up and down the apartment (every third step being a violent stamp) and exclaimed—

“This is too bad—too bad! If ever I find her out in being concerned in another such infamous transaction, hang me if I don’t try to get a divorce, though it should cost me the best part of a thousand pounds; and so I’ll go and tell her at once.”

He followed the lady with a determined intention to carry his threat into execution; but, when it came to the point of so doing—he didn’t.

Some years have elapsed—our hero has just entered his forty-ninth year. He is in the prime of life. Excepting a determination of blood to the head, which occurred upon any sudden and powerful excitement, but which, perhaps, owed its origin partly to overfeeding (a habit in which from his youth upwards he had indulged), partly to overstrained attention to his sheer-industry pursuits, his health is good. He has attained one of the two great objects of his ambition : he has *rounded his hundred thousand pounds* ;—he is at the point of attaining the other, the next dearest wish of his heart : in the coming week he is to receive the honour of knighthood, when he will stand before the astonished world in the imposing attitude of SIR PHINEAS QUIDDY !

Had Miss Biffin\* herself applied to the Herald's College for *arms* it is possible that that ingenious and accommodating institution would have furnished her with them : they found, or invented, armorial bearings even for a Phineas Quiddy !

Elate with thoughts of the honours which the coming week would confer upon him, Quiddy was returning from the college in St. Paul's (whither he had been on business concerning the important matter in question) to his house in Russell-square. His nearest way lay through the Old Bailey. Arrived there, his passage was impeded by a vast concourse of people. Inquiring the cause of the assemblage he was informed that a man was standing in the pillory : it was an attorney who, some time previously, had been struck off the rolls for certain malpractices in his profession, and was now suffering the punishment for perjury, of which he had been convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions. As the sight would cost him nothing Quiddy resolved to enjoy it ; accordingly he forced his way through the crowd to within a few feet of the scaffold. The back of the unfortunate wretch was then towards him ; but a gyration of the machine in which he was exhibited brought them face to face. Their eyes met. In the culprit Quiddy with horror beheld his former friend, and the coadjutor in many of his vile transactions—ISCARIOT HITCHFLAT !

"Villain !" screamed Hitchflat, "why are you here to stare at me ? Do you forget that it has been in my power to place you where I am standing now ? Your turn may yet come."

Quiddy trembled through every nerve, so unexpected was the scene, so startling the address. In one brief instant a recollection of all the least pleasing passages of his sheer-industry career rushed through the brain of the terror-stricken man, and he fell senseless and speechless into the arms of one of the bystanders.

In that state was he carried home. At his house were waiting by appointment the coachmaker to receive orders for the emblazoning of his new-found arms on the panels of his carriage ; the tailor with the court-suit in which, in the coming week, he was to have presented himself to royalty ; and Mr. Goodenough, an attorney, who transacted for him the least disreputable portions of his legal affairs. These were, of

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\* About the period in question, this young lady was one of the shows of London. Having been sent into the world without arms she, in the noble spirit of independence, and regardless of the omission, snapped her fingers at nature, and cut out watch-papers with her toes ! Could the occupation in this instance have been properly called a *handicraft* ?

course, dismissed—Mr. Goodenough intimating that *his* business with his client being of an important character it would be proper that he should be summoned immediately on Mr. Quiddy's restoration to consciousness.

The family physician, Dr. Wad, was almost instantly in attendance. He declared the case to be alarming—he feared hopeless—it was an attack of apoplexy as severe as any he had ever witnessed. Other advice was called in and a consultation was held. All that medical skill could do was done, but to no purpose. For three nights and three days (during which time his wife scarcely for a moment quitted his bedside) he neither moved nor spoke, nor exhibited the slightest sign of consciousness; at the end of that period—died Phineas Quiddy.

As is by no means uncommon with money-grippers, Quiddy had never been able to prevail upon himself to make a will. He could not endure the thought of providing for the disposal or dispersion of his wealth, although that event must be preceded by one which would render that wealth utterly worthless and useless to himself. At length, however, he yielded to the persuasions of Mr. Goodenough; and the object of his appointment (which we have noticed) with that gentleman was the preparation of the disagreeable document. This object was frustrated and he died intestate.

Agreeably to the directions of his widow his funeral was private: wisely she thought that the less notice was attracted to the deceased, the better. She was a good Shaksperian, and “curses not loud but deep” might probably have occurred to her recollection.

Childless, friendless, without a relative in the world, Quiddy was attended to the grave by one mourning-coach, containing Sir Gog Cheshire, Doctor Wad, Mr. Goodenough, and the managing clerk of the Mark-lane establishment. Quiddy's own carriage followed; and it was a striking fact that the coachman, who had lived five years in his service, having nothing else to do in this slow march than to let his horses follow their noses in the wake of the mourning-coach, *was unconcernedly employed in cracking nuts!*

On the very day, and at nearly the same hour, in which Phineas Quiddy was to have risen *Sir* Phineas, was he placed in a vault in the church of the parish in which he had last dwelt. His *friends* noticed this as a striking—an awful coincidence.

In all its important points we have related his career: its conclusion may be told in one word which was mistakenly used by Sir Gog Cheshire, who, be it known, had become somewhat deaf.

“So, Cheshire,” said her ladyship to him, on his return from the funeral, “so I hear Quiddy has died intestate.”

“Died detested, my lady! ay—in short d—'d died detested.”

Quiddy having not a relative in the world, his widow, by the advice of Mr. Goodenough, took out letters of administration and succeeded to the whole of his large property. Her first act was to *double* the annuity to her old friend Mrs. Fleecer, who was still living in the country. To have done more would (she considered) have been injudicious, as thereby she might have thrown the old woman inconveniently out of the habits which she had formed. At one time she thought of sending for her to live in Russell-square, but a little reflection convinced her that it was better as it was.

In due time Mrs. Quiddy, assisted by a clever accountant, examined into the state of affairs in Mark-lane. In every existing and unsettled case in which it appeared to her that the deceased had acted oppressively (and in which had he not ?) she ordered that restitution or reparation should be made to the oppressed. It was her wish that the establishment should be broken up at once ; but from the variety and complication of its concerns that was impossible. In a few months, however, the end she desired was satisfactorily accomplished, the remaining property in the warehouses was sold, and the clerks and servants were dismissed, each with a very handsome gratuity.

As we omitted to state in its proper place whether the widow Quiddy grieved overmuch for the death of her husband, we shall here say no more than that she put on weeds, and that she looked remarkably well in them.

In order to rid her mind as much as possible of associations with the past, the widow removed from Russell-square to Harley-street, that melancholy region of hatchments, of which it might more properly be inquired who *dies* than who *lives* there. Here her parties were frequent and select ; and though a certain person was no longer of them, they were not the less agreeable on that account.

Will it be credited—(hardly)—that the wealthy widow received numerous offers of marriage ! Amongst the suitors were a few colonels, some majors, many captains, and subalterns innumerable. There were also three baronets, two Lord Fredericks, a Lord Charles, and a Lord Augustus. They were all amiable, charming, delightful men, and so purely disinterested in their offers, that not a one of them cared a straw for her large fortune. And the more disinterested were they inasmuch as the baronets had estates of their own—which were cruelly dipt : the gallant officers had—nothing but their half-pay ; and the Lords Frederick and Charles and Augustus had—nothing at all. But the lady (and we think wisely) rejected them all, having resolved to be her own mistress for the remainder of her life.

The widow was charitable in the highest sense of the word : she was no canter : she gave, not from fear (as it is probable her late husband would have done had he attained to old age), but from pure feeling, and kindness of heart. Her charities, too, were as well directed as they were extensive. But her chief delight was in assisting the falling, but honest tradesman ; and many a one had she the gratification of seeing restored to credit and led to prosperity, who, but for her timely aid, might have sunk into disgrace and ruin. Yet, withal, did she not deny herself any of the comforts or the luxuries of life to the enjoyment of which her wealth entitled her.

She lived to a good old age ; and died respected, beloved, and regretted by all who knew her best. By her will she left many legacies of various amounts, to those of her friends and acquaintance to whom she considered money would be really useful ; to such as stood in no need of it, rings, or other trifling memorials. The large residue of her fortune she bequeathed to the building and endowment of a certain number of almshouses as a refuge for decayed tradesmen or their widows, and a school for the education of their orphans. She probably thought that this distribution of the property would be the best atonement for the manner in which it had been acquired.



## REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

## No. XI.

## STORY OF A GENIUS.

(CONCLUDED.)

LILIAS returned to her home—that home which was become a house of mourning and wretchedness to her. Her life was now one tissue of sorrow, unavailing, though bitter regret, and gnawing self-condemnation, mingled with or rather added into the still fervid passion the undeviating affection toward him, the truant—as yet her heart could not call him deceiver.

The most alarming of all prospects was before her, that which women tremble at in the dread word RUIN—worse than death—to one of her education and feelings—worse than even the wrath that follows it—and yet she could not curse him—no! how could she even think ill of him, so beautiful, so kind, so gifted, whose society had once been her happiness—whose sole fault, to be blamed withal, was a diminution in his love for her—yes, the greatest of all her griefs, greater than all her fears of discovery, disgrace, death—greater was the pang of absence from him.

But at times would come hope, nay, certainty, that he would yet return ere time made discovery of their guilt unavoidable—their guilt? alas! her conscience as yet fondly acknowledged *their* guilt, and not *his* guilt, was the right expression. He knew not of this damning proof of their having eaten of the tree of Paradise—if he did, would he not hasten to atone, to defend, to die with her—would he not? He would once: but that is changed—ah! but even if his love be changed his high honour is still the same.

There were moments of this hope, but they were few compared to the hours of despair—few, but so delicious! It was when these visited her that she would throw her shawl hastily around her, and walk to the town to seek the sympathy of Mrs. Merrick, who, ere long, became to her as her own mother. Every day that she could leave her father's house she was sure to find her way to the good old matron, whose kind heart had no reproach for her, and from whom she had nothing to conceal, who loved the same darling object as herself, and was also pining at his absence, and earnest and anxious for his welfare, though only as a parent, not as a lover. With her she could discourse of all his noble qualities—his genius, his affection, his success—with her she could bewail her own hapless fortune and share away her sorrow.

How anxiously did they wait for tidings of him—oh! the bitterness of hope deferred, as day after day went over and yet no letter—no token of his remembrance—of his existence—while ever the dreaded evil was gradually but most surely advancing to a consummation.

The first intelligence they had of his movements was a notice in the theatrical report of a newspaper. In criticising the acting at Drury-lane, it went on to state, that the part of *Lorenzo* (Merchant of Venice), was played by a young gentleman (Mr. Merrick), of some provincial celebrity, who certainly threw uncommon vigour into his performance, and was much applauded.

Still there was nothing from himself. A month passed, and save his name in advertisements, he was altogether dead to them.

Lilias was heart-sick. It was hard for the slender hope that she now had to bear up against the load of apprehension that crushed her spirit.

At length on entering Mrs. Merrick's house one morning she was met by the joyful mother, whose hand held a letter. She almost dropped to the ground as it was thrust into her trembling hand, and became pale and cold as she read it.

It merely stated that he was well, had enclosed a bank post-bill for twenty pounds, and desired to be remembered to Miss Raby. It was dated London, and desired them not to write to him acknowledging it till he should have written them again, as he was about to change his address.

And this was all! Frequently the fond thought had crossed her mind that many letters addressed to her might have miscarried—been intercepted; but the strain of this epistle, the desire to be merely remembered, convinced her that she had lost him for ever.

Poor Lilias, she sat a little and endeavoured to talk, to hope still—but it was in vain. She rose, left the house, and went home; where, seeking the solitude of her own chamber, she fell upon her couch, and resigned herself to the wormwood draught of her affliction.

For some days she was really and seriously ill, confined to bed; then she arose and went about as usual; but the poison had entered into her frame, the virus of that strange disorder laughed at under the name of "a Broken Heart;" that malady of the body, arising as it were by a mysterious contagion from an analogous malady of the mind; that disease, whose pathology no man can explain, but whose symptoms the wise physician can well detect, and which by judicious treatment he may greatly mitigate, or even hope to cure.

About a fortnight after the above, another letter was received by his mother containing his address, and stating that as his expenses turned out to be greatly beyond his expectations she must not look for another remittance early, and recommending her to practise frugality. This paper contained no allusion whatever to Lilias.

Being now in possession of his address, they eagerly finished and despatched a letter to him, detailing in as forcible language as they could put together the state, physical and mental, of his betrothed, and imploring his immediate return.

A month passed over before any answer was received to this: then came a letter long but cold. He could not, he said, desert his engagement—no other, in the then state of the theatrical circles could be got to fill it. He expressed infinite regret for what had happened between himself and Miss Raby—his resolution to make every reparation as soon as opportunity offered, and his desire that in the event of her home being rendered unpleasant to her she should seek shelter with his mother.

This was the last letter they received from him: others did ultimately find their way into their possession, which will be given hereafter, but they referred to them only in the third person.

And now when we come to paint the anguish of the blighted girl,

forsaken by her first and only love—deserted by him to whom, confiding in his honour and affection, she had yielded that which should have been her passport to respect in this world and happiness in the next—betrayed by the man in whom her trust had been so strong as to make her resign for it her trust in her Maker—treated with contempt by the lover towards whom her heart yet, in spite of all, burned with unextinguishable passion,—when we try to paint this, then it is we feel how utterly inadequate the rude minds of our own sex are to form even an imaginary idea of the torturing feeling, much less to find words or phrases that would convey half its bitterness to the conception of another. But a woman, and one that feels or can look back to having felt the deep passion, occurring but once in the lifetime even of woman, who exists for no other end but to love, she only will appreciate it—one who has been deceived, betrayed—if haply into the hand of any such, this our narrative should come, she alone will fully *know* it.

What with the many ailments naturally incidental to her situation, and the harrowing agony of mind that preyed upon her, she now could scarcely ever leave her room—anxiety had hollowed her pallid cheeks—her eye had a dry, hot appearance, and looked continually with a wild, furtive, starting glance around her; moreover, she had induced upon her a habit of mental absence, and a way of muttering to herself with her dry colourless lips, that were often chapped and bleeding. Her step was quick and stealthy, and her frequent sighs sounded groanlike. Despair, the vampire, had settled on her brow, and would not be driven from his hold.

Strange thoughts of suicide crossed her mind, but she lacked animal courage sufficient for the deed; yet how she prayed for death! That she wished for it you may well conceive. Did she ever imprecate evil upon his head? Oh no, when his name arose in this strange devotion, it was for good and not for evil, for blessing and not curses.

There is a poem by Tennyson, one of the most singular and beautiful pieces in all modern literature, that admirably depicts a woman in an analogous situation—you know it, it is “*Mariana in the Moated Grange*,” and its burden runs—

She only said, “My life is dreary,  
*He will not come,*” she said.  
 She said, “I am aweary—aweary,  
 Oh God, that I were dead!”

Five months had passed since Merrick left her—five months of this anguish! No confidant, no friend had she, save his mother, and her at an early period only; for as time went on, she cowered at home always shrinking from every eye that might read her secret. And all this while she had to dress her face in smiles, to meet the suitor her father’s care had selected for her, and whom she could not but esteem, for he was an exemplary young man and prosperous in the world,—a gentleman, moreover, in birth and every other respect.

At length her disgrace could no longer be concealed; the servants had long been aware of it, but had from very compassion refrained from its disclosure. Then the suitor—but it was some time ere he allowed

himself to be convinced by his senses—she was so girlish, so delicate, so gentle, so strictly educated, so little apparently acquainted with the world—when he did he made no remark, but went into exile from the place of his kindred.

At last, even the eye of the venerable Dr. Raby perceived it. Thereupon a long train of remarkable circumstances arose in his mind, which were now all reconcilable by this damning fact—he was struck powerless.

For some hours he could do nothing, lost in a maze of thought. At last, going to her apartment, he demanded an account of the truth.

The poor girl, when she heard the idea mooted by her father, for whom under heaven she entertained most awe of any being, was terror-stricken. She dropped into a chair, and sat staring at him unable to utter a word. Her eyes were dilated and moveless—her face pale as that of a corpse, while her lips half open, quivered every now and then unconsciously, but gave no sound.

When the old clergyman saw that his suspicions were all the truth, and that the glory was indeed departed from his house, he covered his face with his hands, and stooping forward as he sat, groaned aloud, the while the big tears dropped from between his fingers upon the carpet. But she continued in silence to regard him with the same dead stony gaze.

When this had continued for some time, he rose and tardily withdrew, actually tottering as he left the room. She sat for a little without change, then rising slowly and quietly, lay down upon her bed without undressing—the candle wasted to the socket, the fire burnt itself out, and daylight next morning saw her in the same position in which she had laid herself that evening.

A servant entering, with a look of extreme compassion and respect put into her hands a letter and withdrew. It was in the old man's handwriting—but how different from the hard, formal, old-fashioned character he usually wrote,—it was all awry, blotted, and interlined with numerous spots, where the ink was faint and bluish, as if drops had fallen there. He had sat up all night to write it, and was now locked in his library to await its effect.

It was very long. He alluded in direct matter-of-fact terms to her offence, and expressed his utter amazement at it, and certainty it could be owing to no fault of education or care on his part, but rather to some innate predisposition to evil existing in her own nature. There was much to the above effect, especially bearing upon the plebeian rank of her paramour, then it proceeded—

“I expect, therefore, that immediately on the receipt of this you will leave my house for ever, and seek society suited to the state to which your sin and folly have reduced you. I have taken care that poverty shall be no excuse for persistence in the course you have begun. Messrs. W—— and Co., by this morning's post, receive directions to honour your demands to the extent of fifty pounds annually, with which to keep you above necessity. It is my earnest hope and prayer you may be enabled to practise a course of life, virtuous at least in a degree. The housekeeper will make every arrangement with regard to your removal. Farewell, and may God bless you!”

When she had read this, after sitting for a few moments to collect her thoughts, she arose without a murmur and proceeded to put on a walking-dress; then packing a few things in a handkerchief, she went out of the house.

As she walked through the passage, her two young sisters stood looking wistfully at her—their eyes tear-filled—afraid to speak to her, regarding her with awe as a kind of devoted being.

And thus was cast out upon the world this unfortunate, whose crime was having loved and trusted too fondly.

She had now nowhere to lay her head, who had been reared in all daintiness—whose foot had wont to sink in the texture of the rich carpet—whose limbs were used to be moulded on the couch of down—who knew not what it was to do aught for herself that could be ministered by the hands of a menial.

The season was April, with weather in general raw and stormy; but He that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, had made that day clear, sunny, and scarcely cold. She moved slowly along the lengthened avenue, crossed the highway, and went up among the lanes of the Woodlands, till coming to an open, grassy space, she sat down upon a knoll alone and motionless in her utter desolation. Many hours did she continue thus. No one came near her; but the housewives of the neighbourhood watched her with deep feeling from the angles of the roads or breaks in the hedges. At length one sent her daughter, a sweet little favourite, by name Mary Bradshaw, with a bowl of warm milk to her. She took it, drank part, then kissing the child upon the brow, rose and moved away towards A—z. It was more staggering than walking, for she had always been a delicate creature, and her bodily and mental energy were now completely prostrated.

Late in the evening she reached the house of Mrs. Merrick, upon whose bosom her anguish at length found relief in tears, and immediately after she dropped into a deep and lengthened slumber. The matron, as she watched her, saw her wan face beam once again with the sweet shy smile that had of old characterized it, and heard her murmur audibly the word "Hamlet!" The dream was happy, but think of the waking!

Her health was now falling away rapidly. She never left her bed. There she remained continually while her venerable nurse ministered to her with more than the assiduity and tenderness of a mother. Indeed by that name she always called her. Her voice had now acquired a lengthened, low, plaintive tone—ineffably sweet and mournful—her every action was sluggish and careless, and ever and anon as she lay, she sighed very deeply, as if her life were coming with the breath. But still she seemed to take some pleasure, albeit of a melancholy cast, in combing her long hair, which was luxuriant, soft, and of a beautiful chestnut-colour, and in hourly cleaning her small, white, and very graceful hands.

There was yet no note of him. She had ceased now to hope for any—but still she loved to talk of him with his mother, and to listen to her anecdotes of his innocent boyhood. She liked, too, to hear her talk of his talents with pride, and dream of what he would yet become. But when she spoke of his return to them, her reply was a faint smile and a sorrowful shake of the head, with perhaps,

“ I am afraid I shall never see it, mother.”

At length as time went on she became the mother of an infant, which did not survive its third day.

She did not exhibit much maternal emotion at this event, probably because her heart was already occupied to the full with one object.

Getting over the immediate ailment connected with this occurrence, she recovered, to the extent only of her former pining, decaying condition. Still she never arose from her bed, but there remained, gradually wasting away with consuming sorrow.

The surgeon that was called in was at first inclined to consider consumption the disorder, but the experience of a few visits convinced him that this was an error, her lungs being as healthy as any other part of her frame; but at length he lighted upon the true proximate cause —“ a mind diseased.” He advised change of scene. When she heard him, shaking her head, she buried it more deeply in her pillow, as if she had said,

“ I have chosen my resting-place, and will not be removed.”

Mrs. Merrick had all this while been drawing, with her consent, upon her father's bankers, for they had no other means of finding their bread, Merrick having sent no remittance since the one last alluded to. Every order that bore the slightly traced signature of Lilius Raby was honoured immediately, and without remark, and thus these women were enabled to preserve unprofaned the sanctity of their grief.

But while she was thus surely gliding to the grave, an event happened that threw a new and most vivid light upon the latter portion of the lapse.

A young man of very great natural abilities, but bashful and retired habits, had filled the situation of scene-painter and property-man at the theatre in which Merrick played at A—z. Between them an intimacy had latterly sprung up, greater than existed between the latter and any other friend. The one was an enthusiast in painting as much as was the other in acting, and the difference of their pursuits preventing any jarring of envy, while their intellects were thus formed to agree, the consequence was, that in the few months they were together this young man had acquired his confidence to a degree which another individual could not in years have obtained.

When Merrick left for London he promised to do his utmost to advance the fortunes of his comrade, and a regular correspondence ensued between them. But about a month after the birth of Lilius's infant this person was killed suddenly in the theatre, by the fall of one of the iron weights that hung as counterpoises to the ponderous curtain. His father, with whom he had lived, and who was a working man of a higher sort of grade, finding among his books and papers a number of letters signed Francis Merrick, and hearing it stated by a neighbour of his mother that she had received no intelligence of him lately, at once packed them up, and himself called with them to relieve her mind. He was a very illiterate man, unable to understand the style of language they were written in, and having merely spelt through some sentences of them, he delivered them up without further knowledge of their contents.

Upon his withdrawal poor Lilius called for them with frantic eagerness, her behaviour being in perfect contrast to what it had been an



hour before. Her hands trembling, her cheek flushed, her eyes glistening, she hurriedly arranged them by their dates, pressing them to her lips and bosom the while, and then plunged into their sense.

The first one or two were such as might be expected from one young man of ability to another, upon a change in locality, fortune, and habits, to which that other also looked forward. He described London generally, the aspect of the streets, price of lodgings, food, &c. Then the theatres were minutely gone over, their sites, size, architecture, scenery—the players, their line and style of acting, personal appearance, apparent ages, and the probable returns they drew from their profession.

Then there were others filled with his difficulties—disappointments; his dependence on —; that gentleman's efforts, and finally success in obtaining for him an engagement. His first appearance in the third-rate character of *Lorenzo* he described at length, in those terms which a man conscious of talent feels no scruple in using to a confidential and unenvying friend.

But shortly she came to a letter that riveted her attention. It was a long, closely-written paper, every word regarding a distinguished comic actress, whom we shall here denominate Mrs. B——. Her ravishing beauty, and either real or well-acted girlish simplicity he particularly dwelt upon. Her consummate histrionic talent was also a theme with him of warm admiration, as were many other accomplishments he had had opportunity of seeing her display. All this was done in the most glowing language.

As Lilius read it she several times uttered sudden gasping screams, while Mrs. Merrick stood by, wondering and fearing. Her whole aspect became changed to one expressing surprise, terror, and woefully gratified curiosity; and she hurried along, devouring the manuscript with her starting eyes.

Another letter contained some account of the private character of this woman; her numerous intrigues; the multitudes of high-gifted and high-born men that glittered in her orbit. Then he described how he had watched her eye, and was convinced that it viewed not his graceful presence and animated acting with indifference. The next letter contained his introduction to her, and certainty from her own words that he was a favoured admirer. And now he did indeed dilate on the high attractions, personal and mental, of this goddess of the stage, in all the impassioned and redundant language of vehement love. How he raved in writing of his violent attachment to her—his hatred of the nobleman who was then her reigning favourite. The ignorance, want of taste, and want of real education of this individual he particularly ridiculed, and with bitterness described the subterfuges he himself had to adopt when present with them, to prevent the titled and monied ass, as he styled him, from observing their intimacy.

Another of them gave an account of the termination of his friendship with —.

While both were dining at — House, the dwelling of a distinguished baron, whose appreciation and patronage of genius were so original and so eminent as almost to entitle himself to rank as a man of genius, an ignorant dowager happened to remark that Merrick pleased her as *Laertes*, much better than — as *Hamlet*, the latter's long speeches

having the effect of making her sleepy. Though this was received with silence by the rest of the party, it had, according to Merrick's statement, such an effect upon his friend that ever after he appeared desirous of dropping the connexion. This, however, he continued, did not so much affect him, his whole thought being now devoted to the fascinating Mrs. B——. With this theme was the rest of the letter filled, as was also the one following it in date, certain particulars in which, that were never intended for any but the eyes of his friend, struck very daggers into the heart of Miss Raby. Moreover, throughout all the latter letters of the series were scattered frequent allusions to herself—expressions of bitter regret for her unfortunate connexion with him—that frequently her image rose upbraidingly before him, when wantoning in the society of his adored actress—that she hung as a millstone around his conscience as their paths through life must now be ever separate—that if he were to marry her it would but be entailing endless misery on both.

There was much more to this purport, as she read which, she pressed the paper between her palms and looked upward.

But the last of them was indeed a remarkable one. It was wafered to that preceding it as if to prevent it going astray. It was written on a dirty scrap of black edged paper, in fact the back of an old funeral letter, and was expressed in the following strange and striking language.

“ My dear ——,

“ I am lost! Despair—despair! I am ruined—disgraced—damned—*hissed from the stage!* Oh, is it come to this? I am a drunkard—a beast! I have been a villain, a traitor to those that loved me, and thus has Heaven requited me, by leaving me in my pride to myself.

“ I came drunk to the —— theatre on the night of the royal visit. The stage manager was busy, and not observing it, allowed me to go on in that state. As soon as the glare of light struck me I became dizzy and confused—staggered—forgot at once cue and part. The audience laughed and hissed. It was the first time. I got infuriated. Mad with passion, and regardless from intoxication, I rushed up to the foot-lights, and made some brutal gestures and expressions of contempt. The whole crowded house rose to their feet upon the instant, and launched at me a withering blast of scorn and execration that drove me reeling backwards before it like a palpable whirlwind.

“ I was drawn aside, and thrust ignominiously out by the stage-door, while the distant roar of the excited audience rang in my ears. I have not been in my senses since then—liquor is necessary to my existence. Oh my poor dear mother!—and *thou!*

“ Dear ——, send me up some money immediately, I have not a far-thing. All's gone on drunkenness, or worse. I am cut by every body—laughed at by *her*—and drowned in debt, and skulking from arrest. I have no lodging—I slept last night among the hampers in one of the markets. I dare not write home—you are my only friend. Will you too desert me? Oh, genius, thou curse of God—”

The rest ran into the black edging of the paper, and was illegible.

This letter Lilius read hurriedly aloud, and when she could read no more she clapped her hands wildly above her head, and fell back upon her pillow in a fit of loud laughter.

Mrs. Merrick took it at first to be a laugh of exultation at the ruin of him who had ruined her; but soon she saw it was hysterical, and that the weak girl's life was in immediate danger.

The surgeon was sent for, but ere his arrival she had become calm.

The second day after the receipt of these papers was a bright and sunny one, early in May. At noon the heat was so great that the window of her room required to be opened, and the moted and humming rays of the gladsome sun streamed slanting in a cubic flood upon the carpet.

She could not now easily change her posture without assistance. Her voice had become exceedingly weak and tiny, but still distinct and inexpressibly sweet in sound, like a harpstring touched by the light finger of the wind.

"Mother, dear," said she, "come and smooth down my pillow, and lay me with my face toward the Woodlands."

With tearful eyes the assiduous and gentle old woman complied, and sat down to read to her from an ancient commentary on the scriptures. What with the reading and the warmth she gradually dropped asleep in her chair, and did not awaken till the sun had long been "westering in his bower."

Starting up she ran to the bedside to know if sweet Lily wanted any thing; but her Lily was not there; she had flown away and was at rest; but ere she took her flight had dropped a smile back upon the pale face of the corpse that lay where she had been.

It would be tedious in this already lengthened tale to paint the affliction of the excellent widow. It would be but adding to the heap of sorrow with which it is already overcharged.

Two days afterwards Dr. Raby had his daughter's remains taken and interred not at the Woodlands, but in St. Philip's churchyard in A—z, an alien from the graves of her kindred.

But Mrs. Merrick had more cause than mere broken affection to deplore the death of her adopted daughter. With it ceased the supply of money whereon she subsisted, and her son having long ceased to make any remittances—her household furniture moreover being seized,—partly for debts of his contracting, she became now in all the word's senses a beggar. But the public benevolence had provided for cases like hers, and she found refuge, crazed and doting, in one of the hospitals of the town, where shortly she yielded up her spirit, unknown and unregarded.

Many years after the occurrence of these events, we—or to use the more convenient first person, I, the Medical Student of these papers, was a pupil at the chief hospital of A—z. Attached to it was a dispensary, at which a surgeon attended regularly to afford advice to such poor as did not, from the nature of their ailments, require to be confined to the wards. It was my department for some time to act as surgical clerk or assistant at this dispensary, which was attended by from twenty to fifty patients daily.

Among these my attention was soon especially drawn to one, a man of peculiar and noticeable aspect, slight, and rather over the middle

size, who complained of a number of anomalous symptoms—weakness, cough, dizziness, sleeplessness, palpitation, and others, all indicative, apparently, of a general break up in his constitution. When I saw him I judged him to be a poor artist, a tavern singer, a teacher of music unemployed, or of some such avocation. His dress had a napless, shabby-genteel look, and he wore light, cheap shoes, with the trousers firmly strapped down, probably to hide the complexion of his stockings. There was still a sort of jaunty air in the neat tie of his miserable calico neckerchief (without shirt-collar) and in the arrangement of his hair, which, though grizzled, curled beautifully. His features were thin, and marked with deep furrows. His nose (a drunkard's) was filled with snuff of the commonest description, and his eye had a strange, glistening, watery brilliancy, and appeared not to travel, but dart from one object to another. His behaviour to us—the doctor, myself, and the other pupils, was respectful and unobtrusive, displaying confidence without impertinence, and a grateful humility devoid of all appearance of cringing. He was, he told us, by profession, a teacher of elocution.

When the pupils had left, after the business of the day was over, I called the attention of the doctor, as preparatory to sallying out, he warmed his hands at the dispensary fire, to this individual who had just taken his medicine and gone away.

“That,” said he in reply, “is a fellow that made considerable noise in this place when I was a student. It was in the palmy days of the great heroes of the sock and buskin, Kean, Mathews, &c., and acting was all the rage. This young man evinced a very decided taste for the drama, and was tolerably successful, but being rated far beyond his merits, very soon came to his level. Some great actor condescended to patronise him, and procured him an engagement in London, where he showed his breeding by grossly insulting his audience, and was kicked out by the actors, nor ever afterwards dared show his face in a metropolitan theatre. He was imprisoned for some time for debt, and on his liberation disappeared from notice till about four years ago, when he made his *début* here again as a star, performing high tragedy parts, under the title of ‘Mr. Merrick, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden.’ It did not last above three or four nights, for here too he made his appearance in a state of intoxication, and was hissed from the stage. Since then, I believe, he has eked out a precarious subsistence by spouting at taverns and concert meetings, and teaching, though from his nauseous habits he is only patronised by the lowest class of clerks and shopmen of the town. I believe, however, the man has genius, and might have made a tolerable second-rate player, had he not acquired a ruinous propensity to drunkenness and low life, usually shining in such circumstances as the cock of the company.”

Now I had always been a character fancier, and here was indeed a rare specimen. I resolved to scrape an acquaintance with this strange subject at whatever cost, as I was certain that an intercourse with him would suggest many ideas of a fresh and original description, besides much entertainment and food for study and reflection to a mind constituted like mine, consequently I took every opportunity of showing him kindness and respect; and one day, when he appeared rather lower



in health than usual, asked him to stay a little after the departure of the surgeon and pupils, and enjoy the comfort of a cushioned seat and the dispensary fire, as he was thinly clad, and the weather very cold and wet. He appeared affected by this, and in gratitude seemed desirous of amusing me by his conversation, which was certainly of a very superior order.

He used the written not the spoken language of England, and displayed a most extensive and varied information on all literary and dramatic topics, at the same time favouring me with sketches and anecdotes of the persons and conversation of several great spirits, of whom I could only form a vague and distant idea from their reputation or their works.

About three days after this he came again, and lingering behind the rest as I was folding up and putting away the books, papers, and instruments, seemed inclined once more to enter into conversation. Though still very despondent, he appeared in better health than he had hitherto been, and I congratulated him.

"Oh, doctor," said he, "it's all bootless. Here—here" (beating his knuckles against his forehead) "here lies the seat of the disorder!" And jumping to the middle of the room, he commenced, in regular theatrical style—

"Cure me of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

"Oh, Shakspeare, Shakspeare, thou angel whom I still have served—"

Here observing me watch him intently, he broke off in the middle of his rhapsody, and blushing deeply, took up his hat, passed his palm round the whitened edge of the napless crown, and with a hurried stage-bow, made his exit.

Thereupon an idea struck me—I had all along fancied I had seen him before—the doubts I entertained were of the man, but I was now sure of the *acting*. But here let me begin a new paragraph.

At this time a troop of strolling-players, taking advantage of the poverty of the Royal Theatre in talent, had erected an immense wooden and canvass booth in one of the public places of A—z, fitted up in all respects as a playhouse, only very squalid and miserable; nevertheless, adorned with a gaudy exterior, and bearing, painted over it "The Royal Coronation Pavilion," or some other such sounding and senseless title.

This place used to be densely crowded nightly—for what reason I could not comprehend till I went there—and that by the lowest classes of the population. But one evening, urged by the spirit of adventure, I paid my threepence (the price of admission to the *pit*!), and pulling the collar of my pea-jacket up to my eyes, and the shade of my cap over them, entered, and leant against the frail wall of the "pavilion," awaiting the curtain's rise in the midst of as precious a pack of rascallions as ever patronised the drama, or hustled an honest man.

Judge of my surprise and delight to witness a very tolerable abridgment of Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great," performed in a style as much superior to that of the patent theatre as one could suppose the productions of a starving, poor-devil author to those of a literary duke. The man that played *Alexander* particularly struck me—indeed riveted my attention.

Him it was I now recognised in my patient. But it was not till long after that I gathered so much of his history as to be able to put together the events of the foregoing tale.

On his next visit I mentioned to him that I had seen him play.

He looked confused, and asked "Where?"

I told him, and with a pitiful laugh he confessed it. I then entered into a highly favourable criticism on his style of acting, which was certainly equal to any thing I had up to that period seen. He was pleased, and immediately commenced to me an analysis and comparison of the playing of Kean, Young, young Kean, Macready, Wallack, and other modern actors. One sentence will give an idea of this.

"But of them all," continued he, "Kean stands alone as the sun among the planets. Some come near him, and partake of his warmth and brightness—as his son—who is yet but in the proportion of Mercurius to the orb himself. Others are distant, pale, and frigid—as Macready, and the imitators of him, who form the Uranus and his satellites of this new system of theatrical *starring*. If I were desired to name the greatest geniuses of my time, I would enrol Bonaparte, Pitt, Byron, Brougham, and Kean—the warrior, statesman, poet, orator, and actor!"

These sentences, which have dwelt unaltered on my memory, will give a notion of the man, his thoughts, and language.

In concluding, he told me that if I could relish the study of character under very peculiar modifying circumstances, I should come to the stage-door of the booth any evening, and he would be most happy to introduce me to his fellow-strollers, whom I should discover to be a very different sort of people from what I had preconceived.

That very evening I presented myself at the place, and being immediately admitted, found myself in a situation of certainly a novel nature.

After being introduced to the various members of the troop, I took up my station close to the prompter's desk (a piece of rough-sawn plank), and looked past the edge of the scanty curtain upon the sea of heads outside, whose murmuring filled my ears loudly as the dash of waves.

The play was to be the "Iron Chest," and we only waited the arrival of *Sir Edward Mortimer* to begin. At length in he rushed quite intoxicated. Nevertheless, as he was a chief attraction, he was hurriedly dressed behind a large spare scene which enclosed a corner by way of tiring-room, and forthwith thrust upon the stage to perform.

The exhibition was most humiliating. The audience—such as it was, shrieked, hissed, and execrated, and throwing stones, sticks, and turf upon the stage, would not suffer it to go on. Upon this the manager of the concern, a fellow of Herculean proportions, caught his



tragedian off, and dashed him down upon a large property-chest, where he immediately fell into a deep slumber. Then going on himself, he played the part out in a dress in which, as a countryman, he was to sing "Cherry-cheek'd Patty" between the pieces.

Disgusted, I was about to withdraw as soon as the fall of the curtain allowed me to cross the stage to the door, but I was stopped by the manager.

"I beg your pardon, young doctor," said he, "you have come to see Frank play. He has rather too much in him just now; but if you will wait till next *house*,\* I can promise you will hear thunder, and no mistake. A glass of *hot-with* will by that time just bring him bang up to the mark."

Judging it would be most prudent and safe under the circumstances to conceal my feelings and acquiesce, I remained, and amused myself between the "houses" by conversing with the different members of the troop. I found them to be a curious, well-informed, witty, dissipated, careless—I was going to write—abandoned set, but that would be much stronger than the truth.

The leading comedian was just such another as Merrick. He was a Scotchman, and had been a favourite at the metropolitan and provincial theatres of that country, but liquor had been his bane, and made him what he now was.

At length the immense booth was emptied, and again refilled to overflowing, and it was time the curtain should rise.

Thereupon the manager, compounding a strong glass of hot gin-and-water, roused up his tragedy hero, and administered the potion. The effect was electrical. Immediately he came up to me, took my hand, addressed me with perfect politeness—(ay, that he did, though you may grin), then went upon the stage, and played the character of *Sir Edward* in a more masterly manner than ever I have seen it done before or since.

I was much pleased—the spectators were in raptures, and Merrick, his eye lighted up by the embers of his expiring, and all but extinct genius, appeared to exult with all the pride of conscious merit in the applause of even such an audience.

After the performance of "Luke the Labourer," with which the entertainments concluded, we all adjourned to a neighbouring tavern, and finished the evening as none but a student of medicine could, and even he in no other society save that of ruined but not despairing actors.

About three or four days after this he again made his appearance at the dispensary, but in a most deplorable state. His arm, from the shoulder down, was one mass of that inflammation called Saint Anthony's fire.

By the surgeon's desire, I proceeded to question him, with the view to elucidate how he had come by this. After he had answered some of my interrogations, I asked,

"You have been exposed to cold and wet, have you not?"

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\* Strollers usually perform the same pieces twice or thrice over in one evening—each time the barn or booth is filled, is called "a house," and they may be heard talking of two houses of five pounds each, and one of three pounds, or such a value. This note is for the benefit of the uninitiated.

"Yes."

"And the night-air?"

"Yes—I lay in the open air last night."

"What—in the rain?"

"Did it rain?—*I was not aware of that.*"

"Were you in liquor—on your word now, Mr. Merrick?"

"*On my honour—no! It was the first time I have been really sober for years.*"

"And where did you lie out in such a night, if I may ask?"

"*In Saint Philip's churchyard!*" And turning pale, he trembled.

The reader, aware of circumstances I did not then know, will here look backward in the tale.

We had him immediately taken into the hospital, and only preserved his life by extensive incisions into the diseased limb. He was delirious for some time, during which he continued to rave vague, unconnected passages from plays and poems; but at length he got so far convalescent as to be able to leave the hospital for a day—a liberty he urgently begged.

He did not return in the evening, but about four days after was brought back by his brother-strollers, raving with the disease denominated *delirium tremens*. After having been so long kept by the discipline of the hospital from liquor, his craving for the accustomed stimulus had become unendurable, and he had quenched it with one uninterrupted debauch, the result of which was the state he was now in.

The reader is not probably aware that the chief characteristics of this disease are spectral illusions and inability to sleep—the latter, the most important, seeing that as soon as sleep has been induced, the patient's life may in general be considered safe.

We therefore had him bestowed in a small ward that had been built behind one of the large ones into which it opened. This was known by the name of the Back-Ward, and at the time indicated, was untenanted—silent and solitary.

A strait-jacket was laced upon him, a fire kindled to warm the place, and after the administration of certain remedies, he was left, a nurse being appointed to sit by and watch him.

About ten o'clock that night, I entered the outer-ward. Here I found the nurse sitting beside her sister official, chatting by the fire. He was consequently unattended.

Going at once into the Back-Ward, an incident befel me which is one of the very few I have experienced, approaching in a degree to the supernatural.

You have remarked, reader, that on going into a room, especially a half-darkened one where already there is another individual, you have a vague, indefinable impression that there is somebody there—a perception almost of his presence before his figure meets your eye, or the sound of his breathing or movement reaches your ear. A mesmerist I knew, said that this resulted from an equalization of the magnetic fluid between the bodies of yourself and the other individual. Be that as it may, I must confess I have frequently experienced the phenomenon, having an internal feeling of the vicinity of a person to me whom my senses had not yet perceived. I do not say that this presentiment always occurs, but that it sometimes—nay, often happens, though

it is possible that only people of peculiar turns of thought may observe it.

Now on entering this Back-Ward, which was a very extensive, lofty-roofed apartment, lighted only by the fire and a single lamp suspended from the centre of the ceiling, I had this unaccountable notion—I *felt* that there was some third individual there besides Merrick and myself. So strong was the idea, that I had an angry word on my tongue for whomsoever it might be that was thus allowed, by the negligence of the nurse, to intrude upon my patient. But to my surprise, on the instant that I looked rightly around, there was really no being there save him and myself. Thereupon came over me that peculiar feeling for which there is no word in English, but which the Scotch express by the term “*eeriness*.” This, however, was increased to actual terror when the patient said quite calmly and unconcernedly,

“You need not go, Lily,—’tis only my friend, young Doctor D——, an excellent judge of acting, and gifted with a thorough taste for the beauties of our great favourite of old—”

All this while he was staring into the empty air behind me—then turning to me, he said with a wan smile,

“Ah, she will go. Poor thing, she was always so shy. Hark!—her little one’s tiny mournful cry as she carries it away through that outer place there, but that will not much trouble her—her heart is fixed so firmly on another object. It’s a pity she has left, but I shall see her *to-night at the Woodlands*.”

I confess I trembled with awe and superstitious dread—my hair stood up—I felt cold and weak.

Nevertheless, I proceeded to administer the medicine which had been the occasion of my visit, and which was a preparation of opium applied in a way unintelligible to the general reader. Yet I could not consider myself safe till, emerging hurriedly into the main ward, I saw the patients slumbering around, with the two crones of nurses murmuring by the fire.

But it was not to end thus. About midnight one of these woman rushed into my apartment in the hospital, and informed me that Merrick had burst from his strait-jacket, and having made his way into the main ward, was there play-acting, to the surprise and affright of the other patients. I hastily donned some clothes, and going to the place, found the house-surgeon, who had been called before me, already there.

He was standing regarding, from a safe distance, our patient, who, attired in the dress of the house, and with his strait-jacket fantastically disposed around him in the manner of a theatrical costume, was moving rapidly, but with tottering, about the floor, reciting a medley of disjointed passages from different plays.

All around the large, dimly-lighted hall, the patients in their strange-looking white dresses and cowls, sat up in their beds, which most of them were unable to get away from, on account of broken limbs or other injuries, their pallid faces expressing wonder and dismay at the singular and startling scene that was enacting before them.

Merrick appeared very weak—he staggered every now and then, and his voice faltered, but his eye was brilliant with an unnatural fire, & he went on declaiming—

"The wounds that pained—the wounds that murdered me,  
Were given before. I was already dead.  
This only marks my body for the grave.\*

Oh my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee.  
What means this deadly dew upon my forehead,  
My heart, too, heavens—†

Oh thou, my love, my wife,  
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.‡

Soft you, a word or two before you go—  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am—nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice—then must you speak  
Of one not easily jealous—but whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe—of one whose subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum."§

He fell to the floor.

The rest is silence! ||

"Very well acted, Mr. Merrick," said the house-surgeons as we  
caught his hands; "having played out your part, you had better go  
to bed now. Bless me, he is asleep already!"

"Yes," said I, "he sleeps well after life's fitful fever.—He is  
dead!"

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RONDEAU.

TO-DAY, it is my natal day,  
And threescore years have pass'd away,  
While Time has turn'd to silver-gray  
My hairs.

Pursuing pleasure, love, and fun,  
A longish course I've had to run,  
And, thanks to Fortune I have won  
My hares.

But now, exhausted in the race,  
No longer I can go the pace,  
And others must take up the chase—  
My heirs!

T. H.

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\* "Revenge."

† "Alexander the Great."  
§ "Othello."

‡ "Romeo and Juliet."  
|| "Hamlet."

## THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXXI.

No sooner were John Williams and his loving wife left to themselves by the departure of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, after one of the longest and most confidential tea-drinkings ever indulged in, than they exchanged looks full of pleasant meaning; and while the gentle woman sat silent from habitual reverence to her husband, the thoughtful man sat silent too for some short space, feeling half afraid of committing a folly by expressing how very greatly he was pleased by the adventure which had befallen them.

At length, however, the smiling silence was broken by his saying, "Tell me, Rachel, without fear or favour, what dost thee think of our new acquaintance?"

Thus encouraged Rachel Williams meekly replied, "I rejoice because I see thee rejoice, John Williams, at finding that one has come among us who takes to heart the cause of the oppressed negro; but the joy of my own heart would be more full, and my confidence in the promised good more firm, if this help and aid came not in so gaudy a clothing. Besides, I think not that it is quite seemly, John Williams, to see a woman of such ripened age with ringlets and love-locks fluttering with every breeze that blows. But if thee dost tell me that this is prejudice, John Williams, it shall go hard with me but I will amend it, and for the future see only the woman's purpose, and not the woman."

"No, Rachel, no," replied the worthy quaker; "I should be loath that thy dutiful submission to thy husband's word should be put to so hard a trial, or that thy faithful love should cost thee thy honest judgment. I like not the aged Englishwoman's love-locks better than thee dost, my good Rachel; but shall we quarrel with the help that the Lord hath sent us, because it comes in a shape that is not comely to our eyes? What need is there that this foreign woman-writer should be as goodly and as gracious in my sight as thee art, Rachel? With her looks we have little to do; but trust me, if she knows how to write, she comes amongst us armed with a power which we who have a battle to fight would do wrong to treat lightly. This power she frankly offers to range on our side, and in my judgment it would be folly to reject it. How it comes to pass I know not, Rachel," continued John Williams, after pausing a minute or two in meditation, "but certain it is, that notwithstanding all the abuse and belittling which the Union from Georgia to Maine pours forth without ceasing against the old country, notwithstanding all this, there is not an English goose-quill that can be wagged about us, right or wrong, witty or dull, powerful in wisdom, or mawkish in folly, but every man Jonathan in the States is rampant as a hungry wolf that seeks his food till he gets hold of it, and straightway it is devoured as if his life depended upon his swallowing

the whole mess, let him find it as nauseous as he may. Such being the case, Rachel, it behoves those who like us have undertaken to fight the good fight in the cause of an oppressed race, to welcome with joy and gladness the aid of every English pen likely to be bold enough to set down the truth in this matter. If the best written treatise that ever was penned were to come forth to-morrow in favour of universal emancipation by John Williams of Philadelphia, thee dost know right well, Rachel, that it would only go to line trunks and wrap candles. But if this curlywigged fat lady, verily and indeed sets to work and prints a volume or two about the enormities she has seen in the Slave States and the Christian good sense she will be able to listen to in the Free ones, we know, at any rate, that the books will be read, and that is something, Rachel."

"Yes, truly is it," replied his faithful wife, "and woe betide the folly that would stop so godly a work, because its agent came from a foreign land, where old women wear unseemly head-gear. It shall not be thy wife, John Williams, that shall show any such untimely attention to outward apparel."

"Thee speaks even as I expected to hear thee, Rachel, after the first effect of this large lady's finery was passed off; and now, dear wife, we will go on, hand in hand together, in helping and urging forward the good work."

Such being the state in which Mrs. Allen Barnaby had left the minds of her quaker friends, it scarcely need be doubted that with her penetrating powers of observation, she took her leave of them, extremely well satisfied with the result of her first Philadelphian experiment.

It was not, however, without a pretty considerable degree of fatigue that she had reached the point at which she had aimed. It is a wearying, and in truth a very exhausting occupation to go on through a whole evening labouring to appear precisely what you are not, and so perseveringly had Mrs. Allen Barnaby done this during the hours she had passed with the good quakers, that when she reached her own room she could not resist the temptation of going immediately to bed and to sleep, although the major was not yet returned from his search after sporting men and a billiard-table, and although she felt not a little impatient to report progress to him. But nature would have her way, and for that night Major Allen Barnaby heard nothing from the lips of his admirable wife but her snoring.

Less silent and less sleepy were the pair that occupied the chamber on the opposite side of the corridor. It is quite time that the conversation which demonstrated the consequences of their evening at the theatre should now be recorded, as the results which followed upon it came so quickly, that I may otherwise be reduced to the necessity of narrating effects first and their causes after.

"And if you will do just exactly what you have said, my own beautiful darling," exclaimed Madame Tornorino, as soon as the door of their sleeping apartment was closed, "I will love and dote upon you as long as ever I live. And won't we have fun, Don? and won't we make the old ones stare? And, I say, Tornorino, won't we enjoy eating, and drinking, and waking, and sleeping, without being obliged to care a cent for any body, and with money of our very own, own, own,



without saying thankye for it, to any mortal living? Won't it be fun, Torni?"

"I no contradict you, ma belle," returned Tornorino. "It would be fun, if fun means *bien beau*, to do what we like, sans contredit from nobody. But we must tink, my beautiful Pati, *vraiment* we must tink considerable before we give up the papa and the mamma and all that they have got to make us pardon quelques disgrémens."

"Don't be an idiot, Don," replied his animated wife. "Upon my life and soul, Tornorino, if you do turn out a coward and a fool, I will run away from you as sure as my name's Patty. Do you think I don't know the papa and the mamma, as you call them, better than you do? And do you think I want to creep about half-starved as you used to do in London, my fine Don? Not a bit of it, I promise ye. What the old ones have got, I shall have, you may depend upon that, let me do what I will to affront them—and I won't be kept in leading-strings any longer, I tell you. So just choose between living with me or without me. I WILL go on the stage, Tornorino, that's the long and the short of it, in one word. If you choose to stand by me, good; that is what I shall like best, because, as you know, I dote upon you so; but if you plague me the least bit in the world by way of making me give up the scheme, I'll run away from you before you can say Jack Robinson."

"No, no, no, my Pati beauty," replied her husband, with a very tender caress, "I shot myself directly if you run away your beauty from me, I will indeed."

"And will you let me go upon the stage without trying to coax me out of it?" said Patty, shaking her head expressively.

"Yes, my angel, I will; only I would not have no pleasure at all, if we were only to get on just as I did once before by myself when I tried in the orchestra of Drury Lane. I was very much near starving, my Pati!" said poor Tornorino, mournfully.

"Stuff and nonsense, darling," replied his wife; "you in the orchestra of Drury Lane was one thing, and I on the stage at Philadelphia shall be another. Besides, I tell you, Don, that pap would no more bear to see me want any thing than he would bear to want it himself. Mamma likes me well enough, I believe, and is as proud of me as a peacock is of his tail; but pap is my sheet-anchor, and as I must know him rather better than you, Mr. Don, I'll just beg you not to trouble me any more by talking of starvation and such like agreeable conversation, for it's what I most abominate; and I'll just trouble you to remember that if you please, and never let me hear such a word again as long as you live."

The amiable Tornorino did but mutter one little word or two under his breath, which would have signified, if interpreted, that he thought he knew Major Allen Barnaby as well as most people, and then he pledged the honour of an hidalgo that his charming Patty should never again be tormented by any vulgar doubts or fears on the subject of daily bread: and then they proceeded to discuss in the most animated and agreeable manner what sort of dress would best become the fair *débutante*, and this most important question decided, that of character followed after;—in short half the night was passed in arranging the preliminaries of Madame Tornorino's appearance upon the Philadel-

phian stage, which she felt confident would terminate her tiresome dependence upon "Pa and Ma," and make both her fortune and fashion for ever."

"Pa and Ma," meanwhile, were on their parts as meritoriously intent upon turning their talents to account as their enterprising daughter, and the early dawn found them in very animated discussion upon the best mode of effecting this.

The major had returned from his search after "some opening in his own way" in very ill-humour with the noble city of Philadelphia, declaring that since he was born he had never seen such a collection of broad-brimmed quizzes; and as to billiards, they know no more about it than so many children.

"Then you should be the more rejoiced, my dear, that I am likely to make a good thing of it," replied his wife, after very attentively listening to this melancholy account. "If they don't know much about billiards, they do about books; and the broad-brims have their eyes open wide enough, I promise you, on the enormous importance of securing on their side a person who is master of the pen, or mistress either, my dear, if you like the phrase better."

"That is all vastly well, Mrs. Allen Barnaby," replied the major, giving way to the rather strong feeling of ill-humour which his own abortive attempts had generated. "It is vastly well for you to strut and crow because you find a parcel of idiots ready to be gulled by all the rhodomontade nonsense you are pleased to talk to them; but will that enable us all to go on living in the style we have lately been used to?"

"I never talk to you when you are in a passion, my dear," returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, composedly, "for I know it does not answer."

"God knows, my dear, I don't want you to talk," was the conjugal reply; "what I do want is that you should understand that I mean to be off, and the sooner the better, for the place seems to be about equally dull, costly, and unprofitable—so you may set about packing as soon as you will. I shall be ready to start to-morrow at the very latest."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby remained silent for a minute or two, but the pause was not altogether occasioned by obedience to her husband's hint; she was balancing in her able mind, during the interval, the comparative advantages of trusting to a good breakfast to ameliorate his ill-humour, or of disregarding his uncourteous wish for silence, and pouring forth upon him at once the brilliant history of her last night's success. Being a little afraid of him when he *was* in a passion (which to do him justice did not often happen), it is most likely that she would have chosen the former course, had he not suddenly said when preparing to leave the room,

"There is no good in mincing the matter, I shall go at once and tell Mrs. Simcoe that we don't much like the place, and mean to be off to-morrow."

"Nay, then, I can keep silent no longer, Donny!" exclaimed my heroine, in the most Siddonian tone imaginable. "You know not what you say, major—you know not what you are about to do! Alas! how weak and wilful is the mind of man! How short, how very short a time ago was it, that you vowed you never would decide on any thing, with-

out consulting me ! Yet now, because you cannot find a society of black—of gentlemen, who might be quite as likely to win money as to lose it, you resolutely tell me that you are determined to leave the place, though I have every reason on earth to believe that I may speedily raise a very considerable sum here."

Major Allen Barnaby was by no means the most unreasonable man in the world, and therefore instead of bouncing out of the room upon hearing these reproaches, he turned round while in the very act of leaving it, and said with something almost approaching to a smile,

"Come along then, wife, sit down, and tell me all about it at once ; but don't make it very long, there's a good soul."

This uncivil restraint upon her eloquence was certainly painful ; nevertheless Mrs. Allen Barnaby knew better than to notice it,—nay, she even complied with the rude condition upon which she had been permitted to unburden her full heart, and did so as succinctly as possible, only permitting herself, after concluding her statement, to say,

"Now then, Major Allen Barnaby, I leave it to you to decide whether the chance of profit is greater from our remaining among these very particularly rich people, who are ready to worship the very ground I tread upon, or from our setting off again upon a wild-goose chase in the hope of meeting some fool or other who may be cajoled into losing money to you."

"I should vote for the staying, beyond all doubt, wife," replied the mollified major, "if you could but contrive to make me see my way through all the theeing and thouing you have been so amusingly repeating to me, and to the solid cash that you expect to find at the end of it. We want *the ready*, wife—the cash, the rhino, the Spanish wheels, as they call their sprawling dollars, and unless you can manage to clutch this, I'll tell you fairly that I would not give a gooseberry for all their civility ; because, my dear, I don't know any stock in any land that I can buy into with it."

"Major Allen Barnaby," replied his wife, after having listened to him in resolute silence till he had ceased to speak, "wise as you are, you don't know the value of ready money, one bit better than I do. That No. 1. comes first, I well know, and No. 2, let it be what it will comes a long way after it. So you need not talk any more, if you please, about giving gooseberries in return for such breakfasts and dinners as we got at Big-Gang Bank. But, in justice to my own honest earnings, I think it is but fair to remind you that you *do* love a good dinner, Major Allen Barnaby, and that the getting it, day after day, as you did from the Beauchamps, and capital good lodgings into the bargain for nothing, will save dollars, if it does not make them."

"All quite true, Mrs. Allen Barnaby," returned her spouse, mimicking a little her Siddonian dignity of tone. "But, nevertheless, you must please to observe that at this present moment, we are not one single cent the richer for all your palavering with the slave-holders, but that my little games of piquet and écarté have left their traces very comfortably in my pocket-book."

"And much you would have enjoyed the comfort, Donny," said his wife, relaxing into a laugh, "if I had declined the poisoning, and left you to abide the *second* settling of your play 'account with the Honourable Mr. Themistocles Joseph John Hapford."

"Yes, my dear," he replied, returning her laugh: "your poisoning was first-rate and worth all your preaching, you may take my word for it. And once for all, wife, without any more joking or squabbling about the matter, you must make up your mind to understand that it won't suit my views, to go on travelling through the country, dressing as fine as lords and ladies, and playing agreeable from morning to night, without getting any more by it than just bed and board. I am not so young as I was, my good Barnaby, and I feel the necessity of looking forward a little, and making up something like a purse against old age and a rainy day. If I find that they are too much in my own way here, I'll be off to Madrid, or to Paris, or Baden-Baden. It's all one to me. I really don't care the value of a straw in what kingdom of the earth I set up my coining-machine, but coin, I must, wife, somewhere or other. If you will be so obliging as to give me the pleasure of your company through all these possible ins-and-outs by sea and by land, of course I shall be delighted: but if you unhappily decline it, and prefer remaining here, writing books for and against negro slavery, I am sorry to say it, but I shall be under the necessity of sacrificing your charming society, and setting off without you."

"And your daughter, sir?" said his wife, not a little provoked at the tone of this long harangue; "may I take the liberty of asking if you intend to make her one of your travelling party?"

"Why, yes, my dear, I certainly think I shall. Tornorino is very useful to me, and I rather suspect that he would think it more profitable to be in partnership with me than with you."

"This is all waste of time, major," said his wife, suddenly resuming her usual tone. "Will you agree to allow me one day's trial with these quakers? If the ready, the cash, the rhino, the Spanish wheels that you talk about do not appear tolerably ready and certain, I will agree to set off with you in whatever direction you like to go. Only one day! If I fail I will be ready to start by this time to-morrow."

"Then to this time to-morrow I give you," he replied. "But remember, my dear, your proofs of success must be pretty substantial before I accept them."

"Agreed," was her short reply.

And Mrs. Simcoe's breakfast-bell making itself heard at the same moment, they left their room together, meeting the Don and his lady on the top of the stairs; and then, with every appearance of family confidence and harmony, they descended to the eating-parlour together.

## CHAP. XXXII.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the general breakfast-eating was performed at the usual American pace, Mrs. Allen Barnaby was the first who had finished the meal and quitted the table.

The departure of one or two of the boarders had caused an alteration in the juxtaposition of those who remained, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby was no longer seated next to her friend, John Williams. But this change was by no means disagreeable to her; she felt that the time for mere chit-chat was past, however skilfully she might manage it, and therefore rather rejoiced at than regretted the necessity of suffer-

ing the good quaker to eat his morning meal in peace. Yet, even while divided by the whole length of the table from her new friends, she had found means to propitiate further their good opinion by the greatly-improved fashion of her garments.

During the whole of the conversation with her husband which has been recorded above, her fingers had been notably and most ingeniously employed in altering a variety of little ornamental decorations which she thought were more elegant than prudent. From her morning gown she abstracted every bow, together with a deep trimming of very broad imitation black lace from the cape of it, which left this addition to her grave-coloured silk-dress of such very moderate dimensions as entirely to change its general effect, and to give to her appearance a snug sort of succinct tidiness, such as it had probably never exhibited before.

The cap she selected for the occasion was one which owed almost all its Barnabian grace to a very magnificent wreath of crimson roses, which ran twiningly and caressingly round the front of it, and these being removed by the simple operation of withdrawing a few pins, left as decent a cap as any one would wish to see.

Of her half-dozen luxuriously-curling "fronts," she chose the least copious and the least curling, and having bedewed it with water from a sponge, induced its flowing meshes to repose themselves upon her forehead with a trim tranquillity that might have befitted a Magdalen. It was thus that she now encountered the friendly eyes of John Williams and his wife Rachel; and as it never entered into the imagination of either of them that the foreign lady should have thus metamorphosed herself to please them, they felt, particularly the worthy Rachel, some disagreeable twinges of conscience at remembering the scoffing remarks that had been made on the love-locks, when it now seemed evident that it must have been mere carelessness or accident, rather than design, which had occasioned the superfluous hair to flow so wantonly.

It was therefore with even more than the hoped-for degree of gentle kindness that Mrs. Allen Barnaby's proposal of paying them a visit in their own drawing-room was received, and ten o'clock precisely was named as the hour at which they should be waiting to welcome her. That Mrs. Allen Barnaby was punctual need not be doubted. Much indeed depended upon this interview. If she failed now, she felt that she was pledged to give up the authorship scheme, from which she not only still anticipated much substantial profit, but which had already given her so much delightful gratification, that the thought of abandoning it was inexpressibly painful to her feelings. Her hopes, however, so completely outweighed her fears, that it was with a delightful consciousness of power, and the most cheering anticipations of success, that she gave her soft quaker-like tap-tap at the quaker's door.

"Come in," was uttered in the very gentlest of tones, and in the next moment my greatly altered heroine stood in straight-haired comeliness before the meekly approving eyes of her new acquaintance.

"The permission to wait on you thus early," she began, "is a kindness for which I can hardly be sufficiently grateful, for the work to which I have dedicated myself seems to press upon my conscience.

I feel as if I were not labouring with sufficient devotion and energy on that which may perhaps involve the happiness of thousands. This is an awful consideration, my dear friends !”

“Thee art right, friend Allen Barnaby,” replied John Williams. “It is in this manner that all those who meddle in so great an undertaking should feel. It is not so much insensibility to their frightful sufferings which the poor negroes have to complain of, as want of energy in the means adopted for their relief. Tell us frankly and freely, good friend, what may be the difficulty or embarrassment which is most likely to impede thy progress, and I pledge to thee the word of an honest man, that if John Williams can remove it, it shall be removed.”

These were not words to be listened to with indifference by Mrs. Allen Barnaby. She was indeed considerably more delighted than she thought fitting to express ; she had no objection to appearing grateful for the support so kindly offered, but she did *not* wish that the quiet quakers should perceive all the triumphant joy and gladness that she felt throbbing at her heart. She had contrived to learn, by one or two intelligent questions addressed to Mrs. Simcoe’s *Help*, that John Williams had very ample power to remove all such embarrassments and difficulties as at present beset her, and had he not now pledged his honourable quaker word to use in her behalf what power he had ? Now then was the moment of projection as the chemists say, now then was the very crisis of the experiment that was to prove whether she did indeed possess the precious secret by which palaver might be converted into gold, or whether she must henceforth submit to the degrading position of a merely ornamental appendage to her more highly-gifted husband’s establishment.

She preluded the answer which was to settle this important question by a deep sigh, and then bending forward towards the little work-table which supported the scissors, thimble, cotton-reel, and narrow morsel of fine lawn upon which the neat-handed Rachel had been employed when she entered, she remained for a few seconds supporting her head upon her hand in silence. Had attention been wanting in her audience, this piteous prelude would have been sure to command it, and when at length she spoke, not a syllable was lost on either John or Rachel.

“It is inexpressibly painful,” said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, slowly raising herself from her bending attitude, “to submit oneself even to the dictates of duty when they command us to do, or to say any thing that may be misconstrued into—alas ! how shall I find a word to express what I mean that shall not sound too harshly ?—into abusing the generous kindness of those who stretch forth the hand of brotherly fellowship to assist us !”

“Nay, now friend Barnaby, I must not have thee speak thus,” interrupted John Williams with the most expressive intonation of benevolence. “Remember that thy work is our work, and that thought will remove at once all such idle embarrassments as those thee speakest of.”

“Oh, true ! most true !” exclaimed Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with renovated courage, and as if suddenly conscious that she had no feelings of which to be ashamed, but altogether the contrary. “Never again will



I give way to such weakness! You will then, my excellent friends, listen to me as to a sister, while I confess to you that my husband, devoted to me as he is, and kind too upon most points, does not partake the enthusiasm which has brought me to this noble, but misguided country."

"Yea! verily! It is then as I feared, Rachel! But take courage, friend Barnaby, and think not that we shall be the less inclined to give thee assistance, because we find thee wantest it more. Thee speakest well, friend Barnaby, in calling this, our misguided country, noble; and well pleased am I to find that thee hast clearness of judgment enough to see that it is indeed noble; in simple truth, friend Barnaby, it is the very noblest and most glorious country on the face of God's whole earth; and thee knowest there are spots on the sun. But progress, progress, good lady, and let us know in what, and how far it is, that thy husband opposes thy purpose?"

"Perhaps," replied my heroine, mildly, "opposes is too strong, too harsh a word to use when speaking of the conduct of Major Allen Barnaby. The very indulgence which induced him to leave his own country, where his highly-exalted reputation gives him a position so peculiarly agreeable, in order to gratify my wish of visiting this, must for ever ensure my gratitude. But the fact is, that unfortunately he does not see this momentous question concerning negro emancipation in the same light that I do; so strongly do we differ, indeed, that I am persuaded, though if I publish upon it, he will never come forward publicly to controvert my opinion, yet, that if I should not do so, he would be exceedingly likely to write upon the other side."

"Indeed!" exclaimed John Williams, the smooth serenity of his countenance a little ruffled by the intelligence, "and dost thee think him capable of writing a work likely to produce any great effect?"

"It is strange for his own wife, and one who loves him too, as dearly as I do, to reply to such a question with regret, because it is only possible to reply to it in the affirmative," said she. "He has, perhaps, the most powerful talent of any man living in controversy. His wit, his eloquence—oh, it is something magical! and like many others, I believe, who are thus gifted, he certainly has pleasure in putting down what in this case he calls popular prejudice."

"This is heavy news, my good lady; very heavy news, I promise thee. An European coming to this country and publishing a powerful book in favour of negro slavery will do the cause more harm than thee may'st think for. The strongest weapon which we have got to use against the avarice of our misguided, but high-minded countrymen, is the universal condemnation of Europe, and any thing tending to weaken that, would be a misfortune indeed."

"I am aware of it," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with emphasis, "and this it is that makes me feel the importance of my own undertaking. The major knows that I am employing myself in writing on this awful subject, every detail of which harrows my very heart, while he, alas! treats it all with most sad levity, and he has told me very positively, though I must say without the slightest harshness—the good major is never harsh to me!—but he has told me that although he will never interfere to prevent my writing on this or any other subject (for, in truth, he is foolishly proud of what I have done in that way),

yet that, as he cannot agree with me in the views I have adopted, he should hold himself inexcusably weak were he to permit any great expenditure of money in travelling about, merely, as he expressed it, to enable me to strengthen my abolition prejudices. Upon his saying this, which occurred when we were at New Orleans, I asked him if he would object to my spending a small sum, not exceeding three hundred pounds which he knew I had by me, as especially my own, in travelling from city to city of this majestic country, in order to become generally acquainted with it. To this he frankly answered no. He knew, he said, that the trifle I have mentioned was intended for the purchase of some sparkling ornament, but that if I preferred seeing your gems of cities to looking upon gems of my own, he saw no good reason to oppose me. This sum, my dear friends," continued Mrs. Allen Barnaby, "is, I grieve to say, totally exhausted, and I am under the terrible necessity of abandoning a work in which my very heart and soul are engaged, or of submitting to the embarrassing alternative of confessing this fact to you, and beseeching you to give me your opinion as to the possibility of raising by subscriptions for my forthcoming volumes, such a sum as may enable me to continue my researches; for, as you will readily believe, my principles forbid me to state facts with which I am unacquainted; and if I cannot succeed in immediately raising a little money for the purpose of prosecuting my inquiries in the Free States, I shall be obliged to return immediately to England, and instead of publishing my own work, have to endure the intense mortification of witnessing the appearance of another of principles diametrically opposite. Tell me, therefore, my kind and excellent friends, if you conceive it would be possible for me to raise such a subscription as I speak of?"



John Williams and his wife listened to this animated, but somewhat long harangue, in the profoundest silence. Neither cough, sneeze, hem, nor even audible breathing, interrupted the deep stillness in which she had the advantage of speaking. On ordinary occasions Mrs. Allen Barnaby would have been fully aware of the advantage this gave her, for she by no means liked to be interrupted while speaking, but now she almost felt that the stillness was too profound, for it seemed even to communicate itself to the eyelids of her auditors, which never winked: the looks of John being steadily fixed upon her face, and those of Rachel as steadily directed to the carpet. She almost feared to cease speaking, lest this chilling atmosphere of stagnant silence should condense itself into an icy refusal, but stop at last she must, and did, and then it took at least a minute, ere John Williams raised his voice to answer her.

Her heart beat a good deal during this interval, and she became any thing in the world but sanguine as to the result. Nor was her acuteness altogether deceived as to the meaning of all this. If there be a form of speech which will act like an incantation upon all alike, and before which slave-holders and emancipationists, Calvinists and Unitarians, Catholics and Quakers, Yankees and Creoles, will all shrink with equal sensitiveness, it is a demand for DOLLARS. On every other imaginable theme, they may, and probably will, differ widely; but on this they are unanimous.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby saw and felt this at her fingers' ends. But though this sensitive shrinking unquestionably was the first fruits of her eloquence, it was not the only one, neither was it the most lasting. She had arranged her arguments with great skill; and when, as John Williams examined and cross-examined her, she recapitulated all the dangers which threatened the cause in which he was enlisted in case her object was defeated, it was soon easy to see that her eloquence was gaining ground, and his prudence losing it.

At this stage of the business, John Williams would have given a good deal if his wife would but have looked him in the face; but she was as far as possible from doing any such thing, making no other change in her attitude, after Mrs. Allen Barnaby had finished her opening speech, than what was absolutely necessary for the stretching out her nice little white hand towards her nice little rosewood work-table, and withdrawing thence the before-mentioned strip of lawn, to the hemming of which she again addressed herself with a pertinacity of industry which rendered all hope of her raising her eyes from it most completely abortive.

"Thee hast made a statement that it gives me great pain to hear," said John Williams at length, in a tone that instantly turned the thoughts of Mrs. Allen Barnaby towards her packing up, and before he had uttered a second sentence she had remembered with some satisfaction that she had taken very few things out of their travelling recesses, and that if the worst came to the worst, she should not have a great deal of trouble in getting ready to set off, according to promise, on the following morning. But with all her acuteness, Mrs. Allen Barnaby did not yet quite understand the nature of a Philadelphian quaker.

The first feeling which displayed itself was naturally enough that which was common to every citizen of the great republic; but there were others which lay deeper, and which belonged both to the particular class and to the individual, which in the race of conflicting feelings were most likely to come in conquerors at last. But John Williams, though very far from being a dull man, was, nevertheless, not a quick one, and before he could fully make up his mind what he should say next, his interesting visiter rose, and assuming a look of very touching shyness, said,

"To give you pain in any way, my good sir, is the very last thing I would willingly do, and believe me, when I say that notwithstanding your evident unwillingness to enter actively into the business, I feel the most perfect conviction of your good will to the cause, and am grateful for your kindness, though it cannot, as I perceive, be of a nature to serve me. Good morning, Mrs. Williams! Good morning, my dear sir!"

And thus saying she moved towards the door, being, in truth, exceedingly desirous to get away, that she might indulge in the utterance of a few of the animated expletives which she felt trembling on her tongue, and set about packing as fast as she could. But her interview with the quakers was not over yet.

"Thee art over hasty, friend Barnaby," said John Williams, interposing his tall upright person between his guest and the door. "In

matters of business no one should ever be in a hurry. Sit thee down again, friend, sit thee down, and let us talk this matter quietly over."

They did sit down again, and they did talk the matter quietly over; so quietly indeed, so lengthily, so step by step, that the reader might have rather more than enough of it, were I to repeat word for word all that was spoken on that occasion. Suffice it to say, that affairs wore a very different aspect, when at length Mrs. Allen Barnaby, really did leave the room, from what they did when she first attempted to do so.

One feature only of the interview remained unchanged. Rachel Williams continued during the whole of it to maintain her industry and her silence, never once lifting her eyes from her hemming, and never once speaking a word.

Talking of the passions of a quaker, may to some people, I believe, appear like talking of the passions of a fish, but people so thinking cannot be natives of Philadelphia. The honest broad-brimmed abhorrence of slavery, and the hearty wish of bringing about a national abolition of it, does decidedly amount, in many instances, to a passion in the beautiful city of Grecian Banks, and flowery Catalpas. Our quiet-seeming friend, John Williams, was an instance of this, though his wife Rachel was not; for while she could not choose but remember (even if she had wished to forget it) that it was the same person who was now making a plain and specific application for dollars, that she had seen entering the dining-room the day before, the very emblem of all that a sober-minded female ought not to be, John himself had no room in his head or his heart for any thing but the abolition question, and actually trembled when his conscience reminded him of the risk he had at one moment run, of suffering an ill-timed fit of avaricious caution to stifle an undertaking which promised such great advantage to the scheme that it was the first object of his life to advance.

It was therefore with a bright and triumphant eye that Mrs. Allen Barnaby met the inquiring glance of her husband upon encountering him in the retirement of their own apartment, whither he had returned from an unprofitable morning stroll on purpose to receive her.

"You need not speak, my Barnaby!" he exclaimed, the moment he beheld her. "That you have succeeded, is just as easily seen as that you have a pair of the most expressive eyes in the world. And how in the world, my darling woman, have you contrived to screw money out of that parchment man?"

"I should be vastly sorry, major, if I thought that I should get no more than what my dear friend John Williams will disburse himself—though I have no fears either that he should fail me. But my projects are a good deal more extended than that, my dear, as you may perceive, if you will do me the favour of running your eye over this list of names—the most wealthy, the most respectable, and the most influential in Philadelphia, as I beg to inform you."

She then drew forth a large sheet of paper which she displayed before him, and on which were, in truth, inscribed about thirty of the first names of the city. To these persons, John Williams had promised to apply for subscriptions to Mrs. Allen Barnaby's book, giving her to understand, as he wrote each down, that on such an occasion she

would be sure to receive a sum greatly exceeding the price of many copies, for that he pledged himself to make them understand how vitally important to the undertaking was the raising a considerable sum at the moment.

"A considerable sum? I wonder what broad-brim calls a considerable sum—eh, my dear? Have you any notion?" demanded the major, with the saucy air of one not disposed to be easily contented.

"He mentioned no figures whatever, major—I cannot say that he did," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a slight frown. "But upon my honour, Donny, I don't think it would be wise just at present for us to stand out quarrelling with our bread-and-butter, only because we think it just possible that the butter may not be thick enough."

"I have no more idea of committing any such folly, than I have of building a church, my love, so don't alarm yourself," he replied. "Not only just at present, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, but just for ever, our calling and profession must be to catch what we can. This is no bad trade depend upon it, even among Yankees, if the capital brought to it has a good deal of sterling brass, mixed with the gold of such a wit as yours, my Barnaby. Oh no, I have no intention, depend upon it, of declining these quaker dollars; nor can I express to you sufficiently my charming partner, the admiration I feel for the brilliant versatility of your talents, nor can I behold the bold, not to say audacious approach towards puritanical attire which your appearance at this moment exhibits, without feeling that my happy destiny has mated me with a mind worthy of union with my own."

This flourishing compliment, which was accompanied by a low bow, made the lady get up and place herself before the glass, and as she stood there with her hands primly crossed before her, both husband and wife laughed heartily.

After this little indulgence of light-heartedness, the well-matched pair entered upon a business-like discussion of their immediate arrangements. It was decided between them that Patty should be bribed by some new article of finery to be worn elsewhere, to make herself somewhat more decent in attire at the dinner-table, and also that Mrs. Allen Barnaby herself should lay out a few cents in mouse-coloured ribbon, and that the major and his martial mustache should keep out of the way, on pretence of botanizing, in order to avoid the too obvious incongruity of appearance between them. This *botanizing* notion was due to the ready invention of my heroine, and was rewarded by a fresh burst of conjugal admiration.

This very pleasant conversation ended by the major informing his wife, that although he had no hope whatever of *doing much* during the time they might find it desirable to remain under the patronage of her quaker friends, he was nevertheless not without hope of *doing something*, for he had found out two public billiard-tables, which, though apparently carrying on business a little under the rose, would enable him to pass his time without having to reproach himself with that worst of all possible faults, *idleness*, which in his case, as she conscientiously observed, would be worse than in that of most others, inasmuch as he knew himself to be blessed with a degree of ability which rendered the employment of it a positive duty.

THE FIVE INCUMBENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. V.

THE SUB-VICAR OF DITCHINGLY.

CHAP. I.

*Brutus.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.  
*Cassius.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.  
*Brutus.* No man bears sorrow better.  
SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the recital of Mr. Camomile Brown's strange story I felt an anxious wish to see the rectory and parish church of Squashyfield from which he had vanished so suddenly and cleverly as to leave no mark of his trail behind him. I also longed to see, if possible, the fair—if fair she were—Mrs. Hepzibah Grimely, raised by wedlock to the dignity of Rectoress of Squashyfield and to the family name of Brown.

Mr. Quaverton, the curate appointed by the churchwarden, with the diocesan's consent, to do the duties of the parish until the fate of the missing incumbent could be ascertained, kindly offered to accompany me and show me the road across the marshes and snipe-bogs, which was a dangerous feat for a stranger to undertake without a guide. The ground had been dug out in all directions to supply the poor with firing, and the farmers with ashes for manure.

It was an immense bed of rich deep peat earth, safe enough, if you knew where the solid parts were to be found; but highly dangerous if you happened to swerve either to the left or right. If you did not go right you were sure to be left—in some eight or ten feet of clammy, sticky, black mud, rendered tempting to the feet by a deceptive covering of bright green coarse grass. The more you floundered the deeper you sank. If no one was at hand to assist you your fate was certain. There you stayed until the peat-diggers came to that particular spot and dug you out—a fine specimen of the human skeleton, or else converted into an adipose image of your former self.

The pits were haunted too at night by that mischievous inventor of blue lights, Mr. William-of-the-Wisp. Many a poor labourer, who was returning home from the alehouse, unable to find his way or help himself, from too much zeal in worshipping the Cerevisian Dionysus, has he favoured with a glimpse of his watery lantern, and provided for at night by leading him into a bed of rushes, where he was obliged to lie down and sleep off the fumes of his beer and tobacco, because he could not extricate himself.

Unearthly noises, too, were heard there by day and night. The peasants attributed them to the revelries of the fairies, who were known to dwell there by the deep emerald rings which they formed on the turf in their mazy dances on the magic circle. Better informed people assigned them to the frogs, who assembled in myriads to carry on



their nightly debates in this their marshy parliament, and to the mole-crickets, or cricket-moles, I forget which name is correct, who uttered shrill sharp cries during the day, to summon their fellows either to the battle-fray, or the delights of mutual love.

Amidst these marshy, boggy spots were large pools of black, dismal-looking water, but so clear, that the roots of plants, stones, and fish, might be seen at a great depth below the surface. They were formed in the pits which had been exhausted of their peat, and were filled by the water which filtered through the surrounding spongy soil.

In these pools dwelt a gigantic race of pikes and perches which would have supplied the neighbouring peasantry with good wholesome food and plenty of it, if they had had cunning enough to catch them—which was no easy matter from the brilliancy of the water—or sense enough not to believe that they were some sort of demons placed there by the fairies to carry off all the little ducklings and goslings that strayed away from their parents and ventured to float upon these enchanted lakes.

The very description of their immense size and surprising numbers induced me to try my hand at taking some of them. I could get plenty of live baits, but then I had got nothing but gut minnow-tackle with me, which would be no better than a gossamer if tugged at by a pike, or even a very large perch.

Previously, therefore, to going to Squashyfield, I drove over to Winchester and provided myself with some good strong gimp and some large jack tackle—especially snap-hooks for which the weedless pools were admirably suited. I also bought a short, strong trolling-rod, and a large thumb-reel with sixty yards of ten-twist-hair trolling-line.

“Now,” said I, “I will be a match for these fairy finny ones. I will try if their invisible patrons have furnished them with appetites like the rest of their species.”

Mr. Quaverton walked by my side, and Boots followed us, carrying a large kettle of fine gudgeons and a gaff-hook for landing the fish. I put one of the largest gudgeons on to a snap-hook and standing at a great distance from the bank threw it about twenty-five yards into the pool.

There was a little stream down the middle which carried the float very slowly along. I lay down in such a position that I could see the float without being seen myself.

In less than five minutes my float vanished as if the fairies themselves had carried it off. I let loose several yards of line and found them run through my fingers for nearly half a minute; then all was still—I knew the fish was gorging his prey and struck him at once.

Never shall I forget the struggle;—splash—dash, went the monster—a huge pike—first, up the pool—then down it—then over to the opposite bank and back again, almost under my feet.

When I had reeled up my line and the fish felt the hook again, away he went, uncoiling the line from the reel with a whirl, that resembled the noise of some powerful machinery.

Again he stopped—again he rushed about, lashing the dark waters of the pool with his powerful tail, as I endeavoured to master his strugglings and bring his head above water.

Mr. Quaverton, quoting one of Dibdin's sea-songs, begged I would

Haul in the slack of my cable,  
and allow him

To reef and steer  
the fish to land.

Boots wanted to assist me, and declared I should be hauled into the water.

I told them both to mind their own business and get out of my way—for I was excited, and had not time nor inclination to be polite, when so fine a specimen of a fresh-water shark was on my line. I was determined to master him by myself. I could depend on the strength of my resolution and of my tackle.

After three-quarters of an hour's most agreeable excitement—hope and fear of success filling my mind by turns—I drew the almost exhausted fish to the bank. I called to my reserve guard in the language of the great hero of our era, “Now then—up and at him.”

Boots seized the gaff-hook, in the use of which I had previously instructed him, and was going to plunge it deep in the pike's jaws. A sudden qualm came over him when he saw the monster. All the stories he had heard of the iniquities committed by these fairy-fish recurred to his mind, and he stood gazing into the monster's ill-looking face and alarming, well-armed jaws, without being able to use his landing-hook.

I believe I abused him heartily, and perhaps looked savage—what angler would not with a fish of twenty-five pounds weight at stake? I called to Quaverton to land him, or to hold my line and rod while I did it myself. He preferred the latter mode of acting, as he was really frightened at the pike, though not from the same cause that had unnerved Boots. I bid him hold him firmly, and to keep his head above water—to slack his hand the moment I had gaffed him, and to allow me to land him.

I laid down flat on my stomach—dug the hook clean through his upper jaw, and swung him round with all my force. He flew off the gaff as he was whirled through the air, and falling on the head of Boots, knocked him down, and lay kicking his last by his side, while Boots bellowed and screamed ten thousand murders, which alarmed the wild-ducks in the neighbouring sedges, and caused them to give tongue, as only wild-ducks can do when they rise in a body from any sudden fear.

I will not weary the reader with an account of my further success. Let it suffice that it was great—far beyond my warmest hopes. Such a basket of pike and perch as I sent home, had not been seen for years in Clearstream; for even my landlord—fond as he was of fishing, and skilled in taking trout, had no notion of capturing the monsters of the Fairy pools.

I believe the common people thought me an uncommon clever fellow to rob the fairies—but they refused to eat of the fish from the enchanted water, and hinted their full belief that I should meet with some sort of punishment for poaching in the preserves of the invisible owners of the peat-pools. My friend, the professor, having no fear of gnomes or fairies, dressed one of the largest in the Anglo-Saxon style, and as he washed it down with a tumbler-glass of iced punch, pro-

nounced it delicious—d—d delicious—the pre-adjective being used merely to corroborate the views of the commonality of Clearstream as to its being the property, by prescriptive right, of somebody diabolical.

Well, we arrived at Squashyfield Rectory after disposing of the fish and fishing-tackle, not long before it was growing dusk. I was shown into the study of the missing rector—now the summer abode of Mr. Quaverton—by Mrs. Hepzibah Brown, *née* Grimely. It remained in the same state in which Mr. Camomile had left it—a dirty den, crowded with all sorts of books and papers, manuscripts, scraps and missals, jumbled together on shelves, tables, and on the floor, in most admirable disorder.

Mrs. Brown would not allow any thing to be touched. There was one table clear—one chair sitable-upon—that was enough for one man, and he a curate. All the rest was chaos, and such it was to remain until the owner of the chaos turned up again—which I believe he never did.

Mr. Quaverton had in vain essayed to add to the littering of the room, by introducing all sorts of musical instruments into it—but Mrs. Camomile Brown would not listen to him or his music. He was forced to fill one of the green slimy parlours below with pianos, guitars, flutes, clarinets, and French horns—to sit there amidst the damp and foul smells to play upon them, or else content himself with giving imitations of them up stairs in his bedroom.

The destruction of his favourite instruments by the damp, was a strain on which he was always harping, and complained, in A flat, that his “harp that once” was a thorough good one, now

Hung as mute on Squashyfield's walls,  
As if its soul were *dead* ;

whereas it was only suffering from the rheumatics—its nerves unstrung and shaking from ague.

Mrs. Hepzibah offered to make tea for us—but I shuddered at the thought—*green* tea within those grass-green walls!—red-hot twankay in such a Tartarus! Bah! I begged a little *eau de vie* to keep life within me and qualify the water that was all around us, or a little mountain-dew to defeat the moist vapours of the morass, now fast rising in dark clammy masses round the house.

To ask was easy enough—to obtain was difficult. There was nothing to be had save sherry and port from the parson; tea, *sine* milk, from the lady.

I begged leave to retire for the night and seek the solace of mine inn.

“No, no,” said Mr. Quaverton, “although I cannot supply you with what you wish for, I have a neighbour who lives on the other side of the hill above us, who can and will do so readily. I am anxious to introduce you to the only one of the Five Incumbents whom, with the exception of my runaway rector, you have not yet met. We will walk across yon pit, over the stile, along the river's banks, through the coppice of nutwood, mount those rising meadows, and then we shall be at Ditchingly Parsonage. You see it is prettily placed above the damp and swamps, and commands a fine view of the little valley below it. Come, I must introduce you to Mr. Akinside. He is a

worthy but an afflicted man, and seldom comes amongst us, though we always hail him with delight when he does join us—

The wealthy fool has gold in store ;

but that is not his case, nor does he

Still desire to grow richer.

He lives but for his God, his parish, and his child—

Give him but these, he asks no more.

You will find him cheerful, and enjoying

His own sweet home, his friend, and pitcher.

He has an excellent tap of homebrewed, so ‘come along,’ as Benjamin says, and taste it.”

“Is Mr. Akinside a married man?” said I, looking inquisitorially at my shooting-jacket—or rather, from its present use, fishing-coat—and India-rubber boots.

“He *was* married, and had a large family ; but now—never mind—come along, Miss Akinside does not regard the outside of a man, and the poor perpetual-curate, or sub-vicar, as Mr. Worthington will insist on calling him, is not too proud to receive a good sort of fellow, which we are weak enough to think you are, in any disguise, however humble.”

“Or dirty,” said I.

Ten minutes’ sharp walking—I, for one, love that humble mode of travelling, and can step out—brought us to the door of Mr. Akinside’s parsonage.

A lovely child, about six or seven years of age, rushed out of an arbour in the garden to meet us. She sprang into Mr. Quaverton’s arms ; and kissing him, told him she was so glad he was come, as her papa had been in very low spirits all the day. I was introduced in due form to Miss Akinside—or Blanche, as she was more commonly called. She accepted my offered hand with delight, and, with the least in the world of pretended coyness, allowed me to kiss her bright red lips.

As soon as I had released her, she ran before us through the house, and tapping gently at a door at the extremity of the passage, told her father that Mr. Quaverton and the gentleman at the inn—for such was my designation—were come to call on him.

She put up her little hand and beckoned to us, as soon as she heard her father say he should be glad to see us.

We of course obeyed the signal. Quaverton led the way into a small but exceedingly neat study, well furnished with books and every accessory to the pursuit of letters.

I saw, and was speedily made known to, a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, who received me with a manner more than kind. There was something brotherly in his manner. He seemed to greet me as one known to him before, but separated from him by a long absence. I felt that I had met a man whom I would gladly have converted into a friend—and yet I had not been in his society five minutes.

Quaverton chanted—opera fashion—

of happiness, for the loved one had been "dead and was alive again."

The present was delightful—compared with past sufferings it was heaven itself—but Eugene thought of the future. He fancied the arrival of that time when his father, in the course of nature, would be removed, and with him their sole means of support. He knew that he ought to be the protector and friend of his widowed mother and her orphan children; but how was he, out of the paltry pittance of a half-pay captain, to support so many? It was not to be done. Peace was established on too firm a basis to be speedily broken. There was no employment for hundreds who were unfitted for aught but war and bloodshed. The sword was sheathed in the scabbard, in which it was fated to rust unemployed.

Eugene consulted with his aged father. His advice was that he should sell out, and with the price of his commission keep his terms at Oxford, and, when he had taken his degree, be ordained as his curate.

This plan accorded with Eugene's feelings and wishes. He had been a fair classical scholar in his youth. A little reading up, he felt assured, would qualify him for matriculation, and he relied upon rigid attention to his college duties to insure him a respectable degree.

Eugene was very popular at college. He could entertain his friends with accounts of battles and adventures of which he had been an eyewitness and a participator. He could tell anecdotes of our greatest heroes. He showed them how they bivouac'd by night in the mountains and woods of Spain by disposing a dozen undergraduates in picturesque attitudes around an imaginary watch-fire in the centre of the quad-grassplot. Eugene, however, never allowed his popularity to interfere with his studies, or to lead him into scenes of debauchery and riot. He had an important object to attain, and resolutely resisted all temptations that might have risked his success.

At the completion of his third year of residence he went up for his examination. He had no intention of going up for a class, but he did his work so creditably, and his character was so much appreciated, that the examiners placed his name "under the line," as what is now the third class was then called: this was an honourable station, and considered a proof of fair scholarship.

His ordination speedily followed the taking of his degree, for the bishop was glad to admit into holy orders so good a son, and to relieve so good a father, who had borne the burden and heat of a long day in the service of the church, from a portion of his labours.

The pleasing task of assisting his parent was not long his to enjoy. A short but severe attack of illness removed the latter from his family. The grave had scarcely closed on his remains before the new incumbent signified his intention of coming into residence at the expiration of the three months allowed to the widow for the purpose of providing herself with another abode.

Mr. Akinside had died poor, for he had had a large and expensive family, and his parishioners—humble labourers—often required his assistance. He had a heart too open to the appeals of poverty to refuse his aid. He gave—gave too largely for his means—but he was

blessed in giving. He had insured his life for a certain amount, which, being judiciously laid out in an annuity, produced sufficient to afford a living to the widow and her youngest children.

Eugene sought and obtained another curacy. The stipend was very small, but the house was large and convenient. There he placed his mother to superintend his housekeeping, and to save her the expense of hiring a house for herself. Private pupilizing was in vogue at that period, for some sort of prejudice had been raised against sending boys to public schools. Private pupils were more plentiful than private tutors then—though it is just the reverse now. Eugene advertised but once. His advertisement was replied to by a rich manufacturer, who wished to place two boys of eighteen and seventeen years of age with a clergyman, to be prepared for the university. He offered a liberal recompense, and Eugene agreed to the terms. He was happy at the idea of being placed in a situation to enable him to aid his mother in the education of her younger children.

The pupils came to reside. Eugene found that they were ill-regulated, half-taught, and self-willed, to an extent hardly credible. He set about repairing the errors in their moral culture first; and endeavoured to gain their confidence by kindness of manner, and participating in such of their sports as were not inconsistent with his station.

Playing at cricket and tennis, or rowing with their tutor, soon became distasteful to boys who had been allowed to indulge in more dangerous and immoral occupations. They felt that he would not countenance them in the pursuits they delighted in, so they did their best, by falsehood and contrivance—to deceive him, in order to practise in private what they dared not do openly.

They sought the race-course, the cockpit, and the public-house, kept by a retired pugilist, and accounted for their absence from the parsonage by stating that they had been home on a visit. As it had been stipulated that they should do so now and then, and their father's house was not many miles distant, their account was believed.

Their visits to the race-course and cock-pit produced no visible results for a time—they betted with each other, and no one was the wiser, as they kept it secret; but the lessons they received from the boxer induced them to practise the art of self-defence in their bedroom, and to keep up their stamina by pouring strong drinks down their throats. As Mr. Quaverton would have sung,

They kept their spirits up by pouring spirits down.

The effects of these amusements soon showed themselves in a series of discoloured eyes, repeated bleedings at the nose, and violent headaches in the morning. All these appearances were accounted for by any falsehood that came uppermost in their vivid imaginations.

Mr. Akinside's suspicions were first aroused by observing a great change in the boys' manner towards each other. Instead of always being together, and whispering and laughing to each other, they began to be churlish and spiteful in the remarks they made at each other. They avoided each other's society as much as they could, looked black and sulky over the lectures they had formerly "got up" together, and at last petitioned to have separate bedrooms, under the pretence of its being unwholesome to sleep in a double-bedded room.



Their request was granted. Mr. Akinside was satisfied that something had occurred to raise an unbrotherly feeling in the hearts of both his pupils. What it was he could not tell. They had had no dispute, no quarrel, in his presence, nor had his mother witnessed any thing of the kind. He questioned them on the subject. Both denied the existence of any difference of opinion, or any cause of enmity. What could he do more?

The fact was that the younger brother, who was the taller and stronger of the two, had fairly surpassed the elder in acquiring the science in which Englishmen are known to excel. He could stop and hit almost as quick and as hard as his master in the art. In his set-tos he had not only exhibited this superiority of skill, but taken advantage of it by punishing the weaker and less skillful party very severely. This had led to a quarrel. The gloves were thrown off, and a battle fought in a retired spot in the grounds, which ended in the defeat of the younger from a severe kick which he received from his brother, just as he had conquered him with his fists.

The bruises received, and the lameness which resulted from this encounter, were explained away by a story which they concocted of having been run at by a wild cow, and fallen over the fence in trying to escape from her horns. The lie was so fluently told by the one, and so well backed up by the other, that it was believed.

The boys after this memorable day hated each other cordially, and each sought an opportunity of venting his hatred in blows. They never spoke to each other on any subject. They drank deeply, but in silence. They longed to quarrel, but each was unwilling to begin. Each wanted to have an excuse for attacking the other, but did not choose to commence the attack.

While they were in this humour it happened that Mr. Akinside praised an exercise which the younger brother had shown up. He spoke long and highly of the very superior way in which he had translated some of the passages. The elder saw that this praise gave his brother great pleasure. He resolved to mar his joy. He told Eugene that "it was easily accounted for. Any boy could do it as well, if he had as good a crib."

The fire of fury flashed from the eyes of the younger, when he heard his deception disclosed. He struck the table heavily with his hand, and said,

"You are a liar!"

The elder brother sneered, and avowed that he had spoken the truth.

Mr. Akinside was annoyed at this sudden outburst, and frightened at the demoniac expression in the face of his younger pupil. He was about to expostulate with them both, to rebuke them for quarrelling and using such coarse and unwarrantable terms, when the younger one shouted out,

"Cowardly tell-tale as well as liar, take that."

Mr. Akinside saw a blow struck—he saw the elder brother fall from the blow. He sprung up from his seat, but before he could get round the table, on the opposite side of which he had been sitting, the younger threw something from his hand and sprang out of the open window on to the grassplot. It was a penknife. The blade was covered with

blood. Eugene trembled as he turned to look at the victim of a brother's uncontrolled fury. He was writhing in agony on the ground. His hands were pressed to his side, and from between his fingers drops of blood were trickling on to the boards.

The alarm was given and assistance obtained as speedily as possible. The surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it dangerous. The boy was put to bed, and before his father and mother could return with the messenger, who had been despatched for them in a chaise, he was a corpse.

A jury was summoned. Mr. Akinside stated the circumstance as it occurred. The coroner summed up, and the verdict returned was death by misadventure, as it was made to appear that the murderer had had the penknife in his hand for some time, and struck the blow without being aware of his having it.

Public rumour laid all the blame of the affray and its consequences on the poor tutor.

"He had stood calmly by and let one brother stab the other without interfering to prevent him. He had encouraged them to quarrel—to fight. He had allowed them to set-to in their rooms every night. He had winked at their bringing bottles of brandy and other spirits home with them from the public-house where he permitted them to take lessons from the blackguard landlord in boxing. He had never done his duty, or the boys would not have been seen at the races and betting at the cock-pit."

These remarks were not confined to the ignoble vulgar. The most respectable people in the neighbourhood gave utterance to them, either because they believed them to be true, or because they believed that a man who had declined all their overtures to induce him to visit them, and kept himself closely at home—shunning society—was capable of any thing low and mean, and, of consequence, dangerous and disreputable.

In vain did Mr. Akinside explain; in vain did he plead ignorance of his pupils having frequented the scenes and places they did.

"He *ought* to have known it if he did not. A pretty fellow to have the care of youth, to let them wander just where they pleased."

It was useless to attempt to stem the tide of unpopularity which was flowing in against him. It availed him not to refer to his own conduct in the church publicly, in his parish privately.

"He might be a pretty good parson—he was a very bad neighbour—never went out to dinner, or gave a dinner at home—and quite unfit for a tutor."

The faces of all were set against him. His church was deserted by all except the poor, to whom he had been as kind and as bountiful as his slender means would enable him to be. Even some of these feeders on his purse reviled him.

"His soup was nothing but sheep's head and trotter broth, with a few vegetables in it and a little rice. No wonder he allowed the boys to stick each other. They most likely were badly fed, and quarrelled about a bit of meat."

The bishop of the diocese received several anonymous letters, calling on him to remove Eugene from the parish, to suspend him from his

office, and to strip off his gown. These letters he enclosed to the accused party, and requested him to favour him with an account of what had happened. Eugene complied with the request. He wrote a plain, straightforward statement of facts, which bore upon the face of it the impress of truth. The bishop believed every word of it. He recommended him to leave the curacy, and promised him preferment as soon as a vacancy occurred of a living in his gift.

Mr. Akinside resigned, and was "rung out" of the parish. He felt the insult, but a sense of having been treated with unjustifiable severity enabled him to bear it with patience. He forgave his enemies—for his was not the form but the substance of the religion he taught.

He retired to a small cottage with his mother, and spent his time in study and the tuition of his younger brothers and sisters. He trusted to time to clear his character, and make him compensation for the persecutions to which he had been most unjustifiably exposed.

After he had been thus hidden, as it were, from the public eye about three months, he received a letter from Lord —, stating that he had applied to the bishop—Eugene's diocesan—to recommend him a person who would reside with him as tutor to his little boy, and spend his leisure time in arranging a voluminous library of which he had just become the purchaser. The bishop had mentioned his name, and explained the circumstances which had induced him to resign his curacy. Lord — wished to know if he would undertake the duties to which he was so admirably suited.

Mr. Akinside agreed to undertake them, and to take a liberal salary for doing them. He was installed as librarian at — Castle, and took possession of a suite of apartments adjoining the library, had a horse and servant set aside for his own service and use, and thought himself a very fortunate person in getting such a very desirable appointment. He was introduced to his pupil, and found him an agreeable, gentle child, of nine years of age.

The rich manufacturer—the father of the unfortunate youth who had fallen a victim to his brother's fury—no sooner heard that the late tutor of his sons was now tutor to a lord than he published a letter in the county paper, filled with the most fulsome and disgusting encomiums upon Eugene's great attainments and high moral character. He soundly rated the parish of which he had been curate, for listening to accusations, unfounded, malicious, and cruel, against their pastor, and ended by saying that he had no doubt Mr. Akinside would do his duty as well towards Lord —'s child as he had done to his, and wishing him joy in having secured a reward for his services *almost* as valuable as the one which *he* had formerly bestowed upon him.

The *animus* of this public document was too apparent to annoy Eugene very much. He despised the proud upstart, and took no farther notice of him.

With Lord —, Eugene lived on a footing of equality. He was treated as a gentleman and a friend.

Lady — was absent from — Castle. She had remained in town after what is termed the season was ended, in order to allow her daughters, who were on the point of coming out, the benefit of masters. They were engaged at enormous salaries, in putting the last polish on

the accomplishments which in these days "no young lady ought to be without."

Lord —— never talked of her ladyship or expressed a wish for her presence in the castle, though he often spoke of his daughters as two very fine and amiable girls.

From the rector of the parish, who was a frequent guest at the table, and who had shown him every civility in his power, Eugene learned that Lady —— was proud and haughty.

He had received hints, too, that his situation in the family would not be so agreeable in her presence as it had been in her absence. She rather looked down upon all engaged in professions, sacred or profane, and thought it *infra dig.* to sit down with any divine below the rank and dignity of a bishop. She treated her lord with contempt, though he had raised her to a rank far above what her birth and station in society could have led her to aspire to with any hope of success.

Towards her youngest child—Eugene's pupil—she had never exhibited a mother's love. All her affections had been fixed on her eldest son. Him she had idolized—worshipped as a superior being. Death had deprived her of him, and in his grave she had buried all her love for her offspring—for though proud of her daughters, and anxious to prepare them for the stations they were to fill, by insuring them all the outward and visible signs of aristocratic perfection, she had never tried to win their confidence—to learn their secret wishes and feelings by exhibiting a mother's love for them, or a mother's anxiety for their moral culture. This part—this essential part of their education had been left to hirelings, who, to do her ladyship justice, had been selected with care and caution, and nobly remunerated for their services. She was said to be easily offended, and never known to forgive the person who had given her offence. If the offender was subject to her control, he or she was not allowed to "explain," but dismissed peremptorily, and forbidden her presence for ever.

This account of her ladyship did not prejudice Eugene in her favour. He hoped that some unforeseen event might occur to prevent her coming down to the castle for some months at least. His hopes, however, were vain. Her approach was announced, and a serious gloominess pervaded the hitherto cheerful countenances of the domestics—for none liked their mistress, though none dared to say that they disliked her, even to each other.

Eugene had resolved upon the plan of conduct best to be pursued by himself when the noble mother of his pupil arrived. It was to confine himself as much as possible to his own rooms and to the library, under the plea of having all the books to arrange and index.

The day "big with the fate of" my hero came. The carriages drove up and swept past the library windows full two hours sooner than they were expected. Eugene had left some papers in the drawing-room in which he had been consulting with Lord —— just before they went into the dining-room to take luncheon, while the little lord took his dinner. He thought that there would be sufficient time to recover these papers while the carriages were discharging their freight.

He passed along the passage which led to the reception rooms, avoiding the hall and more public approaches. A side-door gave him admittance to the inner drawing-room, and he passed through into the larger room. In the centre stood an elegant but neatly-dressed female, apparently of some nineteen or twenty years of age. She had thrown aside her bonnet and some of the outer coverings of her dress, and was examining the cards which filled a porcelain-basket on the centre table. On hearing the sound of a footstep, she looked up from her occupation, and exposed to Eugene's view one of the most interesting countenances he had ever beheld. It was not the beauty of mere feature or complexion. The face was pale, but the pallor was relieved by eyes of deep brilliant gray, shrouded by brows and lashes of dark-brown hair, long and finely-pencilled. A profusion of hair of the same colour, only lighter by a shade or two, fell in ringlets on either cheek, and only prevented by a bandeau from entirely shadowing the face.

Eugene had no doubt that the owner of this pleasing face was one of the daughters of Lord ——. He therefore made a very low bow, and, as he collected his papers, commenced an apology for his seemingly unwarrantable intrusion.

Before he had finished his explanation, and the lady could reply, a servant threw open the door, which opened from the hall, and a lady—whom no one could doubt to be the lady of the castle—entered, followed by two elegantly-dressed girls, and Lord ——, who held one of them by the hand.

“Will your ladyship allow me to present my kind friend, Mr. Eugene Akinside, to your notice? He is the gentleman who has kindly undertaken the tuition of our boy, and the arrangement of my books. Mr. Akinside, Lady —— and my daughters.”

Eugene bowed as he wondered who Lady No. 4 was. The earl's daughters returned his bow. Lady —— raised her glass to her eye, and said,

“The tutor—I thought as much. Tarleton, will you oblige me by seeing my portfolio carefully removed from the carriage, and placed in my dressing-room.”

The Lady No. 4 made a deep curtsy and retired.

“Dear Tarleton,” said the girls, “we will go with you.”

Lady —— said, “Stay here, girls—she will see every thing properly taken care of.”

Eugene was about to withdraw, fully satisfied that he had been apologising to the governess or lady's-maid. Lord ——, however, spoke to him, and again introduced him to her ladyship as an officer who had served his country in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. The expression of the countess's face was changed immediately. She greeted the officer, not the man. She despised him as a tutor, but as a retired soldier she deemed him worthy of her sweetest smile. A few minutes conversation convinced her she was conversing with a gentleman, and her manner was so bland and gracious, that Eugene was fully satisfied that the stories he had heard of her hauteur and overbearing conduct were false and calumnious.

To please the mother he thought he could not do better than to

praise her son—his pupil. He spoke long and loudly of his talents and amiability, and expressed a conviction that he would one day do honour to the title he was born to bear.

The mother listened to the praises of her child, but her face expressed no sympathy with the words she uttered. "She was glad to hear that he was getting on well, and gave satisfaction to his instructor."

"But, oh! Mr. Akinside," she added, while her countenance wore the flush of excitement, and the tears rolled in big round drops from her eyes,—“had you but known his brother—my child, my lost one—if ever an angel was allowed to exist on earth he was one. With him all that was glorious, great, and good perished. He was my hope—he was taken from me, and I feel myself alone—childless and alone.”

Eugene would have said somewhat to console the grief he witnessed, had not the earl, who was aware that a violent fit of hysterics would succeed this outbreak of sorrow, given him a signal to leave the room, and requested his daughters to summon Miss Tarleton and her ladyship's maid. As he passed to the library by the same passage by which he had entered the drawing-room, Eugene's ears were pierced by a thrilling scream, followed by wild, unnatural shouts of laughter.

At dinner all was calm and tranquil, the storm had passed away, and left no traces of its violence.

After dinner Lord ———, who usually took his bottle of claret with Mr. Akinside, did not allude to any thing that had transpired. As soon as the wine was finished, he proposed to join the ladies, to which proposal Eugene had no objection.

When they entered the drawing-room, Miss Tarleton was singing at the pianoforte, and the ladies Louisa and Fanny were accompanying her on the harp and with their voices. Lady ——— was reclining on a sofa wrapped in shawls, caressing a beautiful little dog that lay ensconced in the folds of her dress.

Eugene looked towards her ladyship, but as she did not notice him, he sat down near the instruments and listened to the music. He was enchanted. He had never heard so much skill and execution displayed before. The tones of the nobly-born ladies were brilliant and full, but were surpassed in richness and sweetness by the voice of Miss Tarleton, which was deep and mellow. She also excelled her pupils in expression, for she seemed to feel the words which they sung merely as a vehicle for sound.

When the trio was over, Eugene sat like one entranced. The vision of delight, however, vanished from his mind when the countess said "Enough, Tarleton, that will do for to-night. You may retire."

The governess obeyed. Her pupils, kissing the cheek of their mother, which was coldly held out to them, followed her after they had thrown their arms about the neck of the earl, and bowed courteously to Mr. Akinside.

Two months elapsed. The castle was filled with visitors. Eugene confined himself much to his pupil and his books. He seldom joined



the dinner-table, but always passed an hour or two in the drawing-room to listen to the music and singing. He had been thrown much in Miss Tarleton's society, as she and the ladies Louisa and Fanny always dined at an early hour with Eugene and his pupil. They frequently rode or walked together afterwards.

In these interviews Eugene saw enough of her to be satisfied that she was highly-talented, very amiable, and very unhappy. She seemed nervous to a painful degree, and was in the habit of looking frequently and timidly about her, as if she dreaded the approach of some one. The cause of this nervous fear Eugene could not divine, as she was treated with the greatest kindness by her pupils, and with civility and attention by the domestics.

The mystery, however, was cleared up.

In the centre of the flower-garden stood a beautiful temple, called the Temple of Flora, and ornamented with statues and devices suitable to the name it bore. It was the favourite resort of the young ladies and their governess, whenever the weather induced them to seek its shady coolness.

As Eugene was engaged in the garden giving his pupil a *clinical* lecture on botany by the side of the flower-beds, he heard loud sounds of anger and rebuke uttered with rapidity and violence. He stood to listen. His pupil gazed upon his face, and blushed as he said,

"Lady ——" (for he never called her mother) "is scolding poor Tarleton as usual."

Without thinking of what he was doing, Eugene walked rapidly toward the temple whence the voice evidently came. The sight that presented itself astonished him. Lady ——, her countenance inflamed, her eyes flashing and looking more like a demon than a woman, stood with her finger pointed in scorn at the governess, who was weeping bitterly in the arms of her pupils, who appeared to be deprecating their mother's anger.

"You, too, an orphan, friendless, and unprotected, whom I took out of compassion from a charity-school, bearing the dress and badge of beggary upon you—you, whom I allowed to leave your humble station, and raised to a situation far above your worth—you—thing!—reptile!—to desert your duties and try your seductive arts on the tutor of my son!"

"You accuse me falsely, madam," sobbed the governess.

"Mother—dear mother—you are mistaken; indeed you are," said the ladies.

"Falsely? I—I, the Countess of ——, am to be told by one dependant on my bounty, that I utter a falsehood! and that, too, when I have proofs of what I assert!"

"What proofs, madam?" said Eugene, who, to the surprise of all, stepped into the temple.

Lady —— stepped back, drew up her tall figure to its full height, and eyeing him with bitter scorn, said,

"Your unexpected and unwelcome presence here, if others were wanting, is sufficient proof that you have been induced by that wanton there to neglect your duties, and forget your situation in this family."

Eugene was astonished. He would have demanded an explanation, but before he could speak, Lady —— seized her son by the hand, and left the temple, bidding her daughters “follow her immediately, and not to countenance, by their presence, the disgraceful intercourse of two ungrateful hirelings.”

The daughters would have disobeyed their mother, and remained to comfort their falsely-accused friend, but Miss Tarleton waved them from her as she rose from their arms, and the countess again bade them “leave, on pain of her displeasure, those who should shortly be turned out into the world as they deserved.” They reluctantly obeyed.

The situation of Miss Tarleton and Eugene was painful in the extreme. He, however, led the poor weeping girl to a seat, and in the most delicate way he could, inquired the meaning of what he had seen and heard. The explanation satisfied him that the countess was a slanderer and a tyrant. He strongly advised Miss Tarleton to quit the castle immediately.

Where was she to go? She had not a friend in the world. Eugene thought of his mother. He urged Miss Tarleton to put herself under his protection. She refused, for she said it would confirm the story which the countess had invented. Eugene combatted her arguments, and at last prevailed by promising her not to visit his home while she remained under its roof. He would resign his tutorship, and would retire to London for a time.

Eugene procured a means of conveyance, and when the countess inquired for the governess in the evening, a note was placed in her hands, which informed her that she had left the castle for ever. In anger she ordered the servant to send Mr. Akinside to her. The man told her “he had left in a post-chaise about an hour before.”

Lady —— sought the earl, who told her that through her violent temper and unwarrantable accusations, she had driven a friendless girl to seek a home with the stranger, deprived her son of a conscientious guide, and himself of a sincere friend.

The countess sneered at her lord contemptuously as she said,

“It was cunningly contrived—she wished they might marry and live happily together.”

Lord —— would have vindicated the characters of his friend and his daughters’ governess, but the countess bade him not to attempt to deceive her—as he had been deceived himself—and left the room.

#### CHAP. IV.

Two months had passed since the scenes I have recorded were acted. Eugene Akinside had been inducted to the living of Ditchingly. Lord ——, the patron of the living, had given it to him in a way which rendered a refusal impossible. It was but of little value, but it would, as his lordship said, support him in comfort until a more valuable one became vacant.

After induction and reading in Eugene returned to London until the vicarage-house was put into repair.

"The season" had again commenced; town was full; the streets and parks were thronged with carriages. Amidst the thousands who went to breathe the pure air of *the* park and Kensington-gardens was the sub-vicar of Ditchingly. As he was about to leave and seek his lodgings, some time after the great press of visitors had departed, and evening was throwing its lengthened shadows on the earth, he heard a loud shout followed by screams and shrieks. These were succeeded by a fearful trampling of horses—the ground seemed to shake under his feet. He turned to ascertain the cause of the sudden uproar, and saw an open poney-carriage approaching as fast as the little animals could draw it. A lady sat on the driving-seat, but the reins had fallen from her hand and she was screaming for aid. A gentleman who was sitting by her side seemed to be trying to recover the fallen reins. This Eugene saw at a glance; the carriage came up, he sprung into the road, seized the bridle of the off-side horse, and turned the carriage towards the rails by the side of the drive; the ponies sprung over, broke the traces and the pole, and scampered over the green sward, leaving the carriage on the other side.

Eugene's arm was broken in the attempt to stop the ponies—the agony was such that he was insensible for a time. When he recovered a crowd was around him and a surgeon was binding up his broken limb; the carriage lay at his side overturned; a lady was fainting on the ground near him, and by her side lay what had been Lord —, Eugene's friend and patron. The ladies Louisa and Fanny were weeping over their dead father; he had fallen on his head and fractured his skull. The fainting lady was the countess, who had been driving the ponies and venting her ill-humour by lashing them into madness.

Eugene was assisted into a coach that had been called for him and left the spot. The fractured arm was for a long time painful, and the surgeons were in doubt whether they would not be compelled to remove it. They removed him instead of his arm, sent him down to his mother, where Miss Tarleton still dwelt—repaying the widow's kindness to her in her destitute state by educating her younger daughters.

A few years passed by, and Ditchingly vicarage was tenanted by the incumbent and his incumbrances. Eugene had a wife and six children all living happy and contented on 180*l.* per annum. Need the reader be told that the mother of those children had borne the name of Tarleton?—that the countess's wish had proved prophetic?

It was to be a great day at the parsonage of Ditchingly when the sixth child was to be christened. The grandmother of the child was to be there, and all its aunts and uncles—the whole family were to attend. They came: the day passed off delightfully; never had an evening sun set on a happier family. When the same sun rose again, it shone on the house of mourning—joy and mirth were exchanged for gloom and sorrow. The cholera—the pestilence permitted by Heaven to pervade the land—had fallen on the happy family. The scourge assumed its severest form—all human aid was vain—victim after victim fell beneath its violence, and when the father recovered from its attack, he found that all his loved ones—all—his mother, his wife, his brothers, and his children—all save one—his infant—were dead and BURIED. Hidden for ever from his sight in this world. Many of his parishioners

had fallen too ; for the plague had swept that part of the country—encouraged probably by the nuisance from the peats below.

Did Eugene Akinside sink under the blow? No : faith and hope supported him—he lived to join his loved ones in another world, to rear and train up the only legacy his wife had left him—her babe—in this.

Within one year after this sad blow was sent to try him, the Countess of —— died. In her will, she left a large sum, amounting to thousands to the Incumbent of Ditchingly, as some compensation for the injuries she had done to him and his wife, and as a mark of her sense of his courage in attempting to save her from harm when her horses ran away.

Eugene did not want this money ; he had enough, and more than enough for himself and his child. He gave it—the whole amount—anonymously, to a college for the education of orphan-girls.

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Reader—my tales are told. The “Five Incumbents” are still living, I believe. If you should meet with them all, or any of them, except the Rector of Squashyfield, whose merits I know not, and may never know, as he is still *non est*, cultivate their friendship for they are worthy of your regard.

If you are fond of angling, seek the village of Clearstream, on the top of the Exeter Highflyer. The landlord will tell you of my success, and point out my favourite spots ; he will not complain to you of my having done nothing for the “good of the house” by sponging on the neighbouring parsons ; but will tell you of the happy evening we passed on the day before my departure, when I entertained all my friends to an excellent dinner, gave them plenty of wine, and promised them to visit them again on the following year.

I have not been able to perform that promise, but my friend the professor vows he will accompany me to Clearstream next season to eat the trout and the fairy fish on the spot. He is nervously anxious for the time to arrive, but I tell him, in the words of Zachariah Bond, “Easy does it—no hurry—lots of time,” to which he replies with a wink, like the Rector of Rushley’s, and sings,

Time hath wings, old age approaches,  
imitatory of my friend, Mr. Quaverton.

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#### EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN HERO AND HEROINE.

IN raising names to noble rank  
Not always true desert prevails ;  
But Honour’s self may take delight  
In hoisting such top-gallant Sales !

T. H.

## DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

HOWEVER the world may have benefitted, through the medium of this Diary, by the six years' residence of Miss Burney at the court of Queen Charlotte, we are by no means sorry to find that her almost monastic seclusion from society closes at an early part of the new volume (the fifth). The truth is, that no human creature ever felt more keenly the evils of finding oneself in a thoroughly "false position" than Miss Burney did during those six mortal years—mortal ones to her, very nearly, in the fatal sense of the phrase, for one year more of their privations and annoyances would evidently have killed her. She just escaped in time however; and as the Queen, though extremely disappointed and annoyed at losing her, behaved very kindly and handsomely to her at parting—continuing one-half of her salary for the remainder of her life—her lot, upon the whole, was certainly not injured by her connection with the court; and we, her successors, have gained by it what no one else could have given us, and for the loss of which nothing that even she could have offered us in its place would have compensated: for much as we admire, and what is better, esteem and love her "Evelinas" and "Cecilias," we would not part with her Court Diary for the best two of them that she could or would have written during the period of its composition. So that with all that personal fondness and regard for the "dear little Burney" with which no other female writer—much less any male one—ever inspired us in any thing like an equal degree, we are quite reconciled to that period of penance and purgatory through which she fretted so gently, and sighed so pathetically, all the while that she was turning its evils "to favour and to prettiness," and from which she at last emancipated herself so nobly, notwithstanding the "most admired disorder" and consternation into which the very hint of such a step threw, not merely the cold and empty courtiers with whom she was associated, but her own nearest and dearest friends and kindreds—all indeed who knew her, with the sole exception of those three superior spirits, Burke, Windham, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whose grade of mind her's approached as closely as a woman's mind can or ought to do, and but for whose strong and active interest in her welfare she certainly never would have escaped from the unnatural thralldom into which nothing but her intense filial affection could have enticed her. All Miss Burney's reverent fondness and admiration for the venerable Mrs. Delaney, through whose medium the place at court was offered to her, and doubtless from what she (Mrs. Delaney) had reported to the Queen of her character and principles (though this latter fact nowhere appears in the Diary), did not for a moment hoodwink that fine intuitive perception of moral fitness which taught her to shrink from the seducing offer of becoming a court menial, as if it had come from an avowed emissary of the evil one; and had she herself alone been concerned, she evidently would not have taken a second moment to consider of the offer, but have rejected it as promptly as she would the offer of any other glaring *mesalliance* (to which, by the by, she more than once pathetically likens her miserable position during these years). But her dear father—what would he say or do? It was evident from the first moment that he had set

his heart upon his beloved Fanny—the flower of his flock—being a court lady. And his thoroughly worldly view of the matter (for with all his amiable and endearing qualities, Dr. Burney was a thorough man of the world, so far as honour and integrity allowed) was supported by the kindly but shallow-thoughted conclusions of all her dearest relations and closest friends. The struggle, therefore, was brief; and the gentlest, the softest, the most pure-minded, the most simple-thoughted, the most home-loving, the most retiring of her sex, became for six weary years the daily and hourly companion of lords and ladies in waiting, mistresses of the robes and maids of honour, military equerries and grooms of the stole, every one of whose aristocratic blood scorned the music-master's daughter, as a low-born “weed which had no business there,” at the same time that they hated her intellectual superiority, and dreaded its possible employment, in some day or other putting them into a book.

But this was not the worst. Miss Burney well knew how to assert her social position had it been openly questioned, and her mind at all times enjoyed that healthy tone which enabled it to “find good in every thing,” even in the washy “brooks” and stately “stones” of a court circle. It was after having all day long run the gauntlet through all these, that at night she was compelled—for compulsion it was to her gentle spirit, the alternative being a charge of purposed insult—to “make herself agreeable” to her immediate superior in office, who seems to have been the most thoroughly ill-conditioned, ill-tempered, impracticable, heartless, empty creature, that age and ill-health ever yet concocted out of a court official too old to work, too proud to resign, and too long trusted to be turned off. There is not in any existing work of fiction so fine a study, or one so full of affecting interest, as that afforded by the daily *tête-à-têtes* of Madame Schwellenberg and Miss Burney, and the daily struggles of the latter to bear them patiently, without basely succumbing to the insolent pretensions and heartless cruelty of her wretched tyrant, as we find them daily recorded in the last and present volume of this Diary.

From this melancholy thralldom, which was unrelieved by a single redeeming circumstance, beyond the uniform kindness of the princesses, and the general, but by no means *uniform* kindness of the Queen herself—a thralldom, too, for which the sufferer herself was condemned to pay a large annual price in *argent comptant* (for Miss Burney could, with perfect ease, have earned by her pen at least ten times the amount of her paltry annual stipend)—from this cruel thralldom she was rescued only just in time to save her life, by the earnest and almost indignant remonstrances of Mr. Windham to her father, with whom his opinions had great weight, especially when backed, as they were, by those of Burke and Reynolds; the latter of whom proposed, more than half seriously, to get a Round Robin addressed to Dr. Burney, signed by the whole of the famous Literary Club, against the enormity in question, which they, and they only, seemed to regard in its true light,—as no less foolish than it was selfish and unfeeling.

At last, however, she does escape; and the first use she makes of her newly recovered liberty is, like an uncaged bird, to fly to the woods and fields, whither she cares not, so that it be but far enough away from the scenes of her late thralldom. But, like a bird in this too, she soon re-



turns to her beloved home, away from which she never seems to have enjoyed a single day of perfect happiness. The details of this rambling excursion into the west of England with her dear friend Mrs. Ord, present an entirely new feature in Miss Burney's Diary and Letters, and will be read with a double interest from their relating to places that have undergone such singular changes since the date of her descriptions. Before however entirely taking leave of her court records, we must extract a few passages from them, that are at least as piquant as any thing the previous volumes have furnished.

*A Royal Sailor.*—At dinner Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stainforth, Messrs. De Luc and Stanhope, dined with us; and while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

He was just risen from the King's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his Royal Highness's language, I ought to set apart a general objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a Royal sailor.

We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room; but he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits, and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief, yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the King at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his Majesty's health?"

"No, your Roy'l Highness: your Roy'l Highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"O by——will I! Here, you (to the footman), bring champagne! I'll drink the King's health again, if I die for it! Yet I have done pretty well already: so has the King, I promise you! I believe his Majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary!"

Champagne being now brought for the Duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to Westerhaults to carry it on: the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table, and called out, "O, by ——, you shall drink it!"

There was no resisting this. We all stood up, and the Duke sonorously gave the royal toast.

"And now," cried he, making us all sit down again, "where are my rascals of servants? I shan't be in time for the ball; besides, I've got a deuced tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d'ye hear? Scamper off!"

Off ran William.

"Come, let's have the King's health again. De Luc, drink it. Here, champagne to De Luc!"

I wish you could have seen Mr. De Luc's mixed simper—half-pleased, half-alarmed. However, the wine came and he drank it, the Duke taking a bumper for himself at the same time.

"Poor Stanhope!" cried he: "Stanhope shall have a glass too! Here, champagne! what are you all about? Why don't you give champagne to poor Stanhope?"

Mr. Stanhope, with great pleasure, complied, and the Duke again accompanied him.

"Come hither, do you hear?" cried the Duke to the servants; and on the

approach, slow and submissive, of Mrs. Stainforth's man, he hit him a violent slap on the back, calling out, "Hang you! why don't you see for my rascals?"

Away flew the man, and then he called out to Westerhaults,

"Hark'ee! bring another glass of champagne to Mr. De Luc!"

Mr. De Luc knows these royal youths too well to venture at so vain an experiment as disputing with them; so he only shrugged his shoulders and drank the wine. The Duke did the same.

"And now, poor Stanhope," cried the Duke; "give another glass to poor Stanhope, d'ye hear?"

"Is not your Royal Highness afraid," cried Mr. Stanhope, displaying the full circle of his borrowed teeth, "I shall be apt to be rather up in the world, as the folks say, if I tope on at this rate?"

"Not at all! you can't get drunk in a better cause. I'd get drunk myself if it was not for the ball. Here, champagne! another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary."

"O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, gaining courage as he drank; "you will make me quite droll of it if you make me go on,—quite droll!"

"So much the better! so much the better! it will do you a monstrous deal of good. Here, another glass of champagne for the Queen's philosopher!"

Mr. De Luc obeyed, and the Duke then addressed Mrs. Schwellenberg's George.

"Here! you! you! why, where is my carriage? Run and see, do you hear?"

Off hurried George, grinning irrepressibly.

"If it was not for that deuced tailor, I would not stir. I shall dine at the Queen's house on Monday, Miss Goldsworthy; I shall come to dine with the Princess Royal. I find she does not go to Windsor with the Queen."

He then said it was necessary to drink the Queen's health. The gentlemen here made no demur, though Mr. De Luc arched his eyebrows in expressive fear of consequences.

"A bumper," cried the Duke, "to the Queen's gentleman-usher."

They all stood up and drank the Queen's health.

"Here are three of us," cried the Duke, "all belonging to the Queen: the Queen's philosopher, the Queen's gentleman-usher, and the Queen's son; but, thank Heaven, I'm nearest!"

"Sir," cried Mr. Stanhope, a little affronted, "I am not now the Queen's gentleman-usher; I am the Queen's equerry, sir."

"A glass more of champagne here! What are you all so slow for? Where are all my rascals gone? They've put me in one passion already this morning. Come, a glass of champagne for the Queen's gentleman-usher!" laughing heartily.

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Stanhope; "I am equerry now, sir."

"And another glass to the Queen's philosopher!"

Neither gentleman objected; but Mrs. Schwellenberg, who had sat laughing and happy all this time, now grew alarmed, and said, "Your Royal Highness, I am afraid for the ball!"

"Hold you your potato-jaw, my dear," cried the Duke, patting her; but, recollecting himself, he took her hand and pretty abruptly kissed it, and then, flinging it hastily away, laughed aloud, and called out, "There! that will make amends for any thing, so now I may say what I will. So here! a glass of champagne for the Queen's philosopher and the Queen's gentleman-usher! Hang me, if it will not do them a monstrous deal of good!"

Here news was brought that the equipage was in order. He started up, calling out, "Now, then, for my deuced tailor."

"O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, in a tone of expostulation, "now you have made us droll, you go!"

Off, however, he went.

*Kissing Hands.*—One thing, however, was a little unlucky ;—when the mayor and burgesses (of Weymouth) came with the address, they requested leave to kiss hands : this was graciously accorded ; but the mayor advancing in a common way, *to take the Queen's hand*, as he might that of any lady mayoress, Colonel Gwynn, who stood by, whispered,

"You must kneel, sir!"

He found, however, that he took no notice of this hint, but kissed the Queen's hand erect. As he passed him on his way back, the colonel said,

"You should have knelt, sir!"

"Sir," answered the poor mayor, "I cannot."

"Every body does, sir."

"Sir,—I have a wooden leg!"

Poor man! 'twas such a surprise! and such an excuse as no one could dispute.

But the absurdity of the matter followed ;—all the rest did the same ; taking the same privilege, by the example, without the same or any cause.

After her rambling excursion to the west of England, which seems to have acted like magic in repairing her broken health and spirits, we find our Diarist again established in the bosom of her family, whence she once more addresses to us those delightful reminiscences of the *élite* of the half-literary, half-fashionable society of the day, which, after all, are the flowers and gems of these volumes. It was at the house of the beautiful Mrs. Crewe that these brilliant assemblages now took place, and thither we must follow the Diarist for a moment, only reminding the reader of the wonderful changes which had been worked even in this class of English society, by the events of the six years during which Miss Burney had been secluded from it. All we can afford from this portion of the Diary is a touch of Edmund Burke, who, since we parted from him in his social character six years ago, has been placed on the summit of European fame, by the part he has taken in the French Revolution.

*Burke's Table-talk at Mrs. Crewe's.*—Mrs. Crewe gave him her place, and he sat by me, and entered into a most animated conversation upon Lord Macartney and his Chinese expedition, and the two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These last he described minutely, and spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful, terms, but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, that I soon felt the whole of my first enthusiasm return, and with it a sensation of pleasure that made the day delicious to me.

After this my father joined us, and politics took the lead. He spoke then with an eagerness and vehemence that instantly banished the Graces, though it redoubled the energies of his discourse.

"The French Revolution," he said, "which began by authorising and legalizing injustice, and which by rapid steps had proceeded to every species of despotism except owning a despot, was now menacing all the universe and all mankind with the most violent concussion of principle and order."

My father heartily joined, and I tacitly assented to his doctrines, though I feared not with his fears.

One speech I must repeat, for it is explanatory of his conduct, and nobly explanatory. When he had expatiated upon the present dangers, even to English liberty and property, from the contagion of havoc and novelty, he earnestly exclaimed,

"This it is that has made me an abettor and supporter of Kings! Kings are necessary, and, if we would preserve peace and prosperity, we must preserve THEM. We must all put our shoulders to the work! Ay, and stoutly, too!"

This subject lasted till dinner.

At dinner Mr. Burke sat next Mrs. Crewe, and I had the happiness to be seated next Mr. Burke; and my other neighbour was his amiable son.

The dinner and the dessert, when the servants were removed, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Fredy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even on his own side, must always be excluded; his irritability is so terrible on that theme that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers.

I can give you only a few little detached traits of what passed, as detail would be endless.

Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that he had lately said, upon being shown some passage in Mr. Burke's book which he had warmly opposed, but which had, in the event, made its own justification, very candidly, "Well! Burke is right—but Burke is often right, only he is right too soon."

"Had Fox seen some things in that book," answered Mr. Burke, "as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country."

"What!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "with Pitt?—No!—no!—Pitt won't go out, and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt."

"And why not?" said Mr. Burke, drily; "why not this coalition as well as other coalitions."

Nobody tried to answer this.

"Charles Fox, however," said Mr. Burke, afterwards, "can never internally like the French Revolution. He is entangled; but in himself, if he should find no other objection to it, he has at least too much taste for such a revolution."

Mr. Elliot related that he had lately been in a company of some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions about the new French ministry; they had answered that they knew them not even by name till now!

"Think," cried he, "what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration formed here of Englishmen of whom we had never before heard the names! what statesmen they must be! how prepared and fitted for government! To begin by being at the helm!"

Mr. Richard Burke related, very comically, various censures cast upon his brother, accusing him of being the friend of despots, and the abettor of slavery, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of France, and was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished.

Mr. Burke looked half-alarmed at his brother's opening, but when he had finished, he very good-humouredly poured out a glass of wine, and turning to me said,

"Come then—here's slavery for ever!"

This was well understood, and echoed round the table with hearty laughter.

"This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Crewe, "if it could get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now spoken out; the truth has come to light unguardedly, and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged. I should like to draw up the paragraph."

"And add," said Mr. Burke, "the toast was addressed to Miss Burney, in order to pay court to the Queen!"

This sport went on till, upon Mr. Elliot's again mentioning France and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke loudly gave a new toast—"Come!" cried he, "here's confusion to confusion!"

Here is another specimen of the admirable matter with which the Diary now teems. How different from the above, yet how infinitely amusing! There is nothing in comedy half so good in its way. To

appreciate it; however, the reader must bear in mind the intense fineladyism of Mrs. Crewe, on the one hand, and on the other the "dear little Burney's" exquisite sense of the ridiculous, kept in awe by her almost prudishly fastidious notions of female delicacy and propriety.

We next proceeded to the Shakspeare Gallery, which I had never seen. And here we met with an adventure that finished our mornings' excursions.

There was a lady in the first room, dressed rather singularly, quite alone, and extremely handsome, who was parading about with a nosegay in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, in a manner that was evidently calculated to attract notice. We therefore passed on to the inner-room, to avoid her. Here we had but all just taken our stand opposite different pictures, when she also entered, and, coming pretty close to my father, sniffed at her flowers with a sort of extatic eagerness, and then let them fall. My father picked them up, and gravely presented them to her. She curtsied to the ground in receiving them, and presently crossed over the room, and, brushing past Mrs. Crewe, seated herself immediately by her elbow. Mrs. Crewe, not admiring this familiarity, moved away, giving her at the same time a look of dignified distance that was almost petrifying.

It did not prove so to this lady, who presently followed her to the next picture, and, sitting as close as she could to where Mrs. Crewe stood, began singing various quick passages, without words or connexion.

I saw Mrs. Crewe much alarmed, and advanced to stand by her, meaning to whisper her that we had better leave the room; and this idea was not checked by seeing that the flowers were artificial.

By the looks we interchanged, we soon mutually said, "This is a mad woman." We feared irritating her by a sudden flight, but gently retreated, and soon got quietly into the large room; when she bounced up with a great noise, and, throwing the veil of her bonnet violently back, as if fighting it, she looked after us, pointing at Mrs. Crewe.

Seriously frightened, Mrs. Crewe seized my father's arm, and hurried up two or three steps into a small apartment. Here Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to an elderly gentleman, asked if he could inform the people below that a mad woman was terrifying the company; and while he was receiving her commission with the most profound respect, and with an evident air of admiring astonishment at her beauty, we heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw the same figure hastily striding after us, and in an instant at our elbows.

Mrs. Crewe turned quite pale; it was palpable she was the object pursued, and she most civilly and meekly articulated, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," as she hastily passed her, and hurried down the steps.

We were going to run for our lives, when Miss Townsend whispered Mrs. Crewe it was only Mrs. Wells the actress, and said she was certainly only performing vagaries to try effect, which she was quite famous for doing.

It would have been food for a painter to have seen Mrs. Crewe during this explanation. All her terror instantly gave way to indignation; and scarcely any pencil could equal the high vivid glow of her cheeks. To find herself made the object of game to the burlesque humour of a bold player, was an indignity she could not brook, and her mind was immediately at work how to assist herself against such unprovoked and unauthorized effrontery.

The elderly gentleman who, with great eagerness, had followed Mrs. Crewe, accompanied by a young man who was of his party, requested more particularly her commands; but before Mrs. Crewe's astonishment and resentment found words, Mrs. Wells, singing, and throwing herself into extravagant attitudes, again rushed down the steps, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Crewe.

This, however, no longer served her purpose. Mrs. Crewe fixed hers in return, and with a firm, composed, commanding air, and look that, though it did not make this strange creature retreat, somewhat disconcerted her for a few minutes.

She then presently affected a violent coughing—such a one as almost shook

the room ; though such a forced and unnatural noise as rather resembled howling than a cold.

This over, and perceiving Mrs. Crewe still steadily keeping her ground, she had the courage to come up to us, and, with a flippant air, said to the elderly gentleman,

"Pray, sir, will you tell me what it is o'clock?"

He looked vexed to be called a moment from looking at Mrs. Crewe, and, with a forbidding gravity, answered her—

"About two."

"No offence, I hope, sir?" cried she, seeing him turn eagerly from her.

He bowed without looking at her, and she strutted away, still, however, keeping in sight, and playing various tricks, her eyes perpetually turned towards Mrs. Crewe, who as regularly met them, with an expression such as might have turned a softer culprit to stone.

Our cabal was again renewed, and Mrs. Crewe again told this gentleman to make known to the proprietors of the gallery that this person was a nuisance to the company, when, suddenly reapproaching us, she called out, "Sir! sir!" to the younger of our new protectors.

He coloured, and looked much alarmed, but only bowed.

"Pray, sir," cried she, "what's o'clock?"

He looked at his watch and answered.

"You don't take it ill, I hope, sir?" she cried.

He only bowed.

"I do no harm, sir," said she; "I never bite!"

The poor young man looked aghast, and bowed lower; but Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to the elder, said aloud,

"I beg you, sir, to go to Mr. Boydell; you may name me to him—Mrs. Crewe."

Mrs. Wells at this walked away, yet still in sight.

"You may tell him what has happened, sir, in all our names. You may tell him Miss Burney—"

"O no!" cried I, in a horrid fright, "I beseech I may not be named! And, indeed, ma'am, it may be better to let it all alone. It will do no good; and it may all get into the newspapers."

"And if it does," cried Mrs. Crewe, "what is it to us? We have done nothing; we have given no offence, and made no disturbance. This person has frightened us all wilfully, and utterly without provocation; and now she can frighten us no longer, she would brave us. Let her tell her own story, and how will it harm us?"

"Still," cried I, "I must always fear being brought into any newspaper cabals. Let the fact be ever so much against her, she will think the circumstances all to her honour if a paragraph comes out beginning 'Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Wells.'"

Mrs. Crewe liked this sound as little as I should have liked it in placing my own name where I put hers. She hesitated a little what to do, and we all walked down stairs, where instantly this bold woman followed us, paraded up and down the long shop with a dramatic air while our group was in conference, and then, sitting down at the clerk's desk, and calling in a footman, she desired him to wait while she wrote a note.

She scribbled a few lines, and read aloud her direction, "To Mr. Topham;" and giving the note to the man, said,

"Tell your master that is something to make him laugh. Bid him not send to the press till I see him."

Now as Mr. Topman is the editor of "The World," and notoriously her protector, as her having his footman acknowledged, this looked rather serious, and Mrs. Crewe began to partake of my alarm. She, therefore, to my infinite satisfaction, told her new friend that she desired he would name no names, but merely mention that some ladies had been frightened.



I was very glad indeed to gain this point, and the good gentleman seemed enchanted with any change that occasioned a longer discourse.

We then got into Mrs. Crewe's carriage, and not till then would this facetious Mrs. Wells quit the shop. And she walked in sight, dodging us, and playing antics of a tragic sort of gesture, till we drove out of her power to keep up with us. What a strange creature!

We must now reluctantly quit this portion of the Diary, in order to glance at the entirely new feature of it, constituting the latter half of the volume, which opens before us "fresh fields and pastures new." We allude to the arrival in England, and temporary settlement in the immediate neighbourhood of Norbury Park, of several of the most distinguished leaders of the early movements of the French Revolution, whom the subsequent ascendancy of a fierce democracy compelled to fly their country, after seeing their nearest relatives and friends perish on the scaffold. Among the band of distinguished *émigrés* whom we find at Mickleham during the autumn and winter of 1792 (all of them belonging to the highest *noblesse* of France) are Talleyrand, De Liancourt, Broglie, De la Châtre, Narbonne, Montmorency, d'Ermonville, Jaucourt, &c., &c., &c., and among the females Madame de Staël, the Princess d'Henin, the Marquise de la Châtre, Madame de Genlis, &c., &c., with each and all of whom we are led into the most intimate personal familiarity, by the admirable sketches of their persons, and records of their conversation, which are furnished by Miss Burney and her sister, Mrs. Phillips, between whom and the *émigrés* there was immediately established, at the residence of Mrs. Phillips, at Mickleham, as well as at the Locks of Norbury Park, an intimate and almost daily intercourse.

It may be safely stated that the sketches, conversations, and personal relations included in the latter half of this volume of Madame D'Arblay's "Diary and Correspondence" bring us nearer to an exact knowledge of the characters, views, and personal and intellectual pretensions of several of the most distinguished movers in the French revolution, and the events which followed it, than any thing else of the kind on record. Of the long and highly interesting conversations with these persons our limits do not admit of our giving a fair example; but here is a part of a relation of the "perilous accidents by flood and field" that befel two of them, in their "hair-breadth 'scapes" from the hands of the Terrorists. The first relates to the Duc de Liancourt:

How he quitted Abbeville I know not; but he was in another town, near the coast, three days, still waiting for a safe conveyance; and here, finding his danger increased greatly by delay, he went to some common house, without dress or equipage, or servants that could betray him, and spent his whole time in bed, under pretence of indisposition, to avoid being seen.

At length his faithful young groom succeeded; and he got, at midnight, into a small boat, with only two men. He had been taken for the King of France by one, who had refused to convey him; and some friend, who assisted his escape, was forced to get him off, at last, by holding a pistol to the head of his conductor, and protested he would shoot him through and through, if he made further demur, or spoke aloud. It was dark, and midnight.

Both he and his groom planted themselves in the bottom of the boat, and were covered with fagots, lest any pursuit should ensue: and thus wretchedly they were suffocated till they thought themselves at a safe distance from

France. The poor youth then, first looking up, exclaimed, "*Ah ! nous sommes perdus !* they are carrying us back to our own country !"

The duke started up : he had the same opinion, but thought opposition vain ; he charged him to keep silent and quiet ; and after about another league, they found this, at least, a false alarm, owing merely to a thick fog or mist.

At length they landed—at Hastings, I think. The boatman had his money and they walked on to the nearest public-house. The Duke, to seem English, called for "*Pot portere.*" It was brought him, and he drank it off in two draughts, his drought being extreme ; and he called for another instantly. That also, without any suspicion or recollection of consequences, was as hastily swallowed ; and what ensued he knows not. He was intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep.

His groom helped the people of the house to carry him up stairs and put him to bed.

How long he slept he knows not, but he woke in the middle of the night without the smallest consciousness of where he was, or what had happened. France alone was in his head—France and its horrors, which nothing—not even English porter and intoxication and sleep—could drive away.

He looked round the room with amazement at first, and soon after with consternation. It was so unfurnished, so miserable, so lighted with only one small bit of a candle, that it occurred to him he was in a *maison de force*—thither conveyed in his sleep.

The stillness of every thing confirmed this dreadful idea. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and listened at the door. He heard no sound. He was scarce yet, I suppose, quite awake, for he took the candle, and determined to make an attempt to escape.

Down stairs he crept, neither hearing nor making any noise ; and he found himself in a kitchen : he looked round, and the brightness of a shelf of pewter plates struck his eye ; under them were pots and kettles shining and polished.

"*Ah !*" cried he to himself, "*je suis en Angleterre !*"

The recollection came all at once at sight of a cleanliness which, in these articles, he says, is never met with in France.

He did not escape too soon, for his first cousin, the good Duc de la Rochefoucault, another of the first Révolutionnaires, was massacred the next month. The character he has given of this murdered relation is the most affecting, in praise and virtues, that can possibly be heard. Sarah has heard him till she could not keep the tears from her eyes. They had been *élèves* together, and loved each other as the tenderest brothers.

The following describes the arrival among them, while the relator herself was present, of the Marquis de la Châtre, who has just escaped from similar perils. In reading this little scene from the drama of actual life, it must not be forgotten that the actors in it are the highest nobles in the highest nobility in the world, and that one of them—M. de Narbonne—is grandson of Louis XV. himself ; for it is well known that he was a son of Madame Victoire, daughter of that monarch.

Friday, December 21st, we dined at Norbury Park, and met our French friends : M. D'Arblay came in to coffee before the other gentlemen. We had been talking of Madame de la Châtre, and conjecturing conjectures about her *sposo* ; we were all curious, and all inclined to imagine him old ugly, proud, aristocratic,—a kind of ancient and formal courtier ; so we questioned M. d'Arblay, acknowledging our curiosity, and that we wished to know, *enfin*, if M. de la Châtre was "*digne d'être l'époux d'une personne si aimable et si charmante que Madame de la Châtre.*"

He looked very drolly, scarcely able meet our eyes ; but at last, as he is *la franchise même*, he answered,

"M. de la Châtre est un bon homme—parfaitement bon homme : au reste, il est brusque comme un cheval de carosse."

We were in the midst of our coffee when St. Jean came forward to M. de Narbonne, and said somebody wanted to speak to him. He went out of the room ; in two minutes he returned, followed by a gentleman in a great-coat, whom he had never seen, and whom he introduced immediately to Mrs. Lock by the name of M. de la Châtre. The appearance of M. de la Châtre was something like a *coup de théâtre* ; for, despite our curiosity, I had no idea we should ever see him, thinking that nothing could detach him from the service of the French Princes.

His *abord* and behaviour answered extremely well the idea M. D'Arblay had given us of him, who in the word *brusque*, rather meant unpolished in manners than harsh in character.

He is quite old enough to be father to Madame de la Châtre, and, had he been presented to us as such, all our wonder would have been to see so little elegance in the parent of such a woman.

After the first introduction was over, he turned his back to the fire, and began, *sans façon*, a most confidential discourse with M. de Narbonne. They had not met since the beginning of the Revolution, and, having been of very different parties, it was curious and pleasant to see them now, in their mutual misfortunes, meet *en bons amis*. They rallied each other *sur leurs disgrâces* very goodhumouredly and comically ; and though poor M. de la Châtre had missed his wife by only one day, and his son by a few hours, nothing seemed to give him *de l'humeur*. He gave the account of his disastrous journey since he had quitted the Princes, who had been themselves reduced to great distress, and were unable to pay his arrears : he said he could not get a *sous* from France, nor had done for two years. All the money he had, with his papers and clothes, were contained in a little box, with which he had embarked in a small boat—I could not hear whence ; but the weather was tempestuous, and he, with nearly all the passengers, landed, and walked to the nearest town, leaving his box and two faithful servants (who had never, he said, quitted him since he had left France) in the boat : he had scarce been an hour at the *auberge*, when news was brought that the boat had sunk.

At this, M. de Narbonne threw himself back on his seat, exclaiming against the hard fate which pursued all *ses malheureux amis* !

"Mais attendez donc," cried the goodhumoured M. de la Châtre. "Je n'ai pas encore fini : on nous a assurés que personne n'a péri, et que même tout ce qu'il y avait sur le bateau a été sauvé."

He said, however, that, being now in danger of falling into the hands of the French, he dared not stop for his box or servants ; but, leaving a note of directions behind him, he proceeded *incognito*, and having at length got on board a packet-boat for England, in which, though he found several of his countrymen and old acquaintance, he dared not discover himself till they were *en pleine mer*.

"Et vous voyez bien qu'il n'y a pas de fin à mes malheureuses aventures ; puisqu'en arrivant on m'apprend tout de suite que ma femme est partie hier pour la France, et Alfonse aujourd'hui ; et Dieu sait si je le verrai, lui, d'ici à quarante ans !"

How very, very unfortunate ! We were all truly sorry for him ; however, he went on gaily enough, laughing at *ses amis les constitutionnaires*, and M. de Narbonne, with much more wit, and not less good-humour, retorting back his raillery on the *parti de Brunswick*.

"Eh bien," says M. de la Châtre ; "chacun à son tour !—Vous avez été ruinés les premiers—chacun à son tour !—Vous avez faits une constitution qui ne pouvoit tenir."

"Pardon," cried M. D'Arblay, with quickness : "On ne l'a pas essayée,"

"Eh bien, elle est tombée toutefois—il n'en est plus question," said M. de la Châtre ; "et nous n'avons plus qu'à mourir de faim gaiement ensemble."

M. de Narbonne said he had yet a few bottles of wine, and that he should not drink beer whilst he stayed with him.

M. de la Châtre mentioned the *quinzaine* in which the Princes' army had been paid up, as the most wretched he had ever known.

"C'étoit un désespoir, une douleur, une détresse de tous côtés, dont vous ne pouvez vous former une idée."

Of 22,000 men who formed the army of the emigrants, 16,000 were gentlemen,—men of family and fortune : all of whom were now, with their families, destitute. He mentioned two of these who had engaged themselves lately in some orchestra, where they played first and second flute.

"Ils sont, je vous jure, l'envie de toute l'armée," said he ; "car en général nous ne pouvons rien faire que nous battre quand on nous en donne l'occasion."

The Princes, he said, had been twice arrested for debt in different places—that they were now so reduced that they dined, themselves, the Count d'Artois, children, tutors, &c.—eight or nine persons in all—upon one single dish ; and that they burnt *de la chandelle*, "parceque les bougies coutoient trop cher."

"Et les dames," said M. de Narbonne, *à demi-voix*, "que font elles?—Madame de Balby et les autres?"

"Elles n'y sont plus," said M. de la Châtre ; adding, laughing, "C'est une réforme en tout."

I don't know whether I need tell you the ladies meant were the two Princes' mistresses, who have hitherto accompanied them everywhere.

M. de Narbonne asked how he had been able to travel on, since his money and clothes had been left behind.

"J'avois," said he, "ma bourse, bien heureusement ; au reste, j'ai été obligé, en arrivant à Londres, de m'adresser à un tailleur, car on m'a assuré à l'auberge où j'étois, que dans l'habit que je portois on me montreroit au doigt. Eh bien, il m'a fait le gillet que tu vois, ces culottes" (in a low voice, but laughing to M. de Narbonne)—They were, I must tell you, of the most common and cheap materials : but M. de Narbonne, interrupting him, gravely, but very good-naturedly, said,

"Eh bien ; vous pouvez aller partout comme cela—ici on peut aller où l'on veut comme cela."

"Cette redingote," replied M. de la Châtre, who continued the whole evening in it, "il me l'a fait aussi. Mais pour l'habit, il n'y avoit pas moyen, puisque je ne voulois pas m'arrêter.—Il m'a donc—prêté le sien."

"Quoi ? le tailleur?"

"Oui, lui-même : tu vois qu'il ne me va pas mal."

There was something so frank and so good-humoured in all this, that, added to the deplorable situation to which he was reduced, I could almost have cried, though it was impossible to forbear laughing.

Among these interesting persons—apparently the most amiable, accomplished and interesting of them all—was General D'Arblay, the devoted and favourite friend and adjutant-general of Lafayette, during his command of the French army. The subsequent marriage of Miss Burney with this gentleman closes the present volume, and at the same time opens before us a new era in the life of our Diarist, and one that promises to include interests and events of even a higher nature than any that we have yet had to deal with in this delightful book. Already has the connexion given us several original letters from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney, all of them but one written in English—being her first compositions in that language.

## THE PERSIAN BANDIT.

BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES STUART SAVILE.

TOWARDS the latter end of January, 183—, while I was at Teheran, the capital of Persia, news arrived that some members of a formidable band of Bakhtiari had been made prisoners, between Shiraz and Ispahan, and were on their way to Teheran in order to undergo the judgment of the shah. The Bakhtiari, it ought to be known, are a tribe of robbers that infest the roads in the middle and south of Persia, and whose depredations committed on the caravans passing through that part of the country, had of late been so frequent and extensive, that a numerous force had been despatched against them by the government, which had met with nothing but discomfiture, from the courageous resistance and superior cunning shown by the bandits. In one instance, treachery had given that success to the expedition which had been denied to open endeavours, and through information received from one of the Bakhtiari, who had turned traitor to his comrades, a famous robber chief, called Hassan Ali, together with about twenty of his followers, were surprised and taken prisoners in a large cave, which formed one of their strongest holds. It was, indeed, their very dependance on the supposed inaccessible nature of the place, that caused their capture, as such a slight watch had been kept up that the robbers were actually surrounded and seized during a carousal, almost before they were aware of their enemies' approach. The chief had not, indeed, been captured without some resistance on his part; and by all accounts the courage and strength evinced by him on the occasion, were such as to make it matter of congratulation to the soldiers who had attacked him, that they had been able to enter the cavern by surprise.

On the arrival of the robbers at Teheran a very short investigation of their case ensued; after which, they were ordered by the shah to be put to death, and their execution would have immediately followed the sentence, had it not been judged better, for the sake of example, to make their punishment as public and terrifying as possible. The whole of them were therefore condemned to be shot from the mouth of cannons, in three different parties, on three separate days; and the number of culprits consisting of twenty-four, it was fixed that eight were to suffer each time, the chief being ordered to be put to death the first of all.

Being anxious to see this Hassan Ali of whom I had heard very much, I took an opportunity, on the day previous to the execution, of accompanying a friend of mine who had procured permission to visit the bandit in his dungeon. My friend was an American missionary, whose zeal I believe led him to hope he could effect some good by conversing with the condemned criminals; and although informed, by persons much longer resident than himself in the east, that any expectation of his well-meaning purpose having the slightest probability of success would prove abortive, still the American, who was a man of the most sincere piety, although not much gifted with the power of discri-

mination, persisted in his intention, and, prompted by my curiosity, I accompanied him. We were attended by a servant of mine, a native of Ispahan.

On arriving at the prison where the outlaws were incarcerated, we were met by the Naibi Capidji Bashi, or deputy chief executioner, who, on our asking him whether the bandit chief showed any signs of fear at his approaching fate, answered,

"You are little aware what a son of Shaitan\* is Hassan Ali, if you think that the idea of being shot from the mouth of a cannon would have the effect of making a woman of him. By Ali! I only wish every Persian had his lion's heart, and then the Russians would never have dared to show their faces to us; but judge for yourselves, Sahibs, you will soon perceive I am right."

We were now conducted to the dungeon which contained this renowned chief; and a more loathsome, filthy place, I hardly ever beheld. In a vault (for I can compare it to nothing else) of capacious dimensions, and lighted by unglazed windows from above, were congregated several prisoners, heavily fettered, — some seated, some lying at full length. Our entrance caused a slight movement among them as they turned to survey the new comers; and as we were Franks, they were evidently somewhat surprised at our visit. It did not require any pointing out to me to tell me who was Hassan Ali, although there was no difference of dress to distinguish him. He was seated at the upper end of the vault, smoking a chibouque, which he took from his mouth at our approach, and with the air of a most polished Mussulman bade us welcome.

"You must excuse my not rising," he said, pointing to the heavy irons in which his legs were enclosed; "I am prevented so doing, as you may observe, by the attentions of my hosts; pray, however, be seated. You are Inglesi, I suppose: they are a brave nation, the Sahibi Inglesi. I was at Bombay once, and saw them there. Mashallah! they are a nation indeed, and have plenty of good wine."

While he was speaking I took a survey of the man before me. He was a stout, thickset person, with very regular features, and a long black beard; his eye was the brightest I ever beheld, the expression of it, however, was not good; one could easily conceive its owner being of a cruel or sensual disposition. He was somewhat pale, evidently from the loss of blood, as his left arm was bandaged.

A nummud† having been brought, we seated ourselves upon it, and began to converse with Hassan Ali. One of the first questions asked of him by my friend the American was, whether he was not sorry for the crimes he had committed.

"Crimes!" was his answer. "What call you crime?—of what wickedness have I been guilty?"

"What!" said the other, "do you not deem robbery and murder crimes?—and have you not been guilty of both? and in such a degree as to cause your name to be a dread through the country."

"Barakillah! Bravo!" answered Hassan Ali, somewhat proudly.

\* *Shaitan*, devil.

† A *nummud*, a kind of felt carpet, made in the shape and of the size of a hearth-rug.



"It appears, then, I am not altogether unknown : there are few indeed who can boast of such actions as Hassan Ali. Alhamdellillah ! I have proved myself a man."

It was in vain that the well-meaning American used his utmost endeavours to make the Bakhtiari confess any contrition, or to acknowledge that his life had been one of wickedness ; and I was obliged at length to hint to him that it would be as well to cease from such a hopeless purpose. At the same time I questioned the bandit on the manner of life common to the Bakhtiaris. His answers were courteous, and to the point ; and on my asking him whether he would give me a short account of himself, origin, and adventures, he at once consented ; merely, however, observing,

"Sahib, you are a Faringee, I have been to your country (speaking of India), where there is plenty of good arrack and wine ; surely you have brought some with you to this place ; if so, pray send for a bottle or two, and in the mean while you shall hear all I have to relate."

Wishing to indulge the fellow as much as lay in my power, I called to my servant, and gave him directions to proceed to the palace of the English embassy, and procure some bottles of brandy and sherry ; at the same time I expressed some astonishment at his requiring wine, he being a Mussulman.

"True," returned Hassan Ali, "I am a Mussulman, Alhamdellillah ! but when you talk of drinking wine being contrary to our religion, our blessed Prophet, when he forbade the juice of the grape, merely spoke of such rascally stuff as we get in this country. He never intended the wine of Bombay to come under his ban. Mashallah ! I shall soon taste of it in Paradise, for such is the drink of true believers when they enter that blessed spot."

My American friend at these words seemed almost paralyzed ; turning to the Bakhtiari, he observed to him that such was not conversation which ought to come from the mouth of one about to leave this world. Hassan Ali stared at these remarks, and his astonishment was evidently so unfeigned, that the American could not help observing,

"Poor fellow, I really believe he sees no evil in the course of life he has pursued ; perhaps, too, he imagines he is about to proceed to a happier world. Well, well, please God that his sins be lightly visited ! for it is evident that they have mostly been committed through the unhappy man's ignorance of right and wrong."

I now turned to Hassan Ali, and having requested him to commence, if he felt so inclined, he smiled, and bidding me take out my notebook, (this incident proving he well understood Frank customs, and showing that he possessed no small degree of vanity), he took several pulls at my kaliaun,\* and addressed me in the following manner :

"I was born at a village about fifteen fursuk† from Shirary ; my father was Ketkhodah‡ of the place. My first recollections are some indistinct ideas of being very ill-treated, and no wonder, as I have since learned my mother was a second wife ; my father's wife not having

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\* *Kaliaun*, the Persian waterpipe.

† A *fursuk* is about four English miles.

‡ *Ketkhodah*, head or chief of a village:

borne him any children, and although she allowed her husband to take another partner, she was always jealous of the intruder, as she deemed my mother, and vented her anger upon myself; and alas! too well did she possess the power of so doing, as her authority as headwife was unlimited within the precincts of the Anderoon. My poor mother, too, led the life of a dog, for the abuse which was daily lavished upon her was enough to dry up the liver of a camel.

“My father did not interfere; for, Sahib, he was by no means master of his own harem; and although I verily believe he hated his headwife like poison, he was fain to pretend great affection for her, and hardly dared to address a kind word to my mother in her presence. Alhamdellillah! however, she died—plagues cannot last for ever, and my mother became mistress of the Anderoon; I was about five years old then, still I remember the circumstance well, it made a great impression on my young mind; for from that time I was petted and fondled by every one; and from having my own way in every thing, I became a regular Dewaneh. By Allah! what pranks I used to play! but, Sahib, those days soon flew by.

“My mother died when I was about fourteen, and my father soon after married again. Wahi!\* here commenced a renewal of the unfortunate days of my early childhood. The new wife evidently looked upon me as an interloper; and on a son being born, her usage of me was so cruel, and the dirt she daily poured down my throat so difficult of digestion, that although I tried hard to bear it, I could not,—particularly as I perceived my father was beginning to use me ill too. Such were the evil effects of a bad example.

“At length my patience being worn out by constant stripes and abuse, and finding that all my endeavours to give satisfaction were useless, I went to my father and begged of him to allow me to leave the village and try my fortune in the world. He consented without any pressing, and with ten toman† in my pouch and a bundle of clothes, I started for Shirazy.

“Having arrived at that most magnificent of cities,—this place is a hog-hovel in comparison,—I began to look about me, and my appearance being in my favour, was soon received into the service of a khan, who appointed me one of his pishkidmuds.‡ After I had been with him about two years, my master was sent by the Shah as an Elekee to Bombay, whither I accompanied him.”

The Bakhtiari here proceeded to give an account of his journey to Bushire and Bombay, his horror of the sea, and his admiration of India, particularly praising the wine and spirits he met with there. He mentioned also, that on his master's return to Persia, he accompanied him, although not without regret at quitting what appeared to him such a paradise as Hindostan.

“From the moment,” he continued, “of my putting my foot again into my country, it appeared that my star was on the descendant, I must have set out in an unfortunate hour. Firstly, my master fell into disgrace, and having been soundly bastinadoed, was stripped of nearly

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\* *Wahi*, Alas! woe is me.

† A *toman* is nearly ten shillings.

‡ *Pishkidmud*, a body-servant.

all he possessed, which was no small amount, for he had managed to make some nice pickings. He was therefore obliged to part with all his servants, or rather they parted with him, as it was not worth while serving a khan who had neither money nor power, and was at the same time in disgrace. Well, I determined to return to my native village and see what I could obtain; but on arriving there I found that my father was dead, and his household dispersed. As I knew my deceased parent must have saved money, I was not contented with sitting down quietly and twisting my thumbs after this news; so I made sundry inquiries concerning the distribution of the property, and learned that my stepmother had managed to secure the whole, and was then living with her father, to whose house I proceeded, and gave him to understand my errand, which was to demand my lawful share of the deceased Ketkhodah's property.

"The burnt father, however, swore by the Koran, his beard, and his mother's soul, that his daughter had not received a shai\*—that indeed my father had died in debt. Knowing this to be false, I told him so; and in consequence a violent dispute arose—from words we came to blows—and the affair ended by my stabbing in my rage the old scoundrel with my cummar.

"As may be imagined, a tolerable commotion succeeded, brandishing, however, the dagger which I had just used, I forced a passage for myself through those who wished to stop me, and arriving at the spot where I had tethered my horse (fortunately I had not unsaddled him), I cut him loose and springing upon his back, started off, determined never to show my face again in that quarter. Whether or not any pursuit was made, I was not overtaken, and before long was out of sight of the village and danger of pursuit. I now proceeded at a more moderate pace, and was meditating upon my adverse fate, when I met a mounted party, whom, they having detained and questioned me, I discovered to consist of part of a band of Bakhtiaris who were upon a chappow.† Upon this I at once offered to join their number, informing them at the same time how I was situated. My proposal was at once accepted, and my behaviour during the first affair that ensued met with so much approbation that I was regularly incorporated among them, and soon became as complete a member of the tribe as if I had always belonged to it.

"Mashallah! they have never had occasion to repent my coming; and had it not been for a cowardly traitor who betrayed us (may he grill in Jehanum!), the contents of many more caravans would have enriched our mountains."

From this time the life of Hassan Ali had been passed among continual scenes of rapine and murder, in which it appeared he had ever taken a prominent part, and from his superior daring and prowess had become a leader among the bandits.

Some of the scenes detailed by this man were so monstrous, that I

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\* A *shai* is a little more than an English farthing.

† A *chappow* is a plundering expedition.

could scarcely have conceived human beings capable of such acts, and I must own that the listening to their narration destroyed within me any feeling of pity for the monster who had been the perpetrator of such acts of cruelty, and in consequence, as soon as he had concluded his recital, I at once took my departure, accompanied by the missionary, who was completely horror-struck at what he had heard.

Being anxious to see how Hassan Ali, with all his boastful demeanour, would conduct himself at his execution, I proceeded the next morning to the spot where I understood he was to suffer. An immense crowd was collected, but from our being Franks, way was made for our horses, so that we found ourselves close to the spot where the unhappy wretches were to expiate their crimes.

In the midst of an open space at the summit of a slight declivity, was an immense cannon, the mouth of which was turned towards the slope. Close by were the culprits, in the front rank of whom was Hassan Ali, talking vehemently; and on listening with attention, I heard him pleading for his life, offering a large ransom if he should be spared.

I think at one time he promised to pay ten thousand tomans, which if it were true that he was able to produce such a sum, showed how immense must have been the plunder collected by him. Notwithstanding, however, all his offers, the captain of the guard ordered the executioners to come forward and commence.

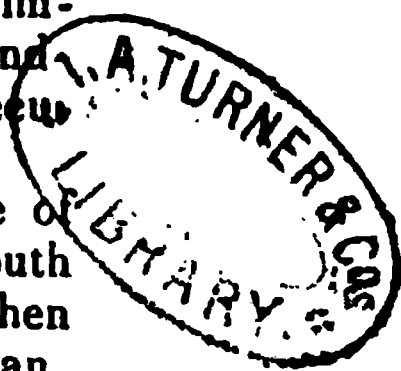
The bandit now pleaded more earnestly, swearing a multitude of things; it was, however, all in vain, for he was dragged to the mouth of a cannon and fastened to it. A fierce-looking, scowling man then advanced with a drawn scimitar, and on my asking a Persian khan, who was near me, what was about to happen, he answered that before being shot from the piece of ordnance, each robber would have his arms and legs cut off.

This piece of barbarity was quite unexpected on my part, as I had imagined that the Bakhtiari would have at once been put out of their misery, after being fastened to the mouth of the cannon, by the discharge of the piece. There was, however, now no retreating, as the crowd was far too dense behind me, and I was forced to remain while a most bloody and cruel scene was performed.

In the midst of the exclamations uttered by Hassan Ali, the executioner lifted his blade, and, letting it fall with all its force upon the right arm of the Bakhtiari, severed the limb from the body. Another executioner proceeded to perform the like operation upon the left arm, but between the two blows, the dying robber exclaimed in a shrieking voice which thrilled through me, "Dogs! that arm has killed a hundred such as you."

These were the last audible words he uttered, for the operation of cutting off the limbs was quickly performed, and was succeeded by the discharge of the cannon, and on the smoke clearing away, all that remained at the mouth were the remnants of the cords which had bound the Bakhtiari.

One by one the other culprits suffered the same punishment as their chief, who, in my opinion, was the most fortunate of the band, on account of his having been put to death the first of all; for indescrib-



able must have been the feelings of those who stood by witnessing the scene before them, knowing that in a few minutes the same horrible mutilation would be performed on their own persons.

Never before or since was I witness to such a horrid and sickening sight ; it was indeed some time before I got completely over the effects, as my sleep was for several nights constantly disturbed by dreaming of the occurrence. The pale faces and trembling bodies of the unhappy wretches as they were led, one by one, to the fatal cannon, seemed continually before me ; often and fervently did I give thanks that it had been my lot to be born in a civilized and Christian country, from whence such barbarities have long since disappeared.

I was informed that on the two successive days the remainder of the band suffered the same punishment as their comrades ; to show, however, how completely the intention failed of striking terror among the Bakhtiaris, about two months after this event, news was brought to the capital of the plunder of an immense caravan, chiefly containing goods belonging to the shah, and it was rumoured that a near relation of his majesty conducted the chappow on that occasion.

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## PERSONS WHOM EVERY BODY HAS SEEN.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, Esq.

### PERSONS WHO JOKE AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE.

Among the multitudes who hourly joke, after a fashion, at their own expense, may be classed a certain set of Self-depreciators, who are possessed of a very spurious kind of modesty. It is often, indeed, but a mere joke, and they find it an expensive one.

They put on a diffident air, and undervalue themselves, with the view of heightening the bystander's estimate of their worth ; but they never succeed in this, for as long as they decry their own merits, he is sure to take them at their word. They may exalt their pretensions, and cry up their own capabilities to the skies, but he believes not a syllable they say ; not so, when they lower their tone, even beneath the pitch of truth, and pronounce themselves incapable—then they are entitled to implicit faith.

A poet sends you his last sonnet, which he frankly proclaims to be a fine one, and the best he ever wrote ; but as you are not bound to agree with him, you reject his judgment. When, on the other hand, he shows you some verses acknowledging them to be commonplace, his judgment influences yours, and you confess that there is not much in them. The law of opinion allows an author to give evidence against himself, but holds him in contempt as a witness in his own behalf.

Declare that you are a great philosopher, and the world, without knowing any thing to the contrary, will uncivilly dispute your assertion ;

but call yourself a great fool, and the world, still knowing nothing about you, will politely concur.

If self-glorification seldom succeeds, self-depreciation fails yet more frequently. The Fabian policy should be rarely tried in the moral field. Men are not allowed to carry on an argument by retreating from the point, nor can they gain a reputation for firmness and courage, by prevarication and sneaking. We know that when a man proclaims aloud his iniquities, and arrogates to himself every vice and vanity known to the enlightened world, that he means to set himself up for a saint; but we do not, therefore, think him one. On the contrary, we esteem him to be the sinner he says he is, or else a hypocrite still more detestable. The wise man well knows what a shallow thing his wisdom is; but he does not begin his discourse by telling us that he is a goose.

The beauty, with an admiring glance towards the glass, tosses her elegant head, and vows that she is looking shockingly to-night; and do we not, contrary to her intention, silently coincide, as we see the silly affectation obscuring all that was pleasing in her face, and turning the lovely into the laughable?

And when the musical lion of the party entertains a crowd of besiegers for half an hour with protestations that he can't sing a note, he is more in the right than he means to be; for when he afterwards complies, do we not listen as to one, not singing, but showing off?

The modesty is sometimes real, but it is equally fatal. Indeed, real modesty is a virtue to which we show no quarter. When once an unhappy mortal turns critic upon himself, and begins to point out his own faults with sincerity, we let him go on, and are not satisfied while he leaves himself a single fragment of merit to grace his unworthiness. He may strip, till he has stripped himself down to the thin, bare, hollow quality of temperance; and we expect him to confess, then, that he retains the one virtue, only while the cellar is locked, or the purse empty. It places the victim absolutely at our mercy; there is a greater generosity in our friendship for one so erring and desertless.

Let the truly modest man (has he come to town yet?) declare upon the singleness of his reputation, whether, as often as he has mistrusted his own powers, he has not found his well-wishers mistrust them too. We are immodest enough to answer for him, that whenever he has pleaded his low deserts, his rewards have been in proportion. Let a man of five-feet nine-inches confess, with an humble stoop in the shoulders, that he considers himself short, and his friends will look upon him as Little Dobbs ever after. Directly we regard ourselves as below the average, we never get credit for our full height: the instant we have uttered, in humble unselfishness, the fatal words, "Any thing will do for me"—any thing does for us in every body's eyes.

Justice should take a hint from charity, and begin at home. Her's is a feast, where every guest ought to help himself—but then so many have a habit of taking too much.

There is one exception to the rule remarked upon. There is one vice (for practically it is a vice) of which we do not always believe a man guilty even upon his own confession. It is poverty. When he



avens that he is poor, we think him sly and roguish, or perhaps modest and unostentatious. We accept with full credence his self-depreciatory list of the things he can't do, but we are reluctant to believe that he *can't pay*—somehow. We make the modest man try.

Turning to a more literal view of the subject, we see a class of persons who are fond of the amusement of throwing stones about, quite in fun; and it is remarkable that these persons live in glass-houses. Half the stones fall about their own ears, and for every second joke they have a long bill to pay. Their rockets have a knack of bursting brilliantly—in the hand. Life's a jest,—and they must make a joke of it.

They are not far removed from that practical Christian philosopher who burnt down his neighbour's house to roast his own egg at the fire. These pleasant jokers demolish their own tenements; but whose beside, they never stop to consider. Off goes the joke;—the withering sarcasm, the slanderous innuendo;—or the random shot, in sheer sport, to bring down any thing it may happen to hit. The joke, often injurious, sometimes fatal to others, is ever so to themselves. It might seem harmless at the moment, but a latent mischief in it explodes unexpectedly.

The friend at whom it was levelled only lost his temper, which might be a very bad one; but the joker, perhaps, has lost his friend. He hurt an acquaintance, or a stranger, but struck down himself beyond the hope of rising. The bystanders judge him, not by the mischief done, but by the mischief meditated, or by the indifference to mischief manifested in the aim. Even in the opinion of those who laughed loudest at the sally, he stands upon deliberation condemned. His stone-throwing is the opposite of that which the frogs appealed against; here, the sport is for the many, but it is lingering death to the one—the author of the joke.

Some of these jokers at their own expense are simply the victims of ill-luck. They playfully start the wrong subject;—felony, in the presence of the gentleman who forgot to return his friend's snuff-box, borrowed direct from the dining-table; female frailty, in the teeth of a nine-days' deserted husband; or the merits of a particular club to the blushing face of a candidate just blackballed. He finds his innocent remarks resented as insults. His little crackers leap back upon him with the force of bomb-shells. He thinks the thing must be a joke, and explains jestingly, which turns the serious drama to deep tragedy.

The jokers comprise many classes, and the expense is heavy in all. They congregate numerously at Newmarket and Epsom, where the joke of backing the wrong horse—he that is dead lame and yet as right as the mail—is kept up at a bountiful rate. The expense in the long run, that is, in the turn of the race-course, is sure to fall heaviest upon the best jokers. The knowing ones always know one thing—who is most cruelly taken in.

The civic gamblers are droll fellows too—droll upon the same disinterested principle. They will have their jokes at their own expense—they are so devilish independent. They always like to pay for what they have—if it be only a joke. They never fall so readily and completely into a trap, as when it is one of their own setting.

The swarms who live well without any money at all—who want for nothing in this world of luxury except cash, and to whom, therefore, even that is a superfluity—who dance away their days without once paying the piper—may seem to be joking at other people's expense. It is eventually at their own. As certainly is it the case with criminals who plunder *not* according to law. If there be any thing sure and sacred in our belief, this must be included in it—that no man can rashly or wilfully injure his fellow man, without more deeply injuring himself.

Evasion of the law is held in some cases to be a good joke, as open violation of it is in others;—the offenders, at the wind-up of the intricate account, suffer most by the jest. Some laws themselves are but mere jokes—grave ones it is true—but they are maintained at the law's expense. It is the law that suffers most by them, in public estimation, and practical efficiency; for the ruin inflicted upon individuals is as nothing compared with the great national calamity—the awful contradiction—a wrong done legally!

PERSONS WHO “DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.”

THE Helpless constitute a large class of human beings in town and country; but amongst them is a species of mortal who is helpless with an abundance of means at command. It is a feminine class, with a masculine sprinkling—and there is an infallible characteristic by which all who belong to it may be recognised—they never know what to do!

These unhappy persons are constantly rocking about in smooth water. They are perplexed with a choice of enjoyments, or a profusion of business. Their poverty is the embarrassment of riches. You find them in a state of pitiable perplexity; and it turns out that they have a box at Drury Lane and a box at Covent Garden for the same evening. They are at a loss to decide which theatre to go to—they don't know what to do!

Having a perfectly idle morning, they are plunged into a most distressed condition by the difficulty of determining whether it would be best to make a call on the Greens at Greenwich, or the Browns at Blackheath. Suggest to them that they might do both, and they feel dreadfully fatigued at the very thought; suggest that they should do neither, and they declare that they shall die if they are moped up much longer. When they have rejected every hint you have to offer, and no new course can be proposed, they look up appealingly in your face, and in plaintive tones inquire, “What would you advise?”

This “what would you advise?” a question in constant use amongst the Helpless with help at hand, is generally addressed to somebody manifestly incapable of forming an opinion upon the point. But that is of little consequence, as the advice is never followed.

The birthday present which they intended to make is postponed until next year, from the utter impossibility of deciding whether it should be one diamond and three rubies, or one ruby and three diamonds. They insist upon knowing at last what the poor old blind grandfather thinks, who never had a taste for jewellery, and they re-

solve to be governed by his judgment. He is for three rubies and one diamond.

"And yet," they urge in reply to this final decision, "don't you think now that one ruby and three diamonds—?"

The point is not settled, and they refer the solution of the difficulty to foolish Betty, with her abominable taste for finery; but when her all-important opinion is obtained she is told that she is a very bad judge of such matters, and quite in the wrong.

"Why, yes, of course, ma'am, as I said before, you must know best."

But Betty is wrong again—they don't know best. They never were so completely puzzled. It's so extremely provoking. If it were not for a diamond and three rubies, a ruby and three diamonds would be beautiful. They can't tell—it makes them quite miserable—they don't know *what* to do!

They are for ever paying visits, first to Tweedledum, and next to Tweedledee, in order to collect different opinions; and when they have collected all, they are confirmed in the suspicion they had previously entertained—that it is really very difficult to know what to do.

They would leave town immediately, but for a desire to remain in London, where however they are disinclined to stop, from a great wish to go out of town. And in starting for the country, they would certainly go by railroad, were it not for the charms of the sea, of which however they are not inclined to take advantage, in consequence of the convenience of the railroad. They have nobody to advise them, and what on earth they *shall* do they don't know.

And should a little difficulty really arise—should it so happen that it is highly important for them to pay a visit immediately, and as highly important, at the same time, that they write some letters which will cause delay, then, indeed, like the miserable Moor, they are "perplexed in the extreme," and cry out, with the bewildered rustic in Fielding's "Fall of Phaëton,"

"The world's at an end! go, and call the parson of the parish!"

In such a complex crisis of their affairs, in such an extremity of helplessness, they can neither pay a visit nor write a note. They can but sit down, wring their hands, look inquiringly at the ceiling, and wonder *whatever* they shall do!

## SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

### MONOPOLISTS.

THE greatest monopolist upon record was the philanthropic Antoninus Pius, who wished that the whole world might become one city, an aspiration which is destined, perhaps, to receive its ultimate accomplishment from the power of steam, and the increased intercourse of nations, through the universal predominance of free trade. When the passions and the interests of men are engaged on behalf of tranquillity

and commerce, when there is rapid and unrestricted communication from one country to another, when the sea that goes round our globe like a ring, marries the uttermost ends of the earth to each other through the ministry of steam navigation; is it not possible that their nuptials may be celebrated by an all-embracing peace and love that shall realise the benevolent desire of Antoninus? The thought may be deemed visionary, but let us indulge it, however small may be the chance of its fulfilment, for though our hopes may often appear Utopian to others, may often disappoint ourselves, they have a constant tendency to produce their own accomplishment. To achieve any great object we must first believe in it, and by constantly stretching ourselves upwards, our elastic minds may eventually reach what at first seemed unattainable. The reputed visionaries and men of sanguine temperament who have predicted and hailed the uprising of a better age, have expedited its advent: while they who have written despondingly of man's prospects, if they have not in reality darkened the future, have at least thrown a cloud over the present.

And even if the visionist do sometimes "sequester himself into Utopian and Atlantic schemes," let it not be imagined that his speculations are unbeneficial to mankind; for a glittering delusion, instead of beguiling us like an *ignis fatuus* into sloughs and quagmires, may sometimes enlighten our footsteps, and guide us from the crooked and dirty paths of life into a higher and purer course. Hopes for the future are our compensation for the past, and there is consolation even in the dreams and man-elevating mistakes of our species, for we should scarcely be able to endure the degrading truths of history, were it not for its ennobling illusions.

"At all the great periods of history," writes Madame de Staël, "men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment as an universal principle of action. Chivalry is to modern what the heroic age was to ancient times: all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it."

As these recollections fade away, we should turn from the past to the future—convert the pleasures of Memory into the pleasures of Hope, and live in the delightful and exalting conviction that there is a Golden Age to come.

#### MISAPPLICATION OF TERMS.

CALLING a straight canal the Serpentine River; terming the North and South American Stocks and Bonds—Securities; after some much-ado-about-nothing debate, talking of taking the sense of the House; requesting the public, in some affair of which it is profoundly ignorant, to suspend its judgment; dubbing every gross or nasty inquiry, a delicate investigation. But perhaps the most signal misnomer is that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, being in doubt whether or not he should publish a work he had written, went upon his knees and prayed to Heaven for a directing sign, which he received in a supernatural noise described as being loud, though yet gentle, whereupon he published his book, and entitled it "De Veritate."

"THERE IS A SOUL OF GOODNESS IN THINGS EVIL."

It has been said that alchemy, astrology, and superstition are the

worthless parents of three noble children—chymistry, astronomy, and religion; to which might be added the old dictum, that invention is the offspring of necessity.

Would men observingly distil it out,

they would find that the great moral chymist is perpetually extracting antidotes from banes, wholesome medicaments from the most deadly poisons. As in the material world the vilest refuse stimulates the growth and expands the beauty of nature's vegetable productions, so in the moral world are our worst passions and vices sometimes converted into a measure for the noblest virtues. Goodness, in fact, could not exist independently of evil, for without hardness of heart, meanness, fraud, falsehood, hypocrisy, oppression, there would be no charity, generosity, honesty, truth, candour, justice. The latter qualities are called into existence by the former; or rather they are the contrasted lights and shades that create each other. Eradicated and burnt weeds fertilize the field on which they grew; so do our extirpated and destroyed vices improve the reclaimed heart from whose rankness they first sprang. Our virtues are like plants of which the hidden root may sometimes be surrounded with impurity; but what man, when he might smell to a rose, would go sniffing and groping among the compost beneath the surface?

Providence is constantly working out a purifying process through the fermentation of impure passions.

"La législation," writes Jules Michelet,\* "considere l'homme tel qu'il est, et veut en tirer parti pour le bien de la société humaine. Ainsi de trois vices, l'orgueil féroce, l'avarice, l'ambition, qui égarent tout le genre humain, elle tire le métier de la guerre, le commerce, la politique, dans lesquels se forment le courage, l'opulence, la sagesse de l'homme d'état. Trois vices capables de détruire la race humaine produisent la félicité publique."

#### CROOKED ANSWERS.

"How could you manage to *contract* so many debts?" demanded a friend of a spendthrift.

"By always *enlarging* them," was the reply.

During a rehearsal at Covent Garden, the prompter pettishly exclaimed,

"Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention."

"So I am, as little as I can," rejoined the actor.

"I beg your pardon," said a gentleman, courteously saluting another in a coffee-room, "I don't immediately recollect your name; but I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere."

"Nothing is more probable, for I very often go there," replied the party, returning the bow, and resuming the perusal of his newspaper.

A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a footman who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff.

"I am not aware of any Act," replied the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

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\* In his translation of *La Scienza Nuova*.

Methinks I hear the reader petulantly exclaim, "this is all very frivolous!"

Most sapient sir or madam! (as the case may be) the fact is frankly admitted. One cannot be always talking sense, and it would be wrong were it practicable.

*Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem,*

is the advice of Horace, and what says Seneca, writing on the tranquillity of the mind?

"Danda est remissio animis, nec in eadem intentione æqualiter retinenda mens, sed ad jocos revocanda."—If we wish the mental bow to retain its strength and elasticity, it must be occasionally unbent.

#### TIDINESS.

WITHOUT going to the full extent of those housewives who sometimes tell their slatternly servants or children that cleanliness is next to godliness, I have a strong disposition to give tidiness precedence of many virtues that may perhaps consider themselves entitled to take the lead instead of following in its train. Even when pushed to a finical and fastidious nicety, it is an excess in the right direction, for it is surely better to go beyond the mark of neatness and regularity than to fall short of it. Tidiness has in it much more than meets the eye. It will generally be found that a love of material order involves a love of moral order, for there is a much greater sympathy than is commonly supposed between corporeal and mental habits, between the outward and visible sign, and the inward sense of grace—so that I should immediately predicate of a tidy person that he was a well-conducted person—one disposed to set his house in order metaphorically as well as literally, one who would have clean hands figuratively as well as digitally.

When I observe that a person (call him a precisian, a quiz if you will) feels his eye offended if a picture hang awry, if his room be littered, if the smallest article be out of its place, I see before me a pilot balloon, which shows me the current of his inclinations, and I say to myself, that man in the great affairs of life, as well as in the small economy of his parlour, is a friend to congruity, order, arrangement, fitness, and all the proprieties.

What tidiness of inward feeling can be looked for from those who are slovens and slatterns in externals; what regard to appearances in conduct from those who neglect them in person? And yet we have sluts who seem to think they have a vested interest in their dirty habits, and feel themselves aggrieved when they are exposed.

"Do you call this cleaning the room?" asked a mistress, observing one bright morning that the dust, instead of being carried away, had been brushed into the recesses of the apartment.

"Yes, ma'am," was the flippant reply, "the room would be clean enough if it were not for the nasty sun, that shows all the dirty corners."

Exactly in the same spirit do our senatorial sluggards, and anti-education and very-well-as-we-are sort of people complain of the



intrusive rays of knowledge when they penetrate into their privilege; darkness and foulness. They hate the public enlightenment which reveals all the dirty corners of the political and social system. Their own ignorance may be bliss, and they may not perhaps be altogether unwise in anticipating mischief from the march of intellect in others; for in a general illumination people must either write "empty house" upon their front, or run the risk of having their dark windows pelted by the passing rabble.

#### THE ARITHMETIC OF HAPPINESS.

To simple numerals, either Roman or Arabic, I make no allusion. I stop not to stigmatise the dishonest spendthrift, who, being anxious to cut a figure in the world, and to take good care of number one, makes a great dash until his affairs are all at sixes and sevens, is eventually reduced to a cipher, takes refuge in some continental hospital for pecuniary incurables, and when he dies, affords old Nick a fair opportunity to dot and carry one. No, I would simply refer to the four arithmetical rules—multiplication, addition, subtraction, division—by a careful study of which we may steer into the harbour of happiness with the same certainty that the sailor reaches his desiderated port by consulting the points of the compass.

"Happiness!" exclaims the reader, "what so easy to lose, what so difficult to attain?"

Pardon me, you are wrong in both positions, because you have forgotten your arithmetic. Recollect how memory multiplies the joys that are past—how hope multiplies those that are to come. The whole life of a good man may be a continuously grateful recollection of duties discharged, an ever-present antepast of the celestial beatitudes. Take this extatic feeling for your multiplicand, three score and ten years for your average multiplier, and then add up the quantum of happiness obtainable even in this world! If we would but make a right calculation of life, how incalculably would it rise in our estimation! What a glorious and delightful enigma is mere existence, apart from all its accidents and concomitants. Is it nothing, when you might have been a spider, an earwig, a tadpole, to be a lord of this beautiful creation, a reasoning being, with all his proud privileges and enjoyments? Add up all these capacities for felicity, get the sum total by heart, and be grateful.

And sickness, failure, misfortune, unhappiness, those master miseries of which we so loudly complain when they occur, what are they but interruptions of health, success, good fortune, joy? What are they but the salutary changes and checks which will give a zest to the return of our former state, even as hunger imparts a higher relish to food, and fatigue enhances the pleasure of repose. Many are the men who would never know that they had been living in the possession of blessings unless they occasionally lost them. This is one of the advantages of subtraction, a precious rule of moral arithmetic, when we calculate it rightly.

If the grumblers who are envious of their superiors, and discontented with their own lot, would but subtract those above from the

aggregate of those beneath them, they would generally find themselves much beyond the mean position. The balance is in their favour, and if they understood arithmetic they would be thankful that they are no lower, instead of being discontented that they are not higher.

And why, while complaining of present disappointments, are we so rarely grateful for past pleasures? Because we do not understand the rule of multiplication. When the mirror, slipping from the boy's hand was shattered to pieces, showing him his face in every fragment, he exclaimed,

"How fortunate that I let it fall! I have now twenty looking-glasses instead of one."

Such might be our own reflections when any long-enjoyed advantage falls broken to the ground. We should multiply it by the twenty years during which we possessed it, add the future hope of its recovery and by deducting the whole from the quantum of our present discontent, the latter ought to be reduced to a cipher.

The most miserable man that ever lived would diminish his ground of complaint by a third at least, if he would subtract from his sufferings the hours of sleep, during which he was on a par with the happiest. An eastern fabulist recording a king who dreamt every night that he was a beggar, and a beggar who dreamt every night that he was a king, inquires which of the two, supposing each to have slept twelve hours out of the twenty-four, had the greatest or the least enjoyment of existence. If there be any truth in the *crede quod habes et habes*, and we exchange the monarch's day, or the mendicant's night, we shall reduce the enjoyments of the two to an equation. And this is what Providence is constantly effecting, by a system of drawbacks and compensations; by balancing the fear of losing what we have, against the hope of gaining what we have not.

Instead of mournfully adding up the amount of any loss as a groundwork for complaint, it would be well to subtract it from what is left, that we may see how much remains as a basis for gratitude. It is very absurd, says Plutarch, to lament for what is lost, and not to rejoice for what it left, *à propos* to which he quotes a wise speech of Aristippus, the Cyrenaic philosopher, who, having lost a considerable farm, said to one who seemed excessively to compassionate his misfortune,

"You have but one field, I have three left; why should not I rather grieve for you?"

Discontent becomes still more unreasonable when people bewail the loss of that of which the possession gave them no pleasure. Determined to reserve to themselves a right of complaint, they toss up with fate upon the same knavish principle as the schoolboy's "heads, I win—tails you lose."

Division, also, is a valuable rule, for we halve our sorrows by imparting them to a sympathising friend; while, contradictory as it may sound, we double our own gratifications by sharing them with another. In conclusion, let it be recollected by those who study the calculations and the arithmetic of happiness, that the merest trifles may be made to minister to its support, even as a swimmer is enabled to keep his head above water by bladders filled with air;—that the burden which is well

and cheerfully borne ceases to be felt ;—that not to wish for a thing is the same as to have it ;—that not to regret a loss is still to possess what you have lost ; and that we may all have what we like, simply by liking what we have.

#### THE LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

FOR one truly pious man whose looks and thoughts are fixed upon the sky, in order that he may study, like an astronomer, the wonders and the ways of heaven, there are fifty hypocrites, whose upturned eyes take the same direction in order that, like sailors steering by the stars, they may the better make their way here below. We have been told, on very competent authority that men go into the church to live by it : but we hear little of their living *for* it, and nothing of their being prepared to die for it, if necessary. Well would it be for us all if the current of our dispositions, and the tides of our passions, like those of the sea, were always governed by a light from above.

#### SONG.

Bright flowers that gem our grounds,  
And perfumed air dispense,  
Fair forms—gay hues—sweet sounds,  
That charm our ev'ry sense—

Ye teach us if we scan  
Your loving lore aright,  
That Heaven, for toiling man,  
Sheds prodigal delight.

Our morning claims fulfill'd,  
We well may copy earth,  
And let day's sunset gild  
Our evening hours with mirth.

#### SIMILES OF DISSIMILITUDE.

METAPHORS have been called transparent veils, but they are sometimes rather more opaque than diaphonous, and bear a nearer resemblance to plate glass, which, though pellucid enough to the tenant within, is impervious to the passenger without. So it is with comparisons and resemblances, which are to be used with due discretion,

For similes on plain occasions,  
Obscure us by their illustrations,  
As glasses to quick eyes appear  
To thicken what they're meant to clear.

Of this offuscating process, a proof occurs in a sermon by the celebrated Dr. Sacheverell, who, speaking of different courses of action tending to the same result, says, "They concur like parallel lines meeting in one common centre"

H.

## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

## THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.\*

It is not one of the least good qualities of a good book that it is certain to generate other good books ; and there need not be desired a more apt illustration of the proposition than the pleasant and useful volumes of Mrs. Bush, entitled " Historical Memoirs of the Queens of France,"—a work which, though almost as much called for as the *Lives of the Queens of England*, would probably never have seen the light, had it not been for the admirable production just named, on which it is, to a certain extent, modelled—though not servilely so ; for it contains a feature which (happily) the latter subject did not afford—happily, we may well say, though the feature is one which, as it does in point of fact, essentially belong to the subject chosen by Mrs. Bush, is very fitly introduced, and largely adds to the interest of her volumes. We allude to the Royal " Favourites," who have ever occupied so conspicuous and important, and frequently so openly recognised, a position at the French Court, and have, from time to time, exercised so wide an influence over the political and social destinies of France. To offer, at this time of day, " Historical Memoirs of the Queens of France," in which the Agnes Sorels, the Gabrielle d'Estrées, the La Vallières, the Dubarris, the Pompadours, the Maintenons, the Monbepaus, &c., did not occupy a conspicuous place, even as " historical " personages would have been an affectation of which so sensible a person as the writer of these volumes was not likely to be guilty. These personages, however, occupy precisely the place they command respectively in these memoirs : had it been in each case a lower or less conspicuous one, history had been tacitly falsified : had it been higher, or more attractively coloured, personal feelings might have been wounded. In this particular great delicacy, judgment and good sense have been exercised by the writer. Indeed, these excellent qualities are apparent throughout the work ; and they are every where allied with an industry and spirit of research, without which they had been of little avail in an undertaking of this nature, which, unless carefully and efficiently performed, had better have been left untouched.

The work of Mrs. Bush is too comprehensive in its plan to be otherwise than succinct in its details, considering, we mean, that she has had the forbearance to confine it to two volumes. It comprises a separate Memoir of every Queen of France, Regnant or Consort, that has sat upon the throne of that country, from the earliest of her annals up to the fall of Napoleon ; the arrangement being, of course, a chronological one, and each memoir occupying more or less space, according to the importance of its topic—from three or four pages, or even less (as in the cases of most of the Queens of the Merovingian, and many of the Carlovingian races), and increasing in proportion, up to fifty or even a hundred pages.

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\* *Historical Memoirs of the Queens of France.* By Mrs. Forbes Bush. 2 vols.

We offer as many specimens as our limits will allow.

Of all Henry IV.'s favourites Gabrielle d'Estrées was the most celebrated. She was daughter of Antony d'Estrées, Marquis of Coeuvres, and was born at the Château de Coeuvres in 1574. The females of her family were remarkable for their beauty, but Gabrielle surpassed them all.

The authors and poets of her time celebrated her beauty even after her death. Her head was ornamented with a great profusion of fair hair, her deep blue eyes were fringed with long silken lashes, and arched with a finely pencilled eye-brow; her delicate and rosy mouth displayed a fine set of pearly teeth, and her smile betokened sweetness and graciousness; her form was elegant, and, as she gracefully moved along through groups of admirers, a tiny and well-shaped foot appeared from beneath her becoming robes. All her other attractions accorded with the fascinating ensemble, and the painters and sculptors of the time considered Gabrielle the most perfect model that had ever been offered to their art. \* \* \* The birth of her third child, Alexander, caused a quarrel between Henry and Gabrielle, whom the king had created Duchess of Beaufort. The duchess, always flattering herself with the hope of becoming queen, considered that her children's succession to the throne was certain, and surrounded them with such attendants and pomp as belong to royalty only, as if to accustom the nation to look upon them as their future masters. In consequence of these pretensions, she determined on baptizing her son with the magnificence usual to the royal children, and not only gave orders for a most extravagant outlay, but added to the young prince's name in the register the qualification of a son of France; and Alexander was presented at the baptismal font by Madame Catherine, the king's sisters, and the Count de Soissons.

Sully, whose duty it was to regulate the expenses of this ceremony, was indignant at the prodigality of Gabrielle, and refused to pay the accounts, which were considered debts of state, until the child's title as Prince Royal was effaced from the register, at which the favourite was so incensed that she resolved on disgracing the minister for ever. She made bitter complaints to the king, who, to endeavour to reconcile them, conducted Sully to the duchess's apartments, having previously requested her to receive him kindly. The enraged Gabrielle would not listen to reason, but loaded the superintendent with invectives in the presence of the king. Henry for the first time reproached her, when she threw herself on a couch, and said plainly that she would starve herself to death, since she had experienced the shame of seeing the king take the part of his valet in opposition to her.

"A valet! Ah! by my faith, Madame, that is too much," cried Henry, whose anger was vividly aroused; "that is too much, and I see plainly that you wish me to dismiss a minister who is invaluable to me; but I swear to you that I will do no such a thing! and more, I declare that if I am reduced to the necessity of losing either, I prefer *one servant* such as he is, to *ten mistresses* like you."

At the same moment the king turned to leave the room, but Gabrielle, who saw that she had greatly offended him, threw herself at his feet, and Henry, at the entreaty of Sully, became reconciled to her. \* \* \* The Duchess of Beaufort's death is accompanied with circumstances which render it very singular. At first she had presentiments and interior warnings, the cause of which no person could penetrate, and which have never been explained. These sinister presages, which obscured her days and troubled her repose at night, were doubtless caused by the predictions of the diviners and astrologers who frequented the court, and were entertained by all queens and princesses at that period. She lost her cheerfulness, her imagination became afflicted, she had frightful dreams, and on awaking, her woman would often find her bathed in tears.

The king being at Fontainebleau, religious scruples required Gabrielle to leave him, in order to spend the Easter at Paris. As she was pregnant with

her fourth child, Henry thought that she would perform the journey with less risk by water, and conducted her to Melun where she embarked. On a hundred previous occasions she had left the monarch for longer periods and greater distances without experiencing the agitation that tormented her at that time; but then, sad and melancholy, she embraced him with affection, and repeated her adieux with tearful eyes; she earnestly recommended her children to his care, conjuring him to protect them, and, once more throwing herself into his arms, bade him a mournful farewell. It was their last parting.

She arrived at Paris on the eve of Good Friday, in 1599, and disembarked at the Arsenal, at Zamet's hotel, which was her usual residence when she made a short visit to the capital. Zamet provided a brilliant repast for the duchess, in which were all her favourite dishes. La Varenne, who was an intimate friend of the king, and who accompanied the duchess, wrote to Sully that she had dined with appetite: "*Qu'on la traita des viandes les plus friandes et les plus délicates que son hôte savait être le plus selon son goût; ce que vous remarquerez selon votre prudence, dit la Varenne, car la mienne n'est pas assez excellente pour présumer des choses dont il ne m'est pas apparu:*" which remark gives rise to suspicions, though ambiguously offered, that Gabrielle did not come by her end fairly.

After rising from the table, she expressed her wish to leave that house, and went, accompanied by La Varenne, Mademoiselle Guise, and others, to attend evening service at the Petit-Saint-Antoine. Before quitting the church she felt unwell, and, supported by Mademoiselle Guise, requested to be conducted to her aunt, Madame de Sourdis, at the cloister of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, declaring that she would not return to Zamet's. On arriving at her aunt's she fell into horrible convulsions, and several times attempted to write to the king, but the agony she felt caused the pen to fall from her fingers. At length she gave birth to a still-born child, and expired twenty-four hours after in dreadful torture; the contraction of her features, from pain, disfigured her so completely that her countenance could not be recognised.

These volumes will, doubtless, soon find their place in every good library.

#### RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS IN 1842.\*

THE nature and qualities of this excellent book on Russia have become so well known and so justly appreciated, even by the first *échantillon* of it which was noticed by us three months ago, that we need not characterize it further now than to say, that the second volume fully bears out the promises, and admirably follows up the performances of the first. It completes the author's picture, with an extent of detail and a degree of finish never before even attempted by any other writer on the subject. All other travellers who have treated of "Russia and the Russians" have done so as travellers, consequently their sketches of the manners and habits of the people, and the productions and prospects of the country, have been merely incidental to their own personal adventures; whereas M. Kohl gives us nothing but solid information, diligently collected, carefully digested, and skillfully arranged, in regard to every matter and thing which appertains to the country and the people, and of nothing else. The result is, that we

\* Russia and the Russians in 1842. By J. G. Kohl, Esq. Vol. II.



learn from him more than can be gathered from all other foreign writers on Russia put together, and learn it in a much more available form, and to a much more efficient end, whether the search be made as a matter of study, or as a means of mere amusement.

Nothing like an extract for doing justice to a work of this nature—or rather no justice can be done to it by any other means. An extract, therefore, our readers shall have, pending their attainment of the book itself. But how to choose where all, without exception, is worth attention? If there be a matter which “comes home to the business and bosoms” of every individual of the cooking species, man, it is that of cookery; and if the Russians have one national feature more strongly impressed upon them than any other, it is their taste in regard to one particular of that oldest and most universal of the arts, their everlasting, universal, and unpronounceable *schtschi*. Of *schtschi*, then, and one or two of its confreres of the Russian *cuisine*, let us hear what M. Kohl has to tell us.

Let us proceed, without further introduction, to the principal and national dish of the Russians, and begin with the *schtschi*, that famous cabbage-soup, so lauded and so loved as far as the Russian name extends, which is as ancient as Russia, which neither political nor moral revolutions could banish from the Russian table, which daily appears in the dish of the poor, and is a constant companion of the French ragouts and pasties on the board of the rich. One would scarcely believe, when one hears Russians in foreign countries complaining that no *schtschi* is to be got there, and frequently see their patriotism aroused at that word into moving eloquence, or when one is told in Riga that *tschin*, *tschai*, and *schtschi*, are the three chief divinities of the Russians—one would scarcely believe, I say, that this highly-extolled *schtschi* was nothing but simple cabbage-soup.

It is, however, a remark which is continually forcing itself upon us, that it is precisely the simplest national dishes of which nations are fondest, as the Italian of his macaroni and polenta, the Englishman of his roast-beef, the Westphalian of his pumpernickel, the German of his potatoes, the Moldavian of his mamaliga, the Pole of his oatmeal, and the Russian of his *schtschi*, to which, indeed, most of the Russians owe decidedly the greatest part of their corporeal substance, since their muscles, nerves, bones, may be considered as in reality nothing but extract of *schtschi*. *Schtschi* and everlastingly *schtschi* is the principal dish of all that live and breathe between Kamtschatka and the Prussian frontier. Forty millions of men pray to the Almighty for their daily *schtschi*. The whole glorious Russian army of a million efficient warriors is fed chiefly upon *schtschi*, and *schtschi* is that dish so celebrated and yet so little known to historians, which, transformed into Russian flesh and blood, has, for a considerable time past, been playing so important a part in the history of the world. \* \* \* \*

The mode of preparing this remarkable dish varies exceedingly, and there are, perhaps, more kinds of *schtschi* than varieties of the cabbage: but all of them are strictly confined to certain geographical limits. “Six or eight white cabbages shredded, half a pound of pearl barley, a quarter of a pound of butter, a handful of salt, and two pounds of mutton cut into small pieces, with two quarts of kwas,” make excellent *schtschi*, the ordinary daily *schtschi* of the Russian peasant. The poor, of course, omit some of the ingredients, the butter and the meat, and in the end the whole is reduced to cabbage and kwas. On the other hand, in the better sort of houses, many things are added to improve this crude foundation; broth is used instead of kwas; the meat, salted for thirty-six hours, is put under a press, cut in small pieces, and not thrown into the pot till after the cabbage boils; some artichokes cut into four are added; when the whole is dished, three table-spoonfuls of thick cream are poured over it; and thus prepared, it is thought extremely delicate.

The second sort of schtschi is the *posdnoi schtschi* (the fast schtschi), which is eaten during fasts. For this oil is used instead of butter, and fish instead of meat. The lower classes usually make it with a small kind of fish called *smilkis*, no bigger than one's thumb ; they abound throughout a great part of Russia, and are boiled down entire with the cabbage to a thick pap, over which oil is poured to improve the flavour. \* \* \* \*

The celebrated *botwinja*, likewise a genuine Russian dish, which is so analogous to the Russian character and taste, that it is a favourite alike with high and low. The schtschi is the key-note of Russian cookery all the year round ; the botwinja an invention for summer only. It is a counterpart to teh schtschi, and contains most of the ingredients composing the other cooked and hot, but in this raw and cold—cold kwas, into which are put the shredded greens, cranberries, sliced cucumbers, and, lastly, salmon, sturgeon, or ossetrin, cut in small cubes : to these the rich add a few slices of lemon, a lump of ice, to give greater coolness, and sometimes a very brown toast cut in small pieces. These and some other things constitute the exquisite botwinja ; and, if you are puzzled to conceive how all the said matters can harmonize with the small beer (the kwas) in which they float, and from which they are fished, come to Russia, eat botwinja for a few years, and then you will think it an excellent and harmonious composition.

In Russia almost every hot winter dish has its cold cooling summer brother. As the botwinja answers to the schtschi, so does cold kwas to the hot *sbiten* ; the numberless sorts of marinated fish and meats correspond with the roasted and boiled joints, and a multitude of cool acidulated beverages, made of cucumbers, honey, and all sorts of berries, with the sweetened, hot, and heating drinks of brandy, tea, &c. It is probably the climate that has introduced this strong contrast into Russian cookery, and divided it into hot and cold, just as the seasons of the year consists of an extremely hot summer, and an extremely cold winter. Each season has its peculiar soups, its peculiar poultry, its peculiar pastry ; nay, you may even specify the date when many eatables first make their appearance. Thus, fruit-eating commences on the 8th of August, ice-eating on Easter Sunday. Religion, which has a good deal to do with the regulation of the kitchen and table, forbids the use of these things before that time. Throughout all Russia, Saturday has different dishes from Sunday ; and Wednesday and Friday as fast-days, differ again in this respect from Monday and Thursday. In other countries it is indifferent what mourning relatives set before their friends at a funeral. In Russia mourners must not partake of any other dish but rich, boiled with plums and raisins ; and it must be a *kolibak*, a cake filled with syrups, and no other, that is broken over the head of a newborn infant. Weddings, betrothals, the Butter-week, Christmas, Easter, have all their peculiar dishes. Be it recollected that all these prescribed regulations extend to no fewer than 40 millions of men and 6,500,000 square miles. In any other country it would be no easy matter to enforce a bill of fare and a culinary code for a town of 30,000 inhabitants. with a territory of a few acres.

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### THE NAVAL CLUB.\*

If the yarns, long or short, that are spun by "old sailors" in general, are to be judged of by those of "*the Old Sailor*" *par excellence*, the Naval Clubs of our club-ridden city must be about as pleasant places for landmen to while away an idle evening as all other clubs are dull ones, and Greenwich Hospital as lively and entertaining a resort every day in the year as Greenwich Fair is on Easter Monday. Not

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\* The Naval Club ; or, Reminiscences of Service. By M. H. Barker, Esq. ("The Old Sailor.") 3 vols.

that all "old sailors" are likely to be gifted with the yarn-spinning capacities of Mr. Barker, who is the most merry and mercurial of his class. But believing, as we do, the axiom which asserts that no man's life passes without incidents that would make its history worth recording, if the recorder did but know where to begin and where to leave off, it follows that, of all lives, a sailor's is the best worth living over again, and even better worth it for other people than for himself. In fact, it is the irresistible conviction of these "Reminiscences of Service" being for the most part realities, and not fictions, that will command for them that favour and popularity which have uniformly attended their predecessors from the same pen. Not that they are the realities of a single career, but that every leading event, or series of events, has been actually undergone, in pretty nearly the manner and form in which they are related, and that all "the old sailor" has done for them, is to make them sufficiently ship-shape to pass muster with modern readers, and given to them a consecutive interest, by connecting them together with a thread of appropriate narrative. In a word, the "Naval Club" is the only fiction of these highly entertaining volumes; and moreover, it is the only portion of them that ever fails in entertainment. The everlasting puns of Handsail—the empty catch-word of the Hatchit—the pepper (unmixed with attic salt) of Valiant—and the various other peculiarities and crotchets of the several members of the "Naval Club"—Longsplice, Oldjunk, Hawser, Bobstay, Jolly, Spanker, and the rest; all these we could well enough have dispensed with; and quite as little do we relish the unseasonable interruptions of the subordinates who are (with no very exact eye to the *vraisemblable*) admitted to the sittings of the club. But the stories, anecdotes, and "reminiscences of service," which form the staple of the work, are all more or less excellent and well-told, and many of them possess a force of interest, a strength of character, and a vigour and spirit of style, which nothing but the truth can communicate.

An extract or two will best show the nature of the shorter narratives, and the preliminary sketches of character; the longer and more elaborated stories it would be injustice to touch. The following brings us acquainted with honest "Joe," *ci-devant* cook to the worthy president of the club, now landlord of the tavern where they hold their nightly meetings, and "fight their battles o'er again."

I must not, however, forget to mention the landlord, although I have declined publishing his name. He is one of the school of former days—a sort of classical antique, but has seen very hot service in his time, as he was for many years chief cook to the worthy Admiral Valiant, and baked, boiled, and roasted for him through the several rises, from blue at the mizen to his present rank. But the greatest luxury the Admiral enjoyed—and now out comes the secret—was the devilled "drumstick" of a turkey; and he had never, through an arduous career of glory, found an individual who could so well season it to "an infernal nicety"—the veteran's own expression—as honest Joe of the patent "Jack," an instrument which the jolly tars characterized as a machine for grinding raw bullock into roast-beef.

Joe's early introduction to a knowledge in the culinary art has been variously ascribed, and to this moment remains extremely doubtful, some asserting that he owed his first education in the profession to his having been errand-boy at a "buttock or both" shop in the Old Bailey, whilst others go still further back, and declare that he was indebted for the rudiments of the art to his maternal

parent, who kept a respectable booth for refreshing the liege subjects of the realm at all the large fairs in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. One thing, however, is certain—honest Joe got picked up by a gang during a warm press, and was sent on board a man-of-war, where he occupied that *most enviable of all enviable situations*—midshipman's boy. In this capacity he fagged like a lady's-maid in the dog-days, and being a capital hand at furnishing the mess-table, the caterer made him a perfect galley-slave; and Joe, by endeavouring to render his education subservient to his interests, was soon noticed by the captain's cook, who obtained him from the first-lieutenant; the midshipmen lost their favourite stews and rich sea-pies, and the captain's dinners were none the worse for Joe's useful suggestions. The cook pronounced him to be "a 'cute lad, who, under his tuteration, would become an eminent artist, and distinguish himself in the fleet." But the science of devilling was peculiarly his own—it grew to be a particular and especial nature in his composition, and his tongue was a perfect Fahrenheit in deciding the several degrees of temperature which a good devil would bear.

"Some are born great, others achieve greatness."

But Joe was not of the number of those who are born great, for he was diminutive in stature and in station; but his intellect—that is, his cooking intellect—was gigantic. A whitebait or a whale would have been the same to him; and he would have fried a kraken over Etna, could a fryingpan have been procured large enough for the purpose, or have griddled a mammoth at Vesuvius, if any one would have supplied him with a gridiron of suitable dimensions.

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At the restoration of peace, after Wellington had played the very deuce with Napoleon, Admiral Valiant coiled himself up quite cozy in a snug little berth near Blackheath. I shall not mention the precise spot, but it is at no great distance from those abortions of brick-and-mortar architecture, which are stated to have their design from Sir John Vanbrugh, somewhere approximating to the summit of Maize Hill. Honest Joe retired with his patron, with only this small difference—the latter went upon half-pay, the former retained his full pay; and never had a kitchen chimney since the days of Adam and Eve smoked with more savoury offerings to epicureanism in a constant succession of devilled drumsticks:—breakfast, devilled drumsticks—lunch, devilled drumsticks—dinner, devilled drumsticks—supper, devilled drumsticks; it was one eternal tattoo of devilled drumsticks, till the Admiral began actually to assume the appearance of one himself.

The following is the concluding portion of a terribly true description of a vessel at sea on short allowance of water.

At length daylight broke—a bright, gorgeous daylight. We saw the land about eight miles distant; and there was the promise that, in a few hours more, we should enjoy the sweet refreshment of the delicious stream. Thus whispered Hope; but, oh! how delusive was the prospect! The sun arose above the eastern horizon, the wind was gradually hushed, and in another hour the heavens and the ocean were once more calm.

"At first every one seemed determined not to believe it; but the glassy surface of the water soon made it too evident to all, and a look of fixed despair sat on each countenance; but it was not the look of quiet, sullen despair—there was marked ferocity of aspect, as if every man would lift his hand against his neighbour, and, like a tiger, longed to quaff his blood. There was a dark menacing scowl upon the brow, and a redness in the fiery fierceness of the eye that claimed no connexion with the ordinary feelings of humanity. The wild ravings of the maniac—the earnest petitions to the throne of Omnipotence for help—the curses and imprecations of the desperate—the shrieks of females, and the plaintive wail of childhood, came mingling upon the ear in frightful discord. Signals of distress were made—guns were fired—the boats were hoisted out and sent away with empty casks; but still the dreadful havoc went on; whilst, to add to the horrible bitterness of disappointment, we could see the dark clouds pass over the high peaks of the island, and the rain descend in

torrents ; we could see the mountain-streams dashing from ridge to ridge, and rushing down the steep sides of the almost perpendicular rocks, whilst, racked with the keenest pangs, we were almost destitute of one drop to quench the overpowering heat. The sun rose higher in the heavens, and his scorching beams came pouring down with, to imagination, redoubled fervour. Our water was entirely gone. Many in their madness flew to the rum ; and, oh ! what a spectacle of horror then ensued ! Numbers ran to the side of the ship next the land, and stretched their hands towards the place where the clear element came tumbling into the ocean. They clutched their withered and forked fingers as if to grasp at the promised banquet, thrust out their shrivelled fingers and stiffened into death. Others in the wildness of their impatience, threw themselves headlong into the sea, and struck out for the shore, but the waters soon closed above their heads and they were seen no more.

For myself, all hopes were at an end ; life seemed ebbing fast, and I went to my cabin as if it had been my sepulchre, and wrapped my cot about me for a winding-sheet. Insensibility, or, as I thought, a deep sleep fell upon me, and yet there were times when I could perceive the shadows of things moving and the sound of many voices blending into harmony ; delicious banquets were offered to my taste ; and I wandered through green fields and luxuriant meadows, by the margin of the cool transparent rivulet, in which I bathed my fevered temples and quenched the burning heat of my tongue. Bright eyes were beaming on me ; and the soft notes of soothing tenderness came, like the dulcet thrillings of the harp, to pour their melody upon the soul. On first awaking from this state of mental aberration, I found myself on a comfortable couch in a neat apartment, and as all recollections of the past had faded away, when or how I came thither was enveloped in mystery. I approached the opened window, and entered on a trellised verandah that looked down upon the pinnacles of lofty mountains that seemed to hang beneath me, whilst huge chasms rent in the solid rocks, yawned fearfully on all sides. The orange and apple blossoms breathed their odours in the mountain breeze, and looked beautiful amid the green foliage. Far as the eye could reach, the ocean glistened in the sunbeams, and a small island, floating like a hillock on the waters, rose on the verge of the horizon. This, I recollected to be the island of Corvo ; and as memory resumed her functions, the truth of my situation was gradually developed ; but it was not till health was restored, and strength returned, that I was made acquainted with the circumstances that had taken place after my sinking into insensibility, by which I was relieved from witnessing the dreadful events that occurred.

The ship's boats were enabled, though with much difficulty, to get the casks filled, and hastily returned on board ; but the moment the water was started into the scuttle-butt, a general rush took place. The very gurgling and splashing of the element as it fell into the butt served to increase desire. From striving they came to blows, and from blows to slaughter. Madness, in its most raging mood and terrific form, ruled the moment. Children who had pushed forward amongst the rest were trampled under foot ; and every feeling of humanity was outraged. The dead and dying lay in promiscuous heaps ; the red stream from many wounds stained the deck—the blood from brave and noble, kind and generous hearts.

At length the boats' crews, who had somewhat slaked their thirst ashore, (though several died afterwards), succeeded in keeping the poor creatures at a distance, and proper guards were placed, who served the water out in small quantities. Scarcely had this been accomplished, when a breeze carried the ship to her anchorage, and the Portuguese evinced their benevolence by kindly administering to our wants. Myself and several other officers were removed to a country-house of the governor's, where we received the most humane and assiduous attention. My stupefaction was succeeded by delirium ; a fortnight elapsed before I was restored to reason. The ship had proceeded on her des-



tinuation ; but, on mustering previous to her departure, it was ascertained that not less than one hundred and seventy had perished.

Infinite is the variety of these volumes, and they will fully support the popular reputation of their author.

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#### THE LITERARY LADIES OF ENGLAND.\*

THIS is the bluest of blue-books : all the "literary ladies" of England, collected, collated, and criticised by a literary lady, for the benefit of literary ladies all over the world, and the literary and all other ladies of England, Scotland, and Ireland in particular:—for though Mrs. Elwood's book is full of amusement and information that the ruder sex may with greater advantage avail themselves of, it is especially and emphatically a lady's book, devised and concocted for the honour and glory of ladies, and demanding and deserving their especial patronage and support accordingly, which if they fail to accord, they will be as wanting in justice as in *esprit de corps*—in itself "a sort of wild justice," which is sometimes even better than the tamer species.

We must be pardoned if we lay more stress than may at first seem needful on the foregoing point. The question, it may be said is, whether or not the book is a good and valuable book ? And whether this question be answered in the affirmative or the negative, the matter is not mended by showing or alleging by or for whom it was written. But we repudiate this dry and hard mode of looking at and settling a question of this nature. These light and unpretending biographical notices of the literary ladies of England are good and valuable because, and in proportion as, they fulfil the good and valuable object they have in view, that of cultivating and disseminating literary tastes and habits among the writer's fellow-countrywomen, and of showing that those tastes and habits have never yet failed to render their possessors wiser and better, and consequently happier, than they would have been without them. And it will be no disparagement of such a work to allege that it tells only one-tenth part of what many may desire to know on the respective topics of which it treats. In fact, this would only be saying in other words that it is not in twenty volumes instead of two. It does all that its plan promises and its space allows ; and it does this gracefully and well. In a word, that it gives us "an abstract and *brief* chronicle" of each life, instead of a life itself in the ordinary sense of the phrase, is precisely the merit which constitutes it a lady's book ; and we are much mistaken in our estimate of the more cultivated portion of our countrywomen if it will not find a place in every lady's library where such a book already exists, and form the nucleus of one where it does not.

The work opens very appropriately with Lady Mary Wortley Montague—the origin and glory of our English *blues* without being one,

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\* The Literary Ladies of England ; from the commencement of the last century to the present time. By Mrs. Elwood, author of "An Overland Journey to India." 2 vols.



for the name as well as the thing was of later date; and, pursuing a chronological order, it closes with Miss Emma Roberts, the last of those losses so many of which our own immediate day has had to lament. Including these two, we have no less than twenty-nine memoirs, every one of which will be read with interest, and no one of which could with propriety have been dispensed with. The fund of literary anecdote and information thus gathered into the compass of two moderately sized volumes may readily be conceived, especially as the work is very closely printed, and comprises an amount of reading that might easily have been spread over thrice the space.

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### THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.\*

IF any evidence were required to satisfy foreigners of the superiority of Englishwomen in personal attractions, it surely might be found in the continued publication of this work; for what nation could produce such a series of "Beauties" as those Mr. Heath has published in his delightful annual? We may well be proud of our women, and regard with more than ordinary interest a work which gratifies our nationality so completely as the one before us. Lady Blessington, with her customary taste and judgment, has taken care that in the letterpress which illustrates the illustrations there should be an approach, as near as possible, to the grace and intelligence pervading the exquisitely fair faces that adorn the volume. Among many distinguished writers the names of Sir Lytton Bulwer, Barry Cornwall, the late Marquess Wellesley, Lord Leigh, Walter Savage Landor, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Lady Stepney, the Countess of Blessington, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, are evidence that the literary department is every thing that could be required. Of the portraits, we are in duty bound to admire most, the frontispiece, in which Mr. Drummond has represented her majesty, in one of the most honourable phases in which her character could appear—that of a matron, dandling the Prince of Wales, with the Princess Royal at her elbow, raised upon a cushion, fondling a favourite spaniel with one arm, and resting the other on the arm of the Queen. It is a very charming group. Another portrait, by the same artist, of the Princess Esterhazy, is also well worth studying. But, setting our loyalty aside, "the face that doth content us wondrous well," is that of Miss Meyer, whose eyes are full of an expression not easy to turn away from, and equally difficult to forget afterwards. From Miss Meyer we have at last succeeded in snatching a glance at Miss Ellen Power, and if any thing would obliterate the impression of the one, the powerful seductions with which the pencil of Edwin Landseer has clothed the other would go far towards it. He must be a veritable St. Kevin who can gaze on this delicious portrait without envying the position of the bird the artist has represented in such close contact with the lovely mouth of its fair mistress. From this it will readily be believed that "the Book of Beauty" for 1843, ably supports its high reputation.

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\* Heath's Book of Beauty for 1843. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

## PHINEAS QUIDDY.\*

THOUGH it would be a work of supererogation to tell the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* any thing in detail about Mr. Phineas Quiddy and his "Sheer Industry," it would, on the other hand, be doing injustice to this unique work *as a whole*, not to commend it to the reader's attention in that capacity. The vivid impressions made by its various individual features—particularly the personal ones—cannot have escaped even from the least impressible minds on which they have once been struck : for Mr. Poole is the *Dayuerre* of his art, not merely in the power of striking a portrait or a picture at a blow, but of *fixing* it where it has been struck, by an intellectual chemistry quite his own. In these two particulars he stands alone ; and there can be no question but that his "Phineas Quiddy" is incomparably the most remarkable specimen he has yet given us of his "so potent art." And it is as a whole even more remarkable than as a series of consecutive parts, which is our reason for now pointing the reader's attention to it in its completed state.

But if Mr. Poole is the *Daguerre* of literary portrait painters in the instantaneous impressions he stamps, and the startling truth of his delineations, the comparison (as indeed it necessarily must) holds equally good in regard to the general effects he produces. On his pallet there is no *couleur de rose*. His portraits are things to swear by—"the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth." He is no Sir Thomas Lawrence, to paint ladies and gentlemen as they wish to be. The consequence is, that his gallery of portraits is the most piquant and amusing place imaginable, to all but those who happen to find *themselves* hung up in it—or fancy they do—which answers all the purpose.

Nor does this (in his way) exquisite artist betray any disposition to place his sitters in "unbecoming" lights, or ungraceful attitudes. Like his scientific prototype, as he catches people and things, so he depicts them : so that those who make up their mind to sit to him, must look to their p's and q's ; for every portrait he paints might have written above it, for at least one person in the world, "know thyself !" Deformities or perfections—pimples or dimples—the bloom and freshness of youth and health, or the paint and blotches of age and disease, all go down alike, and all in their due proportions. That he has no exclusive eye for blemishes, witness the admirable portrait of Miss Honoria St. Egremont in the work which has called forth these remarks. With every temptation on the side of worldly cant, and the prevailing tone of the time to make her what all "good" people wish to find, or to make all people who are *not* "good" in their sense of the phrase,—she has many generous and noble qualities, and not a single fault but that which is in effect her greatest virtue—that of being the scourge to inflict "poetical justice" on the hideous Quiddy—a character, by the by, not inferior in force and spirit to Quilp himself, and certainly more natural.

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\* Phineas Quiddy ; or, Sheer Industry. By John Poole, Esq. 3 vols.

## NORWAY AND HER LAPLANDS IN 1841.

To those adventurous travellers, who are not disheartened at the prospect of toilsome paths, and a climate a few degrees colder than their own, Norway presents many attractions; not the least remarkable of which are the primitive virtues which distinguish the inhabitants generally, but particularly those of the rural districts; and the peculiarly wild but not unpleasing features of the country. Mr. Milford appears to have made a tour in this direction, as much for health as from curiosity; and having furnished himself with the requisites for combining amusement with observation, he passed his time with no less satisfaction than profit. In the volume he has produced as the result of his travels, he mingles in a very agreeable manner the tourist with the sportsman, enlivening his sketches of the picturesque people among whom he dwelt, with notices of the sporting capabilities of the forests and lakes among which he fished and shot. His account of the Norwegians is both lively and interesting, and the glimpses he affords us of the Lapps only make the reader regret that he sees so little of them. We offer one of his sporting memoranda as a fair specimen of the author's style.

On Friday and Saturday the 13th and 14th we had glorious sport in fishing in the far-famed Namsen, killing upwards of 100 lbs. of salmon. We greatly enjoyed, for the first time, the excitement this delightful sport affords. One of the fish I killed, after playing with him for some minutes, weighed 23lb.; another, after I had hooked him, leaped twice out of the water in the middle of the stream, ran down a rapid, and then returning, went under our boat, when I thought I had lost him, but he again took to the open river, and showed much play before he was brought to the gaff, when, not a little fatigued with the exertion, which is considerable, I was glad to rest.

In the midst of this magnificent sport, sometimes an audacious poacher interferes, who mars your enjoyment. The awful sound of "*cobbe*" still rings in my Devonian ears. I had at first associated the well-known name with those mud-built but peaceful abodes in which the happy peasantry of my native and beautiful county pass their tranquil lives from one generation to another. Judge, then, of my horror, gentle reader, at beholding the grizzly head of a villanous *seal* emerging above the waters, and like myself, looking out for the finny tribe. He races up, in an incredibly short space of time, from the mouth of the Namsen to the Fiskum Foss, beyond which neither he nor the salmon can go; and when he is once in the river all your sport is at an end, and you may as well lay down your rod in despair, and go home to your dinner and siesta—"Othello's occupation's o'er!"—for although there may be hundreds of salmon in the river, not one will rise at a fly, be it never so tempting; they have an instinctive feeling of the presence of their deadliest enemy, which entirely takes away their appetites; young and old, large and small, all alike dread the seal; they plunge into holes and corners, and hide themselves like a squandered cowering covey,

"Which cuddles closer to the brake,  
Afraid to move, afraid to fly,"

when a hawk hovers over them. A glimpse of a seal clears the river; the salmon are stupified with fear, or occupied too much with self-preservation, to allow even Izaak Walton to catch them. I arrived at this conviction by frequent disappointments, and gave up all hope of sport at the appearance of this unwelcome and uninvited visitor. These aquatic monsters are to the salmon what the otter is to the trout; and as they roll by his boat the angler should always have his double-barrel and swan-shot at hand, as the only effectual method of warning them off. He and the cobbles are too much of the same trade ever to agree.



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